Liberty

JUNE 3, 1944 10c

Book: THESE ARE THE TIMES
Duty vs. a Woman's Selfishness

ARE WE RUNNING OUT OF OIL?

BE RIGHT - DRINK LIGHT

KING

LIGHT AS A WHISPER

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% neutral spirits. Made from grain and cane products.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION · *At Louisville in Kentucky*

"The Goodyear Research Laboratory is dedicated to unlocking the vast storehouse of nature, to the enlargement of life thereby, and so to the service of man. We have come far in this world, far enough to know there are great other worlds of knowledge yet to explore. We have only begun to learn; the best is yet to come."
P. W. Litchfield
GOODYEAR RESEARCH

Bettered by Everything Science Now can Give

THE chief ingredient of Goodyear quality has never been rubber or cotton—year in and year out it is brains.

That is why, when natural rubber was plentiful and available to all, Goodyear tires were outstanding in their excellence.

That is why, when national emergency made "reclaim" war tires a necessity, Goodyear tires were the best to be had.

And that is why, now that synthetic rubber tires for civilian use are being built in quantity, Goodyears are hailed as "the finest example of the art."

All of this traces back to the emphasis Goodyear has traditionally placed on research to advance the usefulness and value of its products.

Now this partnership with science is made immensely more fruitful, with the establishment and operation by Goodyear of the finest research laboratory for its purpose in the world.

In the sinewy spring and durable strength of the Goodyear synthetic rubber tires you see pictured here, are reflected the concrete benefits of the technical knowledge and authority that brought them forth.

Bettered by every advantage that modern science now can give, they are representative of that standard which for years has made "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

NO OTHER SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE OFFERS YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

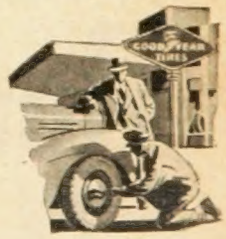
1. Twenty years' experience with synthetic rubber
2. Tough, sturdy carcass of low stretch Supertwist cord, built to prewar quality
3. Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design
4. Maximum wear from scientific Goodyear design that keeps tread under compression
5. Greater experience, evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires — millions more than any other manufacturer

Supertwist—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Hear Goodyear's Two Great Radio Shows
WALTER PIDGEON in "The Star and the Story" —CBS—Sunday evenings. **"HOOK 'n' LADDER FOLLIES"**—NBC—Saturday mornings. See local paper for time and station.

Another reason for choosing Goodyears

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world.



GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

IF

You Smoke Over 5 Pipefuls a Day...

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

Exclusive with Royal Duke

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

You Owe it to Yourself to have its protection

Royal Duke

Standard $1.50 • De Luxe $2.50 • Supreme $3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
York and Adams Streets, Brooklyn, New York

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*
Helen W. Brown, *Washington Rep.*

Staff: Ruth Berman • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker
William E. Rae • Eve Stanley • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

Are We Running Out of Oil? *Wallace E. Pratt* 15
The Bazooka Is Born, *Edwin Diehl* 18
Russia's Children, *Helen Weigel Brown* 22
Island Command—Part I, *Morris Markey* 26
Science Attacks an Old Disease: Loneliness, *Gretta Palmer* ... 30

★ FICTION

Wind in the Valley, *Gordon Malherbe Hillman* 16
The Kid with Six Fathers—Short Short, *John T. Beaudouin* ... 20
Without Motive, *Thyra Samter Winslow* 24
Professor Pyro—Part V, *Edwin Lanham* 28

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

These Are the Times—*Clare Jaynes' gripping novel of love and a woman's selfishness—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 7
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 12
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Crossword Puzzle 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 52
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 68
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 70

★ EDITORIAL

America Can Take It! *Maj. Gen. James E. Edmonds, N.G.U.S.* 74

Cover: In Memoriam
Painted by Emmet Watson

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, June 3, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 23. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Could YOU use $2,600?

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS
MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
UTICA, N. Y.
$ 2,600.00
PAY TWO THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND NO/100 DOLLARS
TO THE ORDER OF
JOHN DOE
FIRST BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF UTICA

Could you use $2,600 to supplement or replace your income, or for medical and other extra expenses if you were totally disabled by accidental means for 2 years?

Could you use $107.14 every 30 days for as many as 104 weeks during the time you were laid up?

Could you use $53.57 every 30 days for as long as 26 weeks if you were only partially disabled?

Would **$5,000.00** help your dependents if you were killed by accidental means?

Would you like to have, for a modest added investment, **$25.00** weekly for 52 weeks if disabled by ill health?

And, for slight extra cost, up to **$290** for hospital room or a nurse in the home—surgery—X-ray—anaesthesia—operating room or laboratory fee to be paid direct to you for these services?

Save 25% to 33⅓%

. . . by sharing your risk **direct** at cost with more than 210,000 carefully chosen *business, professional and technical men* and other preferred male risks. Age for joining—18 to 55. No age limit for continuing accident benefits—our *oldest* member is 104.

NOT a Limited Type Policy

It covers you night and day, at home or on trips, at work or at play. Even members who join the armed forces may receive continued protection . . . while in the U. S. or Canada—for accidents both on and off duty.

The Association is licensed by the Insurance Depts. of N. Y. State and the Dominion of Canada. This policy has no jokers, no trick clauses, no red tape. No physical examination required.

Only $2 to JOIN *now*

Nothing more to pay until late September for the $5,000-$25.00 weekly accident policy if your application is accepted now. Quarterly payments have never exceeded $3.00 and have recently been only $2.50. Other plans combining double accident benefits . . . health and hospitalization insurance at modest added cost. More protection per dollar than in *any* other leading company.

PROTECT yourself at once against expenses caused by "The Accident Saboteur." He injures nearly ten million people in the U. S. every year - - - (many of them fatally) while they are "safe" at home, or on trips, at work or at play. Be Prepared — Act Now!

Members entering the Armed Forces may continue this protection in the U.S. or Canada.

Eligible former members returning from the Armed Services may be reinstated FREE.

UTICA
The Commercial Travelers
MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION of AMERICA

H. E. Trevvett, Sec'y, Utica, N. Y. **Founded 1883**

SEND, without obligation, your free booklet . . . "Facts about Accident, Health and Hospitalization Insurance."

My Name is Mr......

Address.....

.....

Age..... (18 to 55) *Occupation*.....

ACCIDENT
HEALTH
HOSPITAL
INSURANCE
Direct at Cost

NO SOLICITORS WILL CALL

© 1944 CTMAAA

L-1

"She's a . . . WONDER!" says Private Pringle

No, she's not a Wac or a Wave, but Private Pringle says she's a wonder. She's a "Harvey Girl." Every day she serves tens of thousands of meals, along with at least as many smiles, to Private Pringle and his fellow members of the U. S. Armed Forces.

You see, Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars nearly span the continent along America's most traveled trails. That's why it has become our wartime responsibility to feed vast armies of U. S. servicemen on the move. And that's why every Harvey Girl is so busy . . . busier than ever before.

We're proud of her. She's shouldering her wartime job like a soldier. And next week, if she should trade her apron for a uniform of khaki or blue—as more than 1000 other Fred Harvey employees have done—we, of course, will be prouder still.

But even now, there aren't nearly as many of her as there were, and she's not so experienced, and she's serving more of you civilians than ever, too. So if she can't always give you service right up to the old-time Fred Harvey standard, we know you will understand.

We appreciate your good natured patience. Just remember . . . when it's all over this young lady will be more numerous . . . with more time to serve your Fred Harvey meal in the tradition of hospitality you have come to expect.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

★
1089

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright 1944, Fred Harvey, Chicago

NEXT WEEK

THE OUTNUMBERED
By Catherine Hutter
Liberty's Book Condensation

A strangely moving story of how a girl's faith stood up against violence—of a minor miracle in our own time which is made absolutely believable—a story that will lead you through a memorable and deeply stirring experience!

BERLIN UNDER BOMBING
By N. Joglu, as told to Kurt Singer

A Turkish official caught in Berlin during the blistering Allied blitz tells how the Nazis are taking it—and what the people say.

DISCORDS IN THE WARTIME WEDDING MARCH
By Mary Day Winn

Will wholesale divorce follow war marriages? The evidence seems to say "Yes." Here it is, along with a stringent sample of what's ahead.

ISLAND COMMAND (Part II)
By Morris Markey

Danger still clouds the skies as the Navy's new base on Roi-Namur takes shape rapidly and the Japs return for a look-see.

HE CAN COME HOME FROM THE WARS IF—
By Lillian Porter Say

The Army is fully aware that some of the boys have been overseas overlong. There's a new plan afoot to get some of them home, but the obstacles are many and tough!

QUICKSILVER IDA
By Howard Sharpe

Ida told outrageous fibs. She played the zany with all stops open. They said she was too intelligent for her own good. But Ida Lupino is hard to put your finger on.

THE VANDAL CLUB
By Hugh Pentecost

Miss Moffet's settlement house was wrecked to a shambles, and Max Chandler knew there was more dirty work afoot than the mischievous antics of a gang of tough kids.

THE THINGS YOU REMEMBER
By Gertrude Schweitzer

They could live a lifetime in the last three days they'd have together, and it was for Leslie to decide what memories Mike would have to carry with him when he was away.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

LONG LIVE OUR CARTOONS!

ASTORIA, ORE.—I violently disagree with Charley Smith, who complained of Liberty's clever and space-deserving cartoons. They are as American as ice-cream sodas. Vox Pop is the Voice of the People; cartoons are the View of the People, the eye appeal. Long live the cartoons! May their tribe increase!—*Mrs. J. F. Rankin.*

FRONT ROW FOR DOTTIE

MOBILE, ALA.—It appears that Dorothy Thompson is the current world's most advanced thinker on the science of government, including postwar peace. Her article, America's International Future (April 15 Liberty), seems to be the first practical pattern of or for the Atlantic Charter. Therefore I think Dorothy Thompson should be encouraged to take more practical leadership in this organizational work.—*Ed W. Walthall.*

CALLING RENEE BRENNER

CASPER, WYO.—Congratulations to Miss Renée Brenner (April 15 Vox Pop) for using her cute little head; but what surprises me is that a girl of eighteen happens to concern herself with the political scene. It's amazing!—*Pfc. Gordon O. Baskin.*

IONIA, MICH.—Miss Renée Brenner states that "all this squawking and complaining about our wonderful President Franklin Delano Roosevelt makes me sick." I truly believe, judging from her letter, that she is sick. I am very thankful that she is not old enough to vote, and I must criticize her for her poor attempt at thinking at such a tender age. If she does think, there is no evidence of it in her letter.

I shall not go into the virtues, or lack of same, in F. D. Roosevelt, but wish emphatically to state that no man, be he good or bad, should govern this democracy for even twelve years.—*Gertrude L. Walkley.*

SOUTH GATE, CALIF.—'Ray for Renée Brenner for her "stump speech" in defense of "our wonderful President Roosevelt." Those gripers like R. F. Williams are disgusting! I have nothing against his candidates for the Presidency, and I'll admit Roosevelt is not infallible; but just who is? Guiding the nation through *four* years is enough of a headache, and to take on the job for twelve and a probable sixteen years certainly shows, to my mind, that our beloved President has really got what it takes. Only a *real man* could stand such a strain. I think he's an inspiration to real Americans, and I know plenty who will agree with me.

If these fellows who are always spouting off about how much better *they* could do the job ever took over, I shudder to think what a state the nation would be in, but quick! The job's no cinch, and my hat's off to the "reg'lar fella" that's done such a fine job.

Seems to me the people *elected* Mr. Roosevelt each time. He didn't just appoint himself. Or maybe I just don't understand "constitutional government"—*or poor losers.*

My hubby's a Coast Guardsman and has seen plenty of action in the South Pacific, and, from what I've heard, I think I know whereof I speak, and have a special reason for answering Mr. Williams.—(*Mrs.*) *June L. Troxel.*

NEWPORT, R. I.—In regard to the letter of R. F. Williams, I think this man stinks, and so does any one else who will call the President a dictator. I think the President has done a wonderful job, and I think that he can still handle the situation. He is *my boss*, and I wouldn't want a better commander in chief.

I heartily agree with Miss Renée Brenner in saying that there is no one that I would rather see as President than good old F. D. R.

I am not old enough to vote (just twenty), but if I were, you could bet that F. D. R. would get my vote, and there are millions of others that think the same thing. Here's hoping that he is elected.—*Marvin L. Powell, Cox., U. S. N. R.*

BELL GARDENS, CALIF.—I just want to tell Miss Renée Brenner that she is definitely *not* alone in her sentiments, and while I'm writing I'd like to tell R. F. Williams a thing or two!

Never in all my life have I been so mad as when I read what the Williams jerk wrote. It seems to me, Williams, that you are the most un-American American I've ever heard of.

As for Roosevelt being a dictator—well, it leaves me absolutely speechless. Roosevelt is the best President we've ever had or ever will have. I, for one, hope he runs for a fourth term.

Thank God *all* Republicans are not like R. F. Williams.—*L. M. S.*

ATTENTION, ALL SOLDIERS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Here's my answer to Pfc. R. L. Bordner's pleas (April 15 Vox Pop) for suggestions as to what to write the folks back home. Well, Private Bordner, my husband is also in Iran, so I know he doesn't have any more exciting news to write home about than you do. But don't you think for one moment that his letters are ever dull and uninteresting. I just live for those letters, and when I don't receive at least

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID

3¢ a day HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

Pays up to...

$1600.00

Cash Benefits in Any One Year

Covers!

★ SICKNESS
★ ACCIDENT
★ DOCTOR OR SURGEON
★ TIME LOST FROM WORK
★ LOSS of LIFE

Plus War Coverage and other valuable benefits.

Here's a truly exceptional value in safe, carefully planned protection against the heavy burden of expenses resulting from Hospitalization. Costing only a few cents a day, the famous North American Plan provides that in case of unexpected sickness or accident, you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid for you in accordance with Policy Provisions.

Individual or Family

You are eligible for this protection from birth to age 70 . . . *without medical examination.* The North American Plan is sold direct . . . at a saving to you. The Company is under the supervision of the Insurance Department. Sickness and accident strike suddenly . . . BE PREPARED! Mail coupon. No Agent will call.

FULL DETAILS FREE!

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. L4-6 Wilmington, Del.

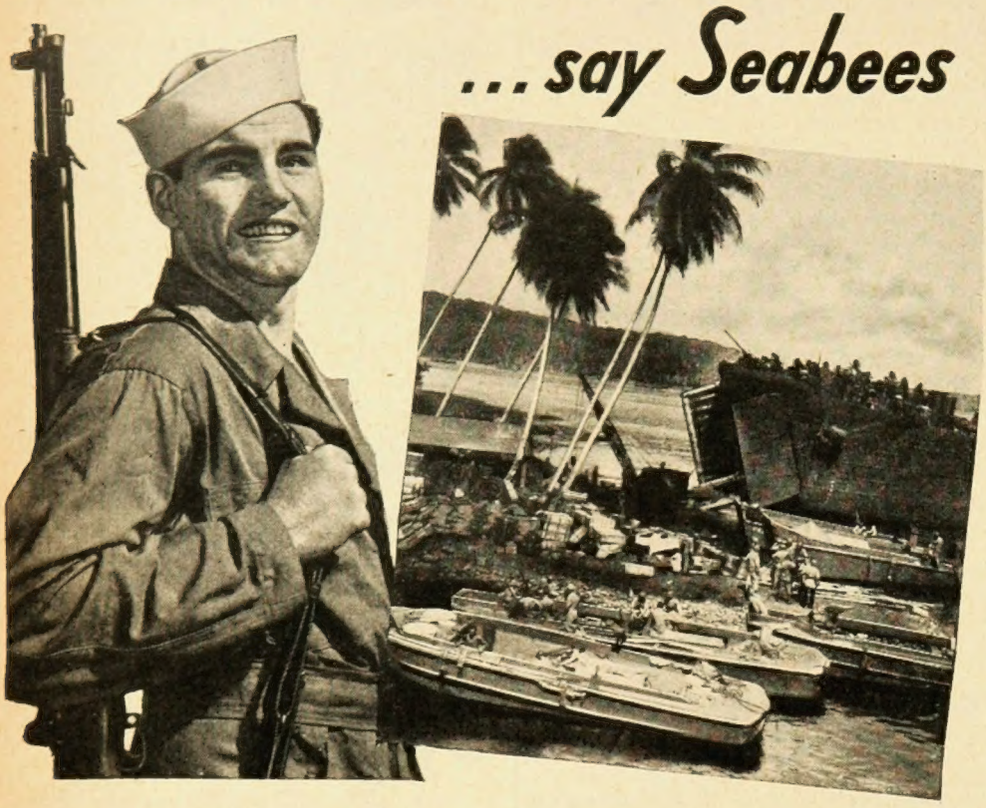
Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

"KEEP THE HOOK MOVING"
...say Seabees



Stevedoring "Schools" teach Seabees to conquer cargo bottlenecks . . .

Heavily laden freighters were lying like "sitting ducks" in a South Pacific harbor—targets for Jap bombers—in the early days of the push north. Unloading was agonizingly slow.

Then help came—a stevedoring battalion of the Seabees. They swung into action and trimmed days off the usual cargo handling time.

These men were experts in keeping the cargo hooks moving, due in part to their training back home, by the stevedoring staffs of selected steamship lines. Yet only a few months before, most of them had not handled cargo!

Stevedoring is only one of many skills mastered by the "Bees of the Seven Seas"—the construction battalions of the Navy. They build bases, roads and airfields. Ready to work or fight, they land with the assault troops.

We of the United Fruit Company follow the stirring reports of the Seabees with special pride, for many groups of them came to our docks for practical training in stevedoring. Here they put on boiler suits and learn to operate winches, cranes, and the hooks that swing giant cargo nets. When the Seabees leave our piers they know how to load and unload cargo ships of all sizes, in record time.

★ ★ ★

When ships can be spared, and the Great White Fleet resumes its normal Middle American trade, the same experienced staffs, who have been officially commended by the Navy for their training of Uncle Sam's magnificent Seabees, will be on the job of keeping the hook moving efficiently on cargo traveling between the Americas.

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

two or three each week I'm fit to be tied.

You see, we folks back home are just as anxious to hear from you boys as you are to hear from us. We know how much you have sacrificed and how hard it must be to carry on so far away from home and those you love. We worry about you and miss all of you more than you'll ever know. Practically every woman in the good old U. S. A. has a man in the service, and our conversations begin "When ——— comes back," or "——— said in his last letter."

We want to hear that you are well

and that you love us and miss us, but that you're as happy as you can possibly be under the circumstances. We want to hear what your plans are when you do get back, and we want you to reminisce about the happy little things that happened in the good old days—the things that make being apart bearable and help us to keep our chins up and our eyes dry—in public at least.

So, all you servicemen, keep writing the gals back home as often as possible. You'll find those gals waiting for you with open arms when that happy day comes along.—*Mrs. Douglas V. Nash.*

MEAT FOR ONE; POISON FOR ANOTHER

VALLEJO, CALIF.—There was a letter in April 15 Vox Pop, titled Sleep Inducer, which I read with a feeling of dismay. My husband and I had been looking forward to an enjoyable evening at the movies seeing the picture under critical fire in the letter, namely, Lady in the Dark.

We went in spite of the letter, and

enjoyed the picture to the utmost. From my observation of the audience, so did every one present.

So *please,* Mrs. Dean, keep your opinion about such things to yourself. Because of you a great many people may have missed a fine picture, as we *almost* did.—*Laurel Stoodley.*

THAT'S TELLING US!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Paul Hunter's editorial What Is Our Foreign Policy—If Any? (April 22 Liberty) reflects extreme discredit upon Liberty and upon Mr. Hunter personally. Mr. Hunter is well aware that, especially in contrast to Joseph Stalin and to a certain extent also to Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt has no power, under the democratic form of the government which he heads, to make any commitments to any other government as to what policies this nation will or will not adhere to after the expiration of the year 1944.

In the year 1941 such commitments for reasonable periods might have been

The World's Most Precious Cargo

No gold-laden galleon ever carried a cargo half so precious as that of the Navy's sturdy LCI (L) Landing Craft. For theirs is the task of transporting to the invasion beachheads the cream of American manhood . . . our sons, brothers and husbands whose courageous efforts are clearing the paths to Tokyo and Berlin. ☆ Defoe men and women are putting their hearts as well as their brains and brawn into these invasion vessels. Yes, and a full measure of patriotic devotion, too, plus the engineering skill and experienced craftsmanship traditional in shipbuilding. ☆ Today, Defoe's job is to build sturdy, dependable fighting ships of the Navy. But tomorrow, these same skills and abilities will be devoted to building just as fine products, at low cost, for peacetime America. Whatever Defoe creates then will reflect the same pride we take in our work these crucial days.

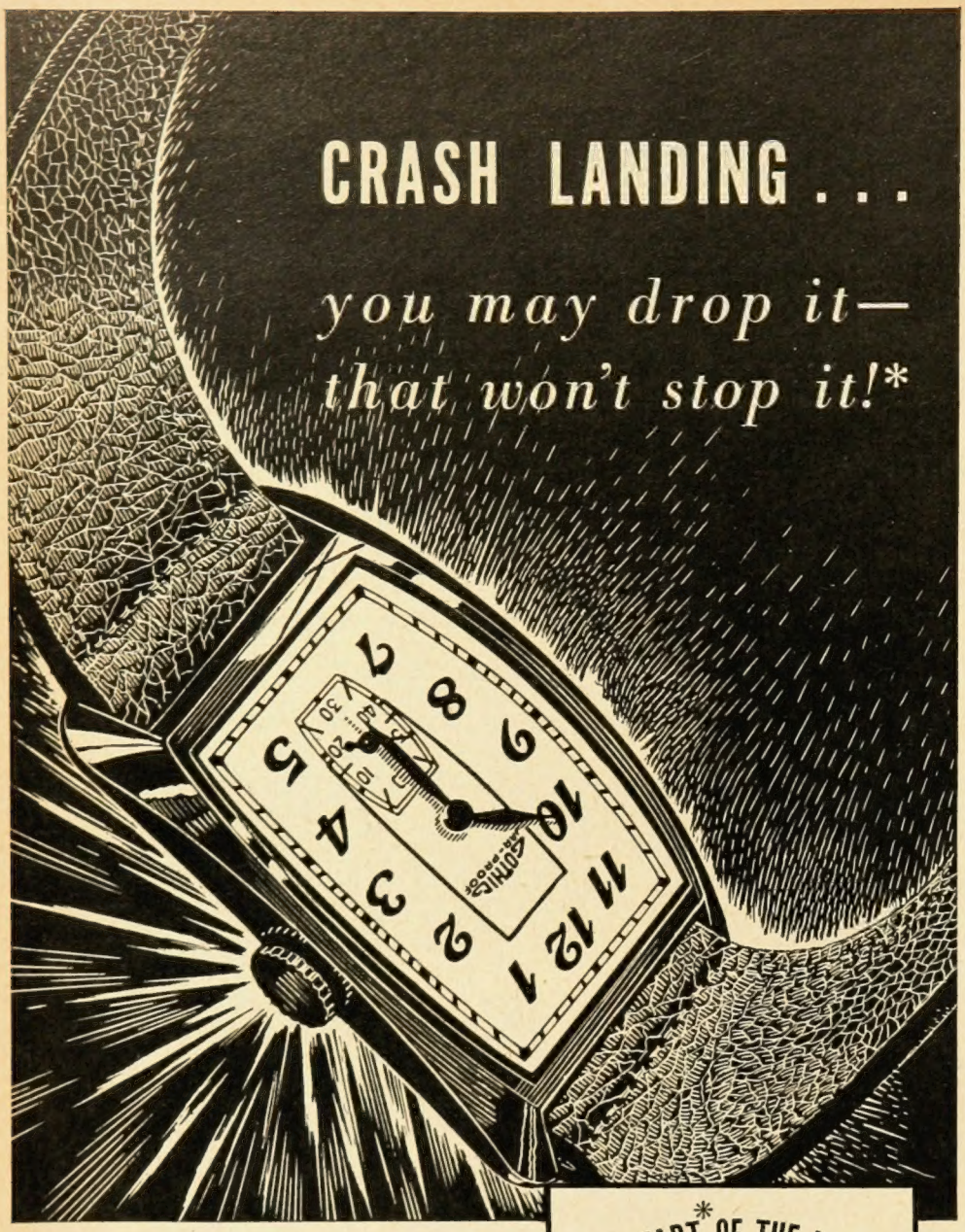
DEFOE SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Four White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

INVEST IN INVASION — BUY WAR BONDS

Defoe

SHIPS FOR VICTORY SERVANTS FOR PEACE



A careless moment . . . a frantic reach for the falling watch . . . too late! It smacks against the floor! But don't worry. No harm done, if it's a Gothic JARPROOF. This smartly styled timepiece *can take a licking, yet keep on ticking.* Durable, precision-built for accurate timing, and the only watch whose heart* is unconditionally guaranteed *for life!*

"THE HEART* OF THE WATCH"

UNCONDITIONALLY

Guaranteed a Lifetime

*Balance staff and its jewels—the most vital part of a watch—guaranteed for life in every GOTHIC JARPROOF watch.

Gothic

The only JARPROOF watch

PATENTED

To be JARPROOF it must be a Gothic.

Gothic JARPROOF watches for active men and women, from $33.75 to $1,000.00. Prices include Federal tax.

GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Most Gothic JARPROOF watches are going to men and women in service. Buy a War Bond now, and get your Gothic later. It's worth waiting for.

Gothic "GLAMOUR"
17 Jewels; 14 K. Gold—$69.95

in good order. They *will* be in such order again in 1945 for whoever leads our nation a year hence. But to make them today, with a Presidential election six months away, would be arrogance of the type of which Mr. Hunter undoubtedly inwardly wishes Mr. Roosevelt might prove himself guilty in order to provide said Mr. Hunter and his fellow Roosevelt haters with more ammunition between now and November.

For the same reason such commitments would be arrogant here at home, it would be deceitful for Mr. Roosevelt to make them to foreign nations at this time without explaining to such nations that he could not guarantee their continuance as American foreign policy after this year.

Nothing is so vicious as half truth, and Mr. Hunter's editorial smacks decidedly of vicious and dishonest journalism.—*Sidney W. Persons.*

CAJUNS AND TROUBLED WATER

JENNINGS, LA.—I was somewhat amused at Moran Tudury's Cajun Love Story in April 8 Liberty. It would be perfectly normal for a Minnesota boy to fall in love with a Cajun girl—because most of them are *pippins!*

And I could overlook some of the things in the story, but that coffee in a washtub was just *too much.*

Cajun coffee, like most Cajun cooking, is far superior in flavor to any coffee you can find elsewhere.

It is, "dripped," never boiled!

It is served only fresh and in very small cups. For it is the real McCoy and not just *troubled water* like you find in other states.—*S. B. Ford.*

SOLDIER'S APPEAL

CALIFORNIA.—I have wanted to air my views on the system of doling out gasoline to servicemen on leave for quite some time.

I returned recently from an extended sojourn in those beautiful, luxuriant islands known as the Solomons. My local ration board coolly informed me that I could obtain the staggering quantity of five gallons of gasoline.

Now, in the name of decency, common sense, and the milk of human kindness, is that any way to treat a man who has been working and fighting in the jungles for his country for a year and a half? It all seems in-

credibly unfair when one takes into consideration the fact that all the people on the home front are getting their regular weekly ration like clockwork.

I would like to suggest a very simple remedy. We'll say, for example, that the ration is two gallons per week (for the home guards). Then we'll say, for example, that a man is overseas one hundred and four weeks, or two years. That would rate him exactly two hundred and eight gallons of gasoline upon his return to the United States on leave. If he doesn't rate this as much as any defense worker getting his weekly ration, then I'll resign and let some one else do the talking.—*Aviation Chief Radioman N. T. Hanson.*

PM *for Pleasant Moments*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Flying Fortresses of the Eighth Air Force, dropping bombs on target in Germany, are "softening" up the enemy in preparation for D-Day.

Air Warfare: Results

The Army Air Forces admits that estimates of German strength in war industries and economy, as well as the results of aerial bombardment, cannot be exact and thus are subject to a wide margin of error. Yet there are many known facts that can be assembled, and it believes our Eighth Air Force, in collaboration with the Royal Air Force, accomplished the following results before the end of 1943:

1. Compelled the German Air Force to concentrate the great proportion of its strength in the west, to the detriment of urgent military necessities on the eastern and Mediterranean fronts.
2. Halted the trend of large-scale expansion of fighter strength by curtailing production through bombardment of aircraft plants and inflicting heavy losses in combat.
3. Reduced the production and supply of antifriction bearings necessary to top-priority military and industrial requirements.
4. Weakened the German position in oil and rubber to the extent that these vital war industries were left open to decisive attack.

German Aircraft Industry

The German aircraft industry is set up in a series of complexes, each composed of a final assembly plant and of component parts factories which feed their products into that plant for assembly into completed planes. Each complex is not only self-sustaining but personnel and equipment of its units are interchangeable with personnel and equipment of other complexes manufacturing the same type aircraft.

If a plant in one complex is bombed out, its workers may be transported to a similar plant in another complex, to be put on as an additional shift there and thus take up the slack caused by loss of the plant from which they have just been driven. In the transfer there is unquestionably a reduction in total output, plus many problems of transportation, housing, and feeding, but the disruption is certainly not fatal by any means.

When a plant is bombed out, a committee of Germany's top industrial executives rushes in to take stock of the situation. They determine whether the bombed-out plant should be rebuilt, or whether the usable equipment and personnel should be moved elsewhere. The recuperative powers of industry are great. Only by smashing a series of plants within a complex, and preventing the Germans from rebuilding, is bombing effective for more than a temporary period.

German Fighter Strength

The A. A. F. says on best available information that the Germans planned to treble their output of fighter planes in 1944. Blueprints were drawn, sites chosen, factories developed, and equipment projected to tool up new factories and put them into operation.

By July 1, 1943, German single-engined fighter production on a monthly basis had risen approximately 50 per cent from the January 1 rate. Then the A. A. F. undertook its first concentrated offensive and began to hit such aircraft plants as those at Kassel, Oschersleben, Warnemünde, Frankfurt, and Regensburg.

By September 1, 1943, monthly single-engine fighter production was reduced to approximately three fourths of the monthly rate maintained on July 1. Later the A. A. F. hit Marienburg, Anklam, Frankfurt, and Bremen, but because the A. A. F. was not in a position to continue the campaign, the Germans were able to recoup some of these losses, so that by February 1, 1944, they were actually back to the July 1 rate of production. However, if the A. A. F. had not been able to strike at all during 1943, the Germans would have had at least double the January 1, 1943, rate of output.

It is now estimated that 2,500 single-engined fighters which the German factories otherwise would have provided for the Luftwaffe in 1943 were never produced. New plants which were constantly thrown into operation provided replacement capacity.

Since the A. A. F. operations have expanded this year, it is estimated that by March 1, 1944, the monthly German fighter-production capacity was cut two thirds from the January level. Twin-engine production capacity was cut slightly more, and bomber production by a third.

Net Results

What has happened is this: While Germany was concentrating on trebling her fighter output, our A. A. F. was gathering strength in England. Its present job has been a tough one—not only to knock out existing plants but to keep pace with the German expansion plans. Only since February 20 has the A. A. F. been able to reduce German output effectively. But the assault must continue without interruption until that critical point is reached at which the Germans are no longer able to open new plants and replace their losses in the air.

Critics who believe our bombing has been disappointing should recall that at the start of our war with Germany, in early 1942, WPB and Army officials would not even grant A-1 priorities to aircraft material, that our Air Forces have had an uphill battle for the past decade, and were never able to pour bomber strength and crews into England sufficient to carry on a real air war until late in 1943.

The Mighty Mosquito

The all-wooden twin-engined Mosquito bomber, which is so flexible in its uses that the British have all manner of versions in operation over Europe, can carry a 500-pound bomb under each wing in addition to a 1,000-pound bomb load within the fuselage, it has now been revealed.

This 2,000-pound load can be carried in the fighter version, which is armed with four cannon and four machine guns. Closest thing the Germans have to it is the Messerschmitt-410, a recent development of the Messerschmitt-210 twin-engine fighter. The ME-410 is believed to carry 2,000 pounds also, but it has neither the armament nor the speed of the Mosquito.

The latter now serves as a long-range fighter (using droppable gas tanks instead of bombs under the wings) or as a fighting and bombing intruder with range and destructive load adjustable to individual sorties.

This remarkably light and fast plane now carries, roughly, two thirds of the load carried by the R. A. F. and U. S. heavy bombers on the average operation.

Predictions

From time to time we've quoted various aviation experts on their prophecies for the future.

Here is one that should cause some eyebrow-raising and cannot be overlooked because of the fact that the gentleman in question, Mr. Martin Taitel, is an economic consultant to the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

There will be 1,000,000 privately owned airplanes and helicopters in use in the United States by 1960, Mr. Taitel says.

Other experts have estimated 500,000 such planes by 1950, but no one in authority has gone as high as a million in something like fifteen years from now.

Furthermore, Mr. Taitel says, there will be a practical helicopter available for personal use by 1950, which is a few years earlier than some of our leading engineers have anticipated or predicted.

Other Taitel predictions: The standard or usual means of travel over substantial distances will be by plane by 1955; very extensive transoceanic airline routes will be established by 1948; mail will be sent by air without surcharge, except for short distances, by 1950; an air parcel post will have been established by 1950; and by 1955 large quantities of perishables will go by air.

Have It Sent, Please!

The helicopter boom is still on, and among the biggest "boomers" are the department stores. Several years from now, if you order merchandise from a department store in a big city and want it delivered to your home in a small town, delivery may be made by helicopter.

Among well known stores which have applications for helicopter service on file with the Civil Aeronautics Board are Filene's in Boston; the Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.; Kaufmann & Baer Company (also doing business as Gimbel Brothers), Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Milwaukee Boston Store, Milwaukee; Thalhimer Brothers, Richmond, Virginia, and the Dayton Company, Minneapolis.

Home-Front Hero

Our hat is off this week to Philip E. Day of the assembly department of Interstate Aircraft & Engineering Corporation, El Segundo, California. He saved no less than 28,000 man hours on a single airplane manufacturing contract by originating and producing seven special tools to make possible a panel preassembly of the hydraulic control units of an airplane. He's been banqueted, presented with a gold medal and some cash awards—and we think he well deserves the honors.

Keep to the Left

Americans find it difficult to get used to the left-hand driving in England, but airmen sometimes are very grateful that traffic keeps to the left in England and to the right in other countries of Europe.

More than once pilots have been temporarily lost in returning from missions. At such times they fly low to see which way the traffic is moving. Then they know whether they're over England or whether they are over France, Belgium, or some other country.

"Wouldn't trust him with a baby carriage"

TRUST a father to distrust his own son! . . . It still seems incredible that these boys of two years ago, unused to responsibilities, doubtful of themselves and their futures, are manning the quarter-million dollar bombers! Yet today they bring the big ships thousands of miles over land and water to destinations and targets, pick up the pin-point islands in the Pacific, deliver devastating bomb loads through flak filled skies, make air war and history!

For their success in one of the war's most difficult and dangerous jobs, credit the quality of their training, and the fact that our pilots get more flight hours before combat service than those of any other nation.

In the step from small planes to multi-motored ships, the flight hours spent in the twin-engine trainers powered by Jacobs condition the new pilot to his new job . . . Under student handling, Jacobs engines take more take-offs and more time at full throttle than engines used in combat service . . . and stand up for more than a thousand hours service between major overhauls . . . a record of performance *three times* original specifications or expectations!

THESE Jacobs engines are not merely military specialties . . . will perform as well for peacetime tasks of tomorrow, and at commercial costs! . . . Largest manufacturer of plane engines in the medium power class, Jacobs has a lot to contribute in dependable power at low cost—to both aviation and industry. Inquiries are invited . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

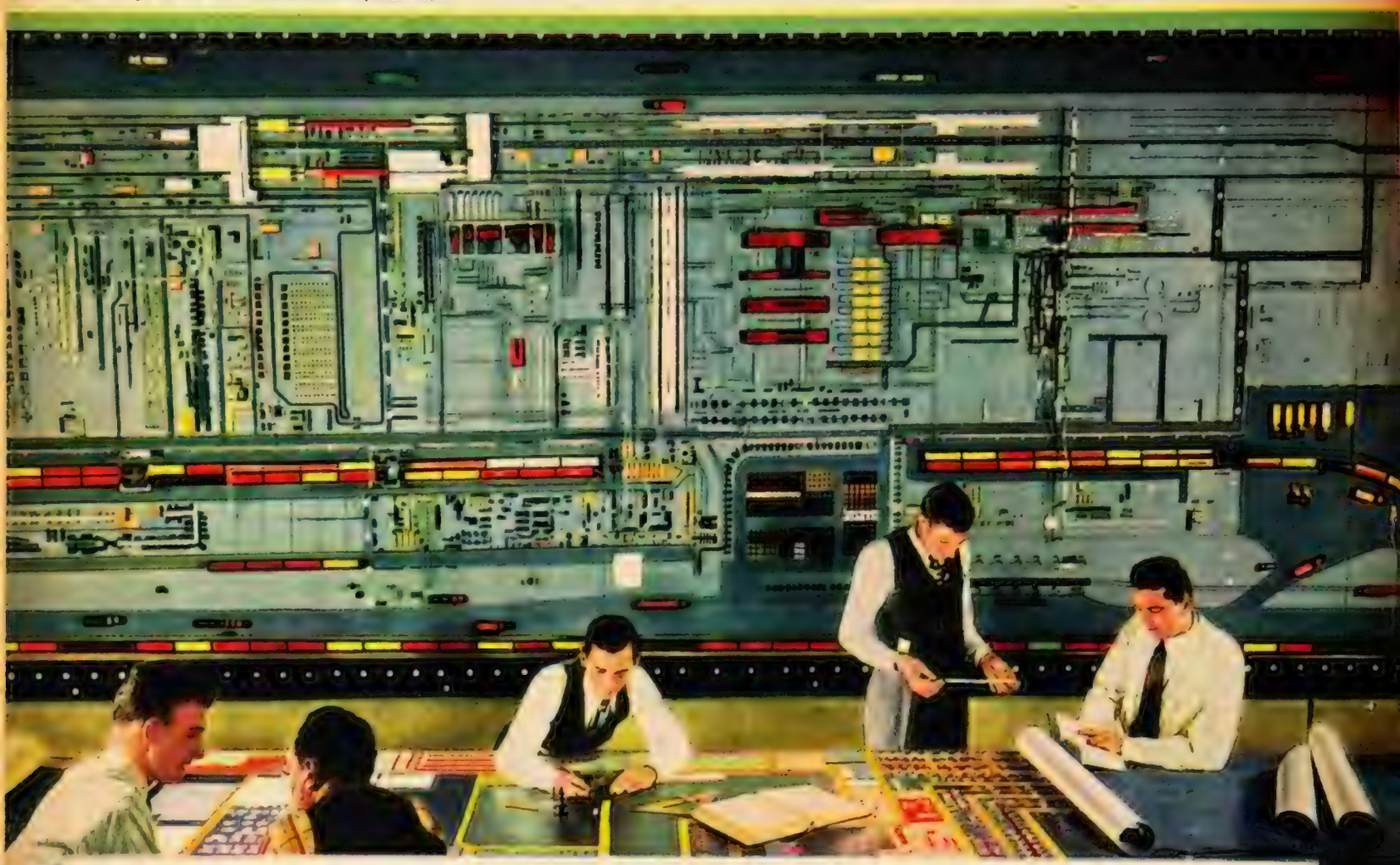
JACOBS · Pottstown, Pa.

MAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN MANAGEMENT

WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU — IN WAR — IN PEACE

Advance planning of the flow of materials and production



Imagination is a factory whistle you never hear . . . it's a call to action for people who like their work.

Imagination is doing things that "can't be done" . . . anticipating needs before they arise.

Imagination is the unrestricted force in management that gives special character to all Chrysler Corporation products.

Management at Chrysler Corporation is "men in their shirt sleeves." They keep the spark of imagination active throughout the entire producing and operating Chrysler organization. They stimulate the exchange of ideas and experience among its divisions to strengthen *each* with the resources of *all.*

Every Chrysler Corporation product is better because of this close co-operation, and because of the far-sighted research and engineering carried on for the whole group.

Today, this Chrysler teamwork produces large quantities of guns, tanks, aircraft engines and many other war products.

Before the war, Chrysler imagination and technical skill brought you many important car developments. When the war ends, we again can produce quality cars and trucks for you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration — CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines — OILITE Powdered Metal Products

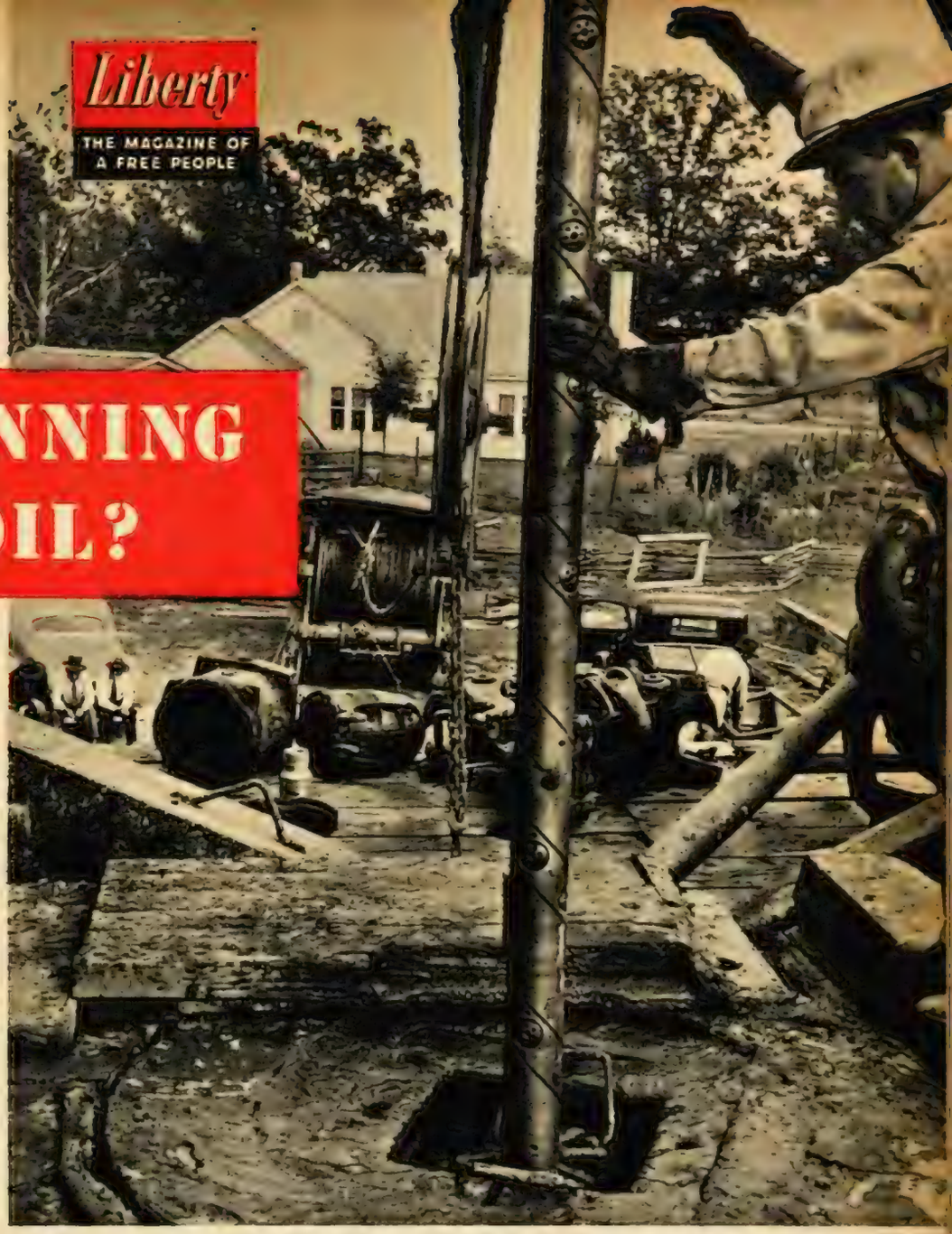
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

America runs on oil and it's disturbing to be told the end of our resources is in sight. Here are the down-to-earth facts on present supplies and future prospects

ARE WE RUNNING OUT OF OIL?



STANDARD OIL COMPANY PHOTO

Wildcatting in an Oklahoma back yard.

BY WALLACE E. PRATT

Vice-President,
Standard Oil Company (N. J.)

RARELY in the history of our country have we had more than a fourteen-year supply of oil—that is, in sight. The cry "We are running out of oil" has risen to plague the nation periodically since the Civil War.

At present, wartime restrictions on gasoline and furnace oil for homes serve to emphasize the threat of "oil shortage." We are becoming frightened at the prospect of a scarcity in petroleum products.

We are so accustomed to using oil for transportation, house heating, and lubrication that we can't conceive of a future without all the gasoline and oil we want. Thus we are anxious about the warnings that the oil supply in this country is sufficient to meet our needs for only fourteen years.

We forget that a big part of the oil business is finding new oil and it is the job of the finders to keep up with the users. Always in the past, discoveries of new oil fields and increase in production from old ones have proved every prediction of scarcity to be false.

Let's take note of some of the earlier predictions of oil shortage. The first came in 1882, only fifteen years after Colonel Drake's completion of America's first oil well. Practically all our production then was within the borders of Pennsylvania. The state geologist, Dr. Wrigley, "judging from the results of twenty years," calculated total remaining reserves at 96 million barrels. He pointed out that the yearly production at that time was over 25 million barrels, and warned, "Some day the check will come back endorsed, 'No funds,' and we are approaching that day very fast." And this was 62 years ago.

In 1908 the national production amounted to two billion barrels, more than twenty times the total Dr. Wrigley anticipated. Nevertheless Dr. David Day, director of the United States Geological Survey, estimated we were still assured of at least 10 billion barrels and might have as much as 24.5 billion barrels yet to come. Dr. Day's optimistic estimate was greeted with skepticism by his colleagues. But since it was published 26 billion barrels of oil have been produced in this country and we still have proved reserves of some 20 billion barrels. So we already have found about twice as much oil in this country as Dr. Day dared hope we might ever find.

Then in 1922 the United States Geological Survey and the American Association of Petroleum Geologists issued an impressive report estimating the total "recoverable oil remaining in the ground" at 9 billion barrels. Since then we have produced more than 21 billion barrels of oil and we still have 20 billion barrels of proved reserves. This amounts to nearly five times as much as was anticipated in 1922.

With this evidence, it is hardly logical to conclude that we shall run out of oil in fourteen years because our proved reserves are now estimated to be equal only to fourteen years' requirements. We may again have underestimated our future supply, as we have invariably in the past. In any event, our proved reserves are only one item, and not the most important item, among our petroleum resources.

Our estimates of proved reserves, as we issue them from time to time, include only "recoverable oil." In the early days we recovered only 30 per cent, or less, of the total oil in place. Even with today's improved methods we rarely recover more than one half the original oil in the underground reservoirs. In 1925 the Committee of Eleven of the American Petroleum Institute issued a report which showed that at that time we had only 5.3 billion barrels of oil in proved reserve, but pointed out that after this had been withdrawn there would still remain in all the depleted oil fields of the United States some 26 billion barrels out of the total original oil in place.

Our proved reserves are the amount of oil estimated to come from the known fields through ordinary methods of production. Additional oil may be produced from the same fields in the future by secondary recovery methods. These are already being applied successfully in old depleted fields where primary recovery has ceased.

But an even more significant conclusion of the Committee of Eleven was that there is in the United States an

(Continued on page 53)

WIND IN THE VALLEY

SCHOOL was very strange this year. No one knew just what would happen next and there was an air of impermanence over everything. Mr. Sandringham's jokes became worse than ever, as if the winds of war had ruffled even his imperturbable sandy head.

Mr. Sandringham, who was no ordinary headmaster and never took himself seriously, had always contended that the school was founded and conducted on a series of bad jokes; but now he even ceased saying that. He began to stoop a little, and sometimes he could be seen staring at the school's honor roll, as if by looking hard at the small gold letters he could bring his old boys back.

If school hadn't been so very odd this June—if Tom Errol hadn't been going away for good—Joel wouldn't have said it. He wouldn't have blurted out the words he now so wished he could take back again.

"Look, Tom. Why don't you come up to Ashland and stay with me for a while?"

Tom had looked awfully pleased. "Why, Joel, that would be swell! That'll be great, Joel!"

Only it wouldn't be great. It wouldn't, because having Tom Errol for a roommate was a good deal like being with royalty, and Ashland wasn't even a town, but only a dull village tucked into a cup between the hills.

Ashland was no place for Tom—Tom with his merry face; Tom, who was a rich man's son, the best boy in school and the most popular. Tom wouldn't like Ashland or the old house or Aunt Bet or anything. He'd be bored to death.

"Yes, Joel," Tom said, and his dark eyes were dancing. "We're going to have a great time!"

Joel sank deep in misery. Now he'd done it, he couldn't see why he'd invited Tom to Ashland at all. It was a crazy thing to do, and he wouldn't have if Tom hadn't hunched there so dejectedly on the window seat as if he was thinking he wouldn't be back here in the fall, or any other fall, because his father had decided to send him to another school way out in the West somewhere.

"This summer's going to be a washout too," Tom had said. "Dad's out on the Coast doing something about airplanes, and mother's sister's so sick she's got to stay with her, so they're shipping me off to Uncle Frank's. He doesn't like me and it'll be duller than dishwater."

All the life had gone out of Tom's face. And so Joel had asked him up to the old brown house at Ashland with-

"Look at them, Aunt Bet!" Marion said. "They don't want to go."

The poignant story of a schoolboy who comes to know himself through the eyes of his best friend when tragedy strikes close to home

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

out even actually thinking about it.

He was thinking about it now as Tom began to whistle. For Tom was a great man, and he was only Joel Bean—Joel Bean who didn't belong in school at all and never would have even been there if it hadn't been for Aunt Bet.

"It's darned decent of you to invite me," Tom was saying. "Are you sure it'll be all right with your aunt?"

"Sure it will," said Joel and hardly knew he was saying it.

For Aunt Bet would like Tom; she simply couldn't help it. The trouble would be the other way around. Aunt Bet was country, plain New Hampshire country, and Tom wouldn't be used to that.

Tom wouldn't see Aunt Bet at all—Aunt Bet who had taken Joel in when his father and mother died. Aunt Bet who had brought him up as if he'd been her own son. Aunt Bet who had looked over her reading spectacles one night.

"You're twelve years old now, Joel, goin' on thirteen. Seems to me you've been at the Institute long enough. Seems to me you'd better go to a real good school."

AND a few months later he'd been standing on the steps of Hall, scared and shy and lonely in his shiny old blue serge suit, and suddenly Tom Errol was holding out his hand.

"Hello. Are you Joel Bean? Well, you're going to be my roommate. Come on, Joel!"

Everything had been simply splendid ever since.

Tom looked up now from burrowing in his bureau drawer. "What's wrong, Joel? Something on your mind?"

He shook his head, for he certainly couldn't tell Tom how it was. He couldn't tell him how poor they were and how Ashland would seem a mean, miserable little place.

"Guess I'll go out for a second."

Maybe it would be better out in the Yard. But it wasn't, and here was Mr. Sandringham coming up the walk.

"Well, Joel, all set for vacation?"

You never meant to tell Mr. Sandringham anything, but you always did. Maybe that was why it was such a good school.

"Yes, sir. Tom Errol's coming with me for a month. He—he hadn't much of anywhere to go, sir."

Mr. Sandringham's eyes were pale blue and they didn't look sharp, but they were. "Good. I wouldn't be surprised if you learned something about each other."

That seemed an odd thing to say, but Mr. Sandringham was going on: "It's too bad Tom won't be coming back here."

Mr. Sandringham held out his hand. "Well, Joel, we won't say good-by. Good-by's a silly thing to say. And don't worry about the summer, Joel. It will be splendid. It's bound to be."

Only it wouldn't and it was really starting now as the stage clattered down the stony hill and here was Ashland. In a second, Tom would see what a dusty, miserable little place it was, but Tom was talking to Jim Williams who drove the battered ancient car that was always referred to as "the stage" and never anything else.

Tom had his elbow on the mail sack and it was odd Jim should talk to him, for Jim didn't ever say much to strangers.

"Yes, sir," Jim was saying. "I was down to Boston once. Aimed to stay a week, but I come back the next day. Couldn't seem to stand not lookin' up and seein' the hills."

Tom flung his head back and there were the hills, shouldering against the sky, not very high nor rugged nor anything.

"I guess you felt shut in," Tom said,

Tom and Joel walked down the road.

just as if Jim were some one important and not merely a man in overalls.

Jim nodded as though Tom and he were old friends already. "Yes, sir. Couldn't seem to breathe. Well, here we be."

Here was Ashland: small white houses set far back from the street; green lawns that weren't too tidy; the post office that was sort of a drugstore as well, Meserve's store, Snow's store, the garage that had once been a blacksmith shop, the Baptist church, the Unitarian church, and that was all—all save the sweet clear smell of hot dust and hill country that was summertime itself.

They stopped by the white gate, and here was the low brown house and it looked smaller than it ever had before.

Aunt Bet was in the door, and she'd shrunk too, with her hair in a tight knot, her cheeks fire red, and her best green apron on over her second-best gray dress. Aunt Bet looked like a plump dumpling that belonged in New Hampshire hill country and nowhere else.

"Well, now," said Aunt Bet, and her voice had a New Hampshire twang, "this is nice. Come right in, Tom."

Tom was saying politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Bean? I hope I won't be too much trouble."

He was just being nice to Aunt Bet because he was always nice to every one. But she didn't seem to know that. "Bless you, boys aren't any trouble. Take Tom upstairs, Joel. Dinner's ready and he'll want to wash."

She was treating Tom just like a boy—any boy; just as if he weren't rich, just as if he hadn't traveled all over the world.

THEY went up the narrow stairs and she'd put Tom in the west room where the window looked on the garden and then the intervale land and, far off, the shallow river winding between the hills.

It was a small room, really, and there wasn't much in it, only the old bureau and the old bed and the old big chair and the old ladder-back chair.

Tom's suitcase dropped from his hand. "Look at that chair, Joel! Look at that mirror with the eagle on it! Look at that bed!"

Joel was awfully ashamed. "It's a pretty old bed, Tom, but it's comfortable. Really it is."

Tom was down on his hands and knees looking at the ropes beneath the mattress. "Old? You bet it is. I never slept in a bed like that in all my life."

He was up again, waving his hand. "And look out that window! Just look at those trees and the hills!"

It was funny that Tom seemed so excited, for there was really nothing much to see.

"It's just country, Tom. There's a lot of country around here."

Tom simply stood there and he seemed to be breathing it all in, all the summertime itself.

"You never lived in a New York apartment, did you?" he said suddenly. "Well, all you see is the other side of the street."

Tom certainly was acting odd, and he still did when he came downstairs and there was one of Aunt Bet's chicken pies on the table and a lot of vegetables, and Aunt Bet herself bustling around.

Tom picked up one of the peacock-feather plates and looked at it. "Mrs. Bean, you don't eat off these!"

"Why not?" said Aunt Bet. "Folks been eatin' off 'em for a long time."

Tom shook his head. "I should say they have. My father does a little collecting, and if he saw a whole set of these, he'd go crazy."

Tom's head went up again. "Joel, will you just taste this pie!"

Aunt Bet bridled. "'Tisn't quite as good as usual, Tom." She beamed on

(Continued on page 64)

THE BAZOOKA IS BORN

The story of the gun that looks like a rainspout is an amazing chapter in our war history. Here's the behind-the-scenes account of the workers who got the Bazooka to the front—and on time!

BY EDWIN DIEHL

G. E. Engineer Powers designed the Bazooka in a single 24-hour session. He had only the Army's crude drawing to start with.

THE fantastic feats of the Army's rocket rifle—dubbed the Bazooka by the doughboys—have caught the country's imagination. Here is a length of steel pipe, with a few gadgets welded to it, that costs $19—and it can almost duplicate the devastation wrought by a 155-mm. howitzer that costs $25,000!

Day by day, exploits of this remarkable new gun continue to amaze the public. An American private opens fire against six German tanks in North Africa. His aim is off and he blows up a huge tree. The tank commander surrenders his company, believing it is being shelled by 155s. Imagine his surprise when the private steps from cover with what looks like a rainspout under his arm!

A Yank on patrol in the Solomons suddenly finds himself face to face with two Japanese tanks. He ducks behind a tree and unleashes a rocket with deadly accuracy. The first tank, filled with ammunition, explodes, knocking its companion tank to the scrap pile with it.

Two men usually are assigned to a Bazooka, one to load it; but one man can operate it. Major General Levin H. Campbell, chief of the Ordnance Department, likes to recall an incident in Africa. A small but strong fort was causing considerable trouble. "One lone American soldier," he relates, "detached himself from a landing party, waded ashore, and with one shot effected surrender of the fort. That will be known as the saga of one American soldier and his Bazooka."

These stories are truly remarkable, but behind them is an even more astounding story of the birth of the Bazooka, and of how the first rocket guns were manufactured practically overnight and sent to North Africa to stop the Mark IVs and 60-ton Mark VI tanks Rommel was using in his march toward Alexandria.

In the early months of 1942, right after Pearl Harbor, the appliance and merchandising department of the General Electric Company was just beginning to swing its full weight behind war work. It was working under Army Ordnance instructions, experimenting with a launcher for hand grenades. G. E. didn't know it then, but it was heading into the production of one of this country's most spectacularly successful weapons—the Bazooka.

On May 20, 1942, the Ordnance Department suddenly instructed G. E. to put aside the grenade device; it had another job. The Washington representative of the company left the capital by plane with a crudely made, hand-fashioned rocket gun under his arm, and a few rough sketches. In his pocket he carried a letter purchase order from the Army to *design, develop, and produce* several thousand Bazookas—officially known as "Launcher, Rocket, AT, M-1"—*within thirty days.*

G. E. officials were jarred to their heels. Thirty days? Why, it would take that long to design the weapon! Converting assembly lines would take another thirty days. The whole job would require almost six months!

But the next day a small Army pursuit ship swooped down to the airport outside town. Tall, gaunt Major George Thomas had arrived. He told the assembled G. E. heads:

"The Army is not fooling. We said thirty days and we mean it. We're going to make that dead line because this is the most important development in ordnance in this war. It's so important that for the next thirty days this gun gets preference over all other ordnance in the country.

"If you're short of skilled help, yank the necessary men from any plant in the country. If you haven't the necessary machinery, go out and unscrew it from the floors of the first factory that has it. I don't care whether you buy, beg, or borrow it—but get it. We're going to turn out these guns in contract time if every single person in the entire plant has to stay awake for the whole month."

The only thing Major Thomas didn't tell them, couldn't tell them, was that the Allied commands were getting ready for the big push in Africa. But G. E. had little time to speculate on why the rush. They knew only that they had agreed to produce several thousand guns in thirty days. So they rolled up their sleeves, pushed aside everything else, and plunged in. Ten minutes after the major had briefed them on the project they began to roll out a miracle.

At four thirty that afternoon James L. Powers, a bespectacled, red-haired engineer of fifty, was leaving the plant in a hurry. At the door he brushed past the assistant works manager, who was just leaving the conference.

"Where you going, Jim?" boomed the assistant works manager.

Powers explained he wanted to catch the five-nineteen train. He was heading back to Fort Wayne, where his wife and family were sitting on a moving van waiting for him to bring them East.

The assistant works manager grinned wryly, pulled the engineer back into the hall, and led him into his office. There he handed him the crude model of the rocket gun and the rough sketches. He told Powers what G. E.

One of the original make-do assembly lines on which G. E. turned out thousands of rocket guns in thirty days to meet Army's demands.

The Bazooka is the most important ordnance development of the war. With it our boys can stop almost anything on wheels or treads.

had contracted to do. Then he added: "And I want you to stay at your drawing board until you've designed this pipe into a weapon—one that will pass ordnance inspection."

Powers looked at the sketches and howled. "They look like some schoolboy's scribbling!"

But twenty-four hours later crafty Jim Powers, weary from a round-the-clock stint in his office, emerged with something he hoped would do the trick. He waylaid the four best men in the toolroom just as they were finishing a day's work, and kept them there all that night making a model of his design. All they knew was that it was a pipe to which they were fixing some peep sights, two grips, and a regular gunstock. But the presence of an Army officer and a ranking company executive down in the toolroom at 3 A. M. told them this was no ordinary job.

The first sample gun was turned out in four days, and Webb Theleen, coordinator on the project, packed it into a long wooden box preparatory to making the first of a series of parlor-car trips to Aberdeen Proving Ground.

THELEEN was a little amazed at all the hullabaloo this pipe caused, for at the time nobody knew what it would do. But at Aberdeen he saw armor plate thicker than a tank's blasted apart by a small 3½-pound rocket with a fluted tail that was fired from the gun he carried. He saw it stop a heavy radio-controlled tank dead.

"How come?" he asked. "Bigger and heavier shells won't do it."

"It's the high brisance of the explosive used in the rocket," he was told. Brisance is the suddenness with which an explosive acts, as contrasted with its total power. Smokeless powder, for example, is powerful, but it is slow to act. Its brisance is low.

There were kinks in the first model of the rocket gun. Theleen commuted to Aberdeen. There were revisions, new firing devices, various sizes of barrels—a hundred adaptations, ideas, and suggestions tried. Then one day the Army said the fourteenth model was satisfactory. That was the day they fired almost 1,000 rounds of ammunition from a single gun, with uncanny results.

The final design for the first Bazookas was a 54-inch-long tube 2½ inches in diameter. It was fired with an electrical discharging mechanism Powers had designed. A front and rear sight, a stock which held two batteries for firing, and two hand grips made up the entire weapon. Unlike a rifle, the Bazooka barrel is open and dangerous at both ends. The rocket goes out the muzzle: the propellent blast goes out the breech. Because of the propellant exhaust, which can burn a man severely back as far as twenty-five feet, the barrel must rest on the shoulder of the gunner. It was physically impossible to sight the weapon along the top of the barrel, as with a rifle, so they put the sights on the side.

When G. E. men looked at the calendar they gave a cry of alarm. They had spent three weeks developing the gun. There were only eight days left to produce the quota!

The personnel head robbed every department within G. E. for skilled help. He took welders out of garages and from privately owned businesses. Still short, he called a neighboring plant.

"How many welders have you?"

"Six."

"We want them for a special job."

And so it went until they had rounded up the best crew of workers they could find for the job. Women were required, and G. E. got a special dispensation from the Department of Labor to permit them to work long hours and at night during this emergency.

The purchasing agent's job was to get enough tubing, sheet metals, and a dozen other miscellaneous items together to have production rolling by 7 A. M. on Monday. He got a Pittsburgh company on the phone, told them he had to have tubing for the barrel of the gun by that time.

"Impossible!" they shouted.

BOB SHREVE, the purchasing agent, is not easily pushed around. Without revealing the secret of the Bazooka, he explained the urgency, and they finally agreed to round up some tubing—but when, they couldn't promise.

Shreve shouted back to Pittsburgh: "Get a mule pack or get a plane! If that stuff isn't here by 7 A. M., Washington will know about it by nine!"

The Pittsburgh company scouted up a few hundred feet of the required tubing, loaded it on a plane, and flew it East to G. E. Subsequent deliveries were made by truck. It came across the country pony-express style. Relief drivers were stationed at various points along the route, and the trucks never stopped rolling until G. E. had the material.

Production did start at 7 A. M. that hot, sweltering Monday. The assembly line G. E. set up was one of the oddities in industrial history. Basically, the Bazookas were produced in two departments of the plant a half mile apart. But within each department the work was scattered over several widely sep-

arated sections. The milling of the stocks and grips had been farmed out to a woodworking shop outside of town, lengthening the assembly line considerably.

When the more than 400 men and women on the job learned they were working on a secret weapon, their enthusiasm skyrocketed. Every man selected for the job had grabbed the brass ring on a merry-go-round of heat, sweat, sleepless days and nights, sandwiches on the run, and strained nerves. But none of this bothered any of them. Company heads had explained they had to get the weapon out within a week and told them as much as could possibly be told about its importance.

The first dozen Bazookas hadn't been completed when first one and then another production difficulty arose. These were ironed out by a major switch in an assembly-line operation and by some frantic work on the part of the toolroom boys. Then everybody heaved a sigh of relief. Things were clicking beautifully. They turned out several hundred Bazookas in practically no time. G. E. heads wore tired but happy smiles.

Then—as in fiction stories where the hero is always getting into more and more trouble—the overloaded furnace used in one step of production broke down! And with it the hearts of everybody on the job, for by now each took a strictly personal interest in delivering the guns.

THE nearest factory with a furnace capable of doing that particular job was almost two miles away—and busy with war work, too. But the Bazooka had to be produced, and immediately. The neighboring plant agreed to let G. E. use its furnace. The Bazooka assembly line lengthened four more miles, and they went on. A fleet of small trucks was kept busy rushing the partially completed guns from G. E.'s plant to the furnace and then back again for final assembly.

Despite the ever-mounting difficulties, the workers refused to admit the deadline was impossible. They worked feverishly through the summer heat, stripped to the waists in temperatures over 100°, refusing to take time out for anything more than a quick sandwich.

Harry Benzie, production manager, recalls how they engineered an improvement in the gun on the third day, while it was still in production, and without interrupting the job. A young draftsman who had been helping Powers had a new idea for improving the light indicator set in the stock of the gun and used to show when the trigger was making contact for the rocket.

Within one hour, while the idea was still in the young engineer's head, the toolroom had made a jig and die to do the job, and machinery for the task was made and shoved into the assembly line. The change didn't affect the guns already made, but improved those yet to be turned out.

The woodworking mill was having trouble delivering on schedule. The stocks had to be drilled to house batteries to operate the firing mechanism. To keep production at its peak, G. E. had to get another mill to aid in the work. They also had to keep company automobiles running back and forth between the mills and the plants, transporting a dozen stocks and grips at a time.

The finished Bazookas were packed for shipment, hustled into waiting Army

(Continued on page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

The KID WITH SIX FATHERS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY JOHN T. BEAUDOUIN

STAFF SERGEANT "Longshot" Looie Feeney was a study in confusion and despair. Even on his blackest days as a horse and card player he had never seen luck at such a low ebb. At a small hospital in Carteret, Virginia, his wife Elsie was even now giving the world another Feeney. And at this critical moment in world history, what was Feeney *père* doing? Speeding toward Fort Harrison, Indiana, with only thirty-two bucks in his pocket.

Master Sergeant Phil Fagan, one of Looie's four companions, turned to another and asked, "Didja ever see a puss like that one the kid's wearin' this afternoon? Even the Heinie prisoners look happier than that."

Longshot Looie glared at his critic. During the past five months at Camp Magruder, he and Elsie had done their level best to save a maternity stake. But living off post had shot large round holes in his service pay of ninety-six dollars a month. When his shipping orders came through, he had inquired about state maternity aid for soldiers' wives. To his dismay, he had found that only the wives of men in the bottom four pay grades were eligible for financial help. As a staff sergeant, Looie was just one rung too high. Never had he wanted a demotion so much!

So Elsie had gone to Good Counsel, Carteret's only hospital, and Looie knew his present bankroll wouldn't even make a dent in the bills. The doctor's fee and hospital costs alone were $150.

At Baltimore a small group of paratroopers got aboard. One of them introduced himself to Looie's mates as "Bama" Forbes and proposed a few hands of stud. Fagan and Corporal "Frenchy" Bonat took him up immediately, and then Sergeant Manny Wolf and Sandy Gates got in the game, too.

Bama glanced at Looie and smiled an invitation. "How's about you, sport? The more chicks in the game, the more gravy in the pot."

Looie loved poker, but he said gloomily, "Thanks, high boots, but it happens I'm fresh outa gravy." He got up and walked back toward the smoker.

Thirty minutes later, when he returned to his seat, he found his buddies strangely quiet. The blanket they had stretched out to play on had disappeared.

"Hey," he said, "what happened to the game?"

"Eet come out pretty even all round, Looie," said Frenchy Bonat. He nudged Fagan. "Go on, Pheel," he said, "tell heem what's cookeen'."

Fagan shifted his feet and said, "Well, ya see, Feeney, it's like this. We been thinkin' you oughta take a long shot at gettin' that dough for Elsie and the kid." His homely Irish face wore a worried look.

Looie was puzzled. "Believe me, gents," he said fervently, "I'm wide open to suggestions—and that includes stickin' up orphanages!"

Sergeant Manny Wolf broke in impatiently, "Lemme explain, Looie. Is your kid born yet?"

"Gee, I don't think so. The doc said he thought Elsie would take quite a while."

"O. K.," Manny said. "Here's the dodge. We wanna get up a pool on what time the kid is born. Each guy here will ante up thirty bucks and take a guess at the exact time of delivery. The guy who comes closest gets everything. What do you say?"

"Gosh," Looie muttered, "this is swell of you guys, but this thirty fish is all I got . . ."

Manny had his answer ready. "Look, Looie, get smart. If you lose, you got nothin'. That's no worse than havin' only thirty bucks when you need a hundred and fifty. And if you win, you're in clover. Right?"

Crazy as it sounded, the proposition appealed strongly to Looie's gambling instinct. "O. K., fellas," he said. "Count me in."

Manny said, "We're getting into Pittsburgh in about twenty minutes. We'll all write down our times now. Then we'll keep checkin' on the sitchiation by phone."

"I say the kid was born at eight this evening," Fagan declared. "The medicos always hurry things along so they can get home to bed themselves."

Frenchy chose midnight; Sandy Gates voted for 1.30 A. M. Bama wrote down "3 A. M." Looie had always been a hunch player, but now inspiration seemed to have deserted him.

Then suddenly, as the train slowed for the station, he got the tip he needed. On the side of a freight car two tracks away he saw a stenciled number. To an ex-gambler it was irresistible—711.

But should it be A. M. or P. M.? Seven eleven P. M. would mean the baby had been born less than seven hours after Elsie had entered the hospital. Elsie never moved that fast for

It's a sad father who can't make a down payment on his own offspring, so Looie stakes his all on a long shot and gambles with time

"This suspense is takin' years offa my life," Looie panted as he fell into his seat on the train and gave Manny the latest returns.

any reason. It must be A. M. He passed his slip to Manny, who read it and said, "I see we're in the same league, kid. I got 6.30 A. M."

They piled off the train at Pittsburgh and made for the nearest phone booth, agreeing to split the cost of the calls. It seemed an eternity before Looie could get his call through. He spoke nervously into the mouthpiece for a few minutes, then hung up.

"Well," shouted Fagan, "what is it, male or female—and how close did I come?"

"It ain't been born yet," Looie said apologetically.

Fagan exploded. "Not born yet!" He opened his mouth to destroy Looie with abuse, then let it close slowly and cursed quietly to himself.

The five-hour ride from Pittsburgh to Columbus was a wearisome business. Wide-eyed and worried, Looie sat sleepless in his seat.

They got into Columbus at about 1.30 A. M., but the stop was only five minutes. His buddies were dozing in their seat, so Looie made a solo dash for a phone. The answer was still no, but Mrs. Feeney had been taken "downstairs" from her room.

"This suspense is takin' years offa my life," Looie panted as he fell into his seat on the train and gave Manny the latest returns.

"All quiet on the diaper front, eh?" mused Manny. "Well, at least we know Frenchy and Gates are out. That leaves you, me, and Bama."

Looie woke the two newly eliminated contestants gently. "I'm sorry, fellas," he said, "but the kid has crossed ya both up. It still ain't showed."

Frenchy shrugged and smiled sleepily. *"C'est la vie, c'est la guerre."*

Looie told the porter to call him at Dayton, then lay down in his berth. With some shame he realized that the thought of the baby as his own flesh and blood had hardly entered his mind. Until this moment, the kid had been only the reason for a bet, a long shot. . . .

THE next thing he knew, Bama was shaking him frantically and Manny was yelling, "Come on, snap out of it! It's Indianapolis, Looie!"

He banged his head against the roof of his berth. "Ow-w-oh!" he bellowed. "What happened to Dayton?"

"I dunno," said Manny. "The porter musta forgot to wake us. Get out here and let's see what's cookin' in Carteret!"

After an interminable wait, Looie got a wire through to Good Counsel Hospital. Presently he heard the floor nurse murmur, "Sixth floor, Miss Johnson." His heart felt like a pulse pounding in his throat.

"Miss Johnson," he said thickly, "this is Sergeant Feeney again. I wonder . . ."

But she cut in with, "Oh, Sergeant Feeney, we have glorious news! Congratulations on being a father!"

Looie stuck his head out the door and screamed, "Fellas! The kid's a baby!"

"O. K., O. K.!" said Manny. "We weren't expectin' a bicycle! Get the vital statistics!"

Looie jerked his mouth back to the phone, but Miss Johnson was still rhapsodizing. "Mrs. Feeney is splendid, and the little girl is a regular buster—eight pounds six ounces!"

"That's swell!" Looie said. "But please tell me this: *When was the baby born?"*

He was looking straight at the clock in the station as he spoke. It said 7.02.

"The baby was born just twenty-five minutes ago," said Miss Johnson.

When her words sank in, they deflated Looie like an old inner tube. Twenty-five minutes ago meant twenty-three minutes before seven o'clock. His guess had been seven eleven; Manny's had been six thirty. Well . . . that was it. It was all over.

When he hung up, the others could read the news in his face. But he made a stab at a smile, and said lightly to Manny, "Well, you hit it, kid. She was born twenty-five minutes ago—only seven minutes off your beam."

There was a long moment of silence before Manny mumbled, "Honest, Looie, if I'd realized . . ."

Looie shrugged. "Skip the ifs, kid. I knew the odds, so forget it."

He picked up his barracks bags and turned toward the station exit.

He felt some one tap him on the back. It was the porter from the train. "Ah'm sorry Ah di'n' wake y'all at Dayton," the man said. "A gent took sick in the cah ahead and Ah jus' couldn't get to ya."

Looie smiled feebly and said, "Forget it, George, it don't matter now. See y'around sometime."

"Thank ya, suh," said George. "Hope Ah have the pleasure." He chuckled. "Sorry to see you gemmen gotta work overtime today, indeed Ah is."

"Whaddye mean, overtime?" Fagan said.

"Why, you gemmen lost an hour when you come into Indianapolis, 'cause this is a new time zone."

"A new zone!" gasped Looie. He pointed frantically at the station clock. "Then that time is an hour earlier than Virginia—right?"

The porter nodded. "Dat's a fact."

The light was breaking on Fagan, Gates, and Bama, too. Manny Wolf gulped and said, "Then that means . . . by Carteret, Virginia, time the kid was actually born at twenty-three minutes before *eight*, not seven . . . don't it?"

"Correct! Absolutely correct!" yelled Sandy Gates. "And it makes poppa here the winner! His guess was seven eleven, only twenty-six minutes off."

LOOIE sank down weakly on his barracks bags. With a rueful smile, Manny counted out $150 into the winner's hand. "Buy the kid an Erector set or somethin', will ya? Tell her it's from her Uncle Manny."

Sergeant Fagan snorted indignantly. "Nix on that uncle stuff!" He dragged Looie to the Western Union desk and grabbed a money-order blank. Handing Looie a pencil, he said, "Write what I tell ya, daddy."

"But sarge—" Looie protested.

"Don't gimme any arguments!" thundered Fagan. "Write!"

Looie wrote.

And so it was that two hours later Mrs. Louis Feeney and daughter lay peacefully in their room at Good Counsel Hospital and read with some bewilderment a message from Indianapolis.

ENCLOSING 150 TO LAUNCH YOU AND BABY. HAVING KIDS IS TOUGH BUT BELIEVE ME SISTER BETTING ON THEM IS MURDER. ALL OUR LOVE TO YOU AND KID SLOW MOTION. WE ALL GOT A PIECE OF HER FUTURE.

LOOIE AND THE FIVE FOSTER FATHERS

THE END

Keenest sufferers of war are children. These Russian orphans find only charred uprights of their home left by retreating Nazis.

RUSSIA'S CHILDREN

Orphaned children present a colossal problem, but the forehanded Russians have a plan, already working, to restore to each the full measure of a child's birthright

BY HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

RUSSIA'S victories have been paid for most bitterly of all by the Russian children. Fifteen million Soviet boys and girls today are war orphans or refugees waiting for parents who may never return. The fate of an additional ten to fifteen million trapped with their parents in German-occupied territory is still to be fully learned.

Russia promises that every one of these homeless children shall have a father and mother after the war. The hearts of Russian families are big enough, the Soviet is confident, to take all of them for adoption as their own, and there will be no great orphanages in their country, as there were after the last war.

Soviet children have suffered experiences that will haunt their dreams for years. They have been without food, clothing, warmth, the security of home. Millions of them have been wounded, have been crippled for life. Many have been terrified to the point where only psychology and loving care can save them. They have been without everything but courage.

Their courage is almost unbelievable. The story of nine-year-old Shurik of the Mozhaisk district is typical of thousands. When the Germans stormed his small village, his father had already been killed in the fighting, and Shurik saw his mother brutally abused, then killed by the Nazi soldiers for refusing food. With five other children he hid in a dry well. The Nazis discovered them, and drove a live horse into the well to thrash and kick and crush the terrified children.

Shurik alone survived. For two months he wandered through the woods, living on the meat of dead horses. Red Army men finally found him and carried him to a children's shelter. The boy could not stand, nor could he talk. Shurik will recover in time, under the skilled care of child specialists who are treating him for wounds to his mind and body. He is only one of thousands who have had like experiences, and many of them will not recover.

Of Russia's 190,000,000 population, 60,000,000 are children under fourteen, and half of these are under seven years of age. As soon as invasion started, evacuation to the sheltered regions beyond the Urals began. Bombs were already falling in the border towns when thousands of children were jam-packed into trucks and driven east. They had no time to stop for warm clothes or provisions. Many did not even get to say good-by to their parents. Others ran as fast as their little legs could carry them, and when they fell exhausted, other fleeing refugees picked them up and carried them on. Many were wounded and most of them suffered shock. Some of the older children escaped into the forests to join guerrilla bands. But the majority were caught with their parents, to endure, if they could, the Nazi occupation.

Farther away from the scream of bombs, children who had a chance to escape with their parents perched atop farm machinery loaded on railway flat-cars. Unprotected from the bitter cold, almost without food, they journeyed to points of refuge 1,000 to 3,000 miles away. It was a nightmare trip. Despite help from people on collective farms en route, thousands of them died.

Cities and villages still farther removed from the battle had more time to evacuate their young. Women volunteers went from door to door registering mothers and children. Those under twelve were picked up and removed first; then infants under one year, with their mothers; then pregnant women. To ease the emotional wrench of dislocation and separation from parents, children in some kindergartens and nurseries were resettled as units.

As the fighting front stretched out, districts from which children had already been evacuated began to receive other groups of starving, shocked children from the west. They arrived in rags, their hair matted, their eyes dazed by what they had seen.

To care for her helpless children suddenly became one of Russia's greatest and most complex problems.

The medical profession mobilized to open clinics, children's hospitals, rest homes. The Rusakov Children's Hospital in Moscow became a center spe-

cializing in treatment of children's wounds. One doctor reports: "We actually had to open a new page in the history of medicine—children's war surgery."

Extra kindergartens, nurseries, children's homes, and schools were staffed. Machinery for child care, fortunately, had already been well set up by 1940. Expanded child-care facilities had been one of the Soviet's first concerns after the revolution. But the peacetime program had to be expanded at once, even though the Germans had destroyed countless buildings and had stolen or burned vast quantities of food and clothing.

First to be set up by educators were "reception centers" kept open day and night to receive and reroute refugees not in need of immediate medical treatment. Specialists studied each child's needs during his ten- or twelve-hour stay. Should he be sent to a children's home, a sanitarium, a rest center, or a collective farm?

The Danilov Reception Center is typical, and fourteen-year-old Pyotr Gurko's case is typical. Pyotr saw his mother horsewhipped and then shot for refusing to reveal the hiding place of a band of guerrillas. He watched while his home burned to the ground. Then he put his two-year-old sister on a sled and made for the woods through deep snow. Guerrillas found them several days later and took them to the Reception Center. After rest, treatment, and nourishing food, Pyotr's sister was sent to a nursery and he was flown to a children's farm in Middle Asia. There he will have a chance to live a normal life until the war is over and his father may perhaps be found alive.

Second step consists of the institutions all over the Soviet Union where the children are sent from the Reception Centers. These child-care institutions had to be enormously expanded. Teachers doubled their hours and high-school girls stepped in to shoulder part of the load. In the Molotov district alone 3,100 new nurseries were opened almost overnight to care for 53,000 children. In Uzbekistan 85,000 children are sheltered. Two hundred and eighty children's homes were opened in 1943 in the liberated areas.

THIS great migration led to serious food problems. Famished, weakened refugees needed extra rations. Children are the lowest in the food-rationing scale in Russia. The reason is simple, although the thought is distressing to Americans who have little conception of the meager rations on which all of Russia exists. The Red Army must be fed. Men and women working twelve to fourteen hours a day must keep going. No one gets more than a bare minimum, and that minimum often is tea and black bread. A child gets fourteen ounces of black bread daily. His ration of meat, fish, and poultry combined (when they are available) is only three ounces for an entire week. His sugar ration, including candy, is two and one half ounces a week. He has forgotten what butter looks like. He may get a serving of cereal once a day, a portion of cabbage or potatoes, and, where vegetables grow, there may be beets and cucumbers, squash and onions.

But that is where conditions are good.

Russian adults have simply tightened their belts and managed somehow to provide additional food for the hungry refugee children. In the Stalingrad area a single dining room was set up to feed 25,000 children, in Sverdlovsk 20,000, in Chelyabinsk 25,000—and so it is all over Russia. In Moscow 10,000 children planted their playgrounds and even their school window boxes with potatoes and vegetables. Others organized trips to search for edible grasses, mushrooms, and berries. Russian War Relief, an organization sending voluntary relief to the Soviet, came to their aid with food concentrates, vitamins, and seeds for vegetable gardens. More than $16,000,000 in relief goods was sent by Russian War Relief in 1943, and the 1944 goal is $21,000,000.

Clothing made up part of these shipments. Before the war, a Russian child in wintertime wore heavy underwear, a high-necked shirt, warm sweater, heavily padded overcoat, a hunting cap with long ear muffs of fur, and a long thick woolen scarf. Over his heavy stockings and shoes he wore felt boots. He looked like an overstuffed little bear, but he kept warm in temperatures often thirty degrees below zero.

But when civilian clothes manufacture, as well as other consumer production, stopped altogether more than two years ago, the Russians had to fall back on old clothing. People had few clothes to offer these little refugees. Old shoes were recobbled a dozen times; sweaters and coats were patched and repatched; adult clothing was cut down, darned, pieced, patched. Youth organizations conducted drives to gather in every scrap of material. But they were still short of children's clothing by tons and tons.

IN Russia's fight to save her children, the children themselves have been the greatest help. When Russia was invaded, all of Leningrad's male employees were released for war duty. The children learned how to put out fire bombs, how to use gas masks. They constructed bomb shelters and hauled wood for heating. They did all the janitorial work at the schools.

When wood got scarce, classrooms became like iceboxes and the ink froze. The children studied in coats and caps

(*Continued on page 63*)

Some are wounded in body as well as in mind. Two little surgery patients.

At child-care centers, food and peaceful surroundings are the restoratives.

WITHOUT MOTIVE

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ARTHUR BROWN

THE Gordon Browns were getting up. This was always a strenuous part of the day, because Gordon was a heavy sleeper—and he insisted on catching the eight-ten train to town. Beulah felt that it would be awfully nice if he caught the eight-twenty-five—or maybe the eight-forty. But Gordon said he always got a seat on the eight-ten and didn't have to hurry to his office after he left the train.

Gordon caught the eight-ten so regularly that folks said, "We could set our clocks by Mr. Brown!" Not that they ever did. In fact, Gordon Brown was such an insignificant-looking man that they actually hardly noticed him at all.

When any of the women met Beulah Brown at the market they always said something about Mr. Brown's regularity.

"Yes, he *is* regular!" said Beulah, hoping she sounded as if regularity were a virtue of which she were especially fond.

Now Beulah got out of bed and shut off the alarm clock just as it started to ring. She felt she didn't need the clock because she always woke up promptly. But once she'd overslept only ten minutes and Gordon hadn't actually missed his train, but it had been a close shave. The next day he'd brought home the alarm clock.

She put her dressing gown on over her nightdress, and her bedroom slippers were old and shapeless. She was a pleasant-looking little woman with soft hair and gray eyes, and she might have been pretty if she hadn't always looked a bit nervous and harassed and worried. She knew Gordon hadn't actually looked at her in years, but she did wish she had time to fix up a bit in the morning, to resemble even slightly the way girls looked in magazine illustrations.

But when she got up a few minutes earlier and tried to fix up a bit, Gordon always managed to open one eye and say, "What on earth are you fussing around so for? Don't you see I'm trying to get a little more sleep!" The idea was, of course, that Gordon worked hard all day, so it was little enough for Beulah to get up first and get breakfast. And, of course, he was right. She knew that.

Beulah rushed downstairs after only a bit of an attempt to fix up. Her hair. Her teeth. A "cat bath" of washing her hands and face.

It wasn't at all bad now. No furnace to take care of. No half hour of icy rooms. Very nice, spring in Daleville, Long Island.

She hummed as she set the table. Gordon liked a hearty breakfast and a hearty dinner. Fruit and eggs. Toast or biscuits. Homemade marmalade.

She ran upstairs to wake Gordon. He was lying just as she had left him, the covers up around his head.

"Time to get up," she said pleasantly, and closed the windows. One of them [illegible] down too quickly.

"[illegible] don't stand there shouting at me! I'm not deaf! And for heaven's sake don't bang those windows!"

"It slipped," said Beulah quietly.

"Slipped! Slipped! Always an excuse! It seems to me you could do one thing right, after all these years."

Beulah didn't answer. Gordon didn't move.

"You'd better get up," she said again. "It's getting late."

"Don't keep pestering me," he said. "I know when to get up. I've never been late, have I?"

No, he'd never been late.

Beulah stood in the doorway until Gordon pushed off the covers, went into the bathroom. He'd just have time to shave, she knew. He preferred bathing at night. Then he had what he always referred to as a "deep-dish" bath, and took his time about it.

There was a story behind the disappearance of Gordon Brown that would have shocked the neighbors, but the only person who really knew what happened would never tell

The biscuits were fluffy and golden brown on top. The bacon was crisp. The eggs were a nice "soft scramble" when Gordon came down. He didn't say good morning. He'd already seen her, hadn't he?

At the breakfast table he put three teaspoonfuls of sugar and a lot of cream into his coffee, helped himself generously to eggs, and took all the bacon and a couple of biscuits. Opened his newspaper.

"Is the breakfast all right?" Beulah asked.

"Sure, it's all right." His voice was without praise. And then, "But I don't see why you have biscuits this time of year. Better have toast after this, if you can keep it from burning."

"All right," Beulah said. Burned toast was a sensitive point. She hadn't burned the toast in months, but there was always a chance that she might. It made her nervous to think about it. Biscuits were something you could count on, if you knew your oven. She thought of months of toast ahead.

He gulped down a second cup of coffee.

"Well, I'm off," he said, folding his paper. "See you this evening."

Beulah followed him to the door.

"I—I thought maybe we might go to the movies tonight," she said. "We haven't been in a long time. There's a picture at the Gem I'd like to see."

"We'll talk about that when I get home."

"But last time you said if I had said something in the morning you'd have been prepared. So I thought—"

"Well, I certainly haven't got time to stand here now and discuss whether or not I'll go to a motion picture tonight!" His voice was pompous, stern.

"All right," Beulah said. And then, "Good-by," as he went out the door.

She waved to him as he went away. It was a habit she'd formed a long time ago. Sometimes—on very special occasions, he waved back. Not that it mattered, actually, any more. Funny, Mrs. Tibbets, who lived across the street, couldn't see Gordon, on account of the hedge in front of her house. All she could see was Beulah, on the steps, waving. So she never knew whether or not Gordon waved back. It sort of salved Beulah's pride when Mrs. Tibbets said, as she did frequently:

"I saw you wave good-by to your husband this morning. It's so nice to see a couple so friendly—just as if you were newly married!"

Oh, well!

She was trembling. Somehow she always trembled after Gordon left. A curious sort of fear.

SHE washed the breakfast dishes and cleaned the house. Gordon was pretty particular about how the house was kept, and was always rubbing his hand over furniture to see if it had been dusted. As a matter of fact, the housekeeping was easy enough. Beulah wished there was a lot more to do. She'd begged Gordon to let her get some sort of job.

"I want my wife to stay at home and keep house," he'd said. "I don't like women who go gallivanting around, neglecting their homes."

After the house was in order, Beulah put on her hat and went down to the village. She used to do her shopping in the afternoon, but these days all of the best things were gone if you waited too long.

She was fortunate enough to be able to get three nice lamb chops—two for Gordon and one for herself. The pork chops looked nice and she loved pork, but Gordon thought it was too heavy at night. Once or twice she'd tried substituting a pork chop for her own lamb chop, but he'd always caught on, and had been pretty cross about it. She got some nice string beans—there were few vegetables Gordon liked—soup greens, apples for a pie, a bit of cheese.

She stopped at the stationery shop and got a newspaper. And two magazines. She felt pretty guilty about those, because she'd have to hide them before Gordon came home. He thought buying magazines was a waste of money.

She had a nice lettuce-and-tomato salad and some bread and butter for lunch. She knew that, in spite of Gordon's talk about restaurants, he always

(*Continued on page 57*)

Gordon spun her around so she could see the mirror. "Look at yourself!"

ARTHUR
WILLIAM
BROWN

ISLAND COMMAND

PART ONE

The Navy quickly transforms ruined Jap islands into bases for American striking power. This eyewitness account tells how it was done on Roi-Namur

BY MORRIS MARKEY

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Kwajalein is taken and conversion to an American base starts promptly.

FROM the ball turret of the Grumman Avenger, about 3,000 feet up, the battle scene below was a thing of majesty. The immense battleships lay all but motionless a few thousand yards out from the reef, lobbing their 16-inch shells into the islands of Roi and Namur. At regular intervals dive bombers would peel off and dart at steep angles to lay their shattering eggs, or a formation of Hellcats would stream out in single file, very low, for a strafing run. On the blue surface of Kwajalein lagoon squadrons of landing craft painted long white wakes as they broke away from the transports and made stubbornly for the little islets—to set up their mobile artillery for tomorrow's main landing assault.

Now and then there was a flower of orange fire and a puff of smoke as Japanese AA guns disputed our possession of the air.

To westward, perhaps a mile outside the lagoon, lay a great congregation of vessels—troopships and tankers, command ships and cruisers and destroyers. But I noticed a little fleet which seemed to stand apart from the rest. There were two or three Liberty ships and a squadron of those incredibly versatile craft called LSTs. Over the intercom I asked the radioman what he thought they might be. He peered, and grinned.

"One gets you two it's Seabees," he said.

And it was the Seabees—Seabees plus —standing calmly by and awaiting their signal to come in and get to work.

On the last day of the fighting for Roi and Namur, when all the Japs were dead except a few who lurked underground, I went ashore to live on the islands for a while. The first part of the story had gone in the old familiar Navy pattern: "Attacked enemy position, captured same." But I wanted the next installment. What would we do with these islands after we had taken them?

The three-day bombardment had wrought utter desolation upon these twin islands at the head of a poet's lagoon. My small-boat bumped against the side of a smashed pier and I climbed over a rubble of concrete. I walked in coral dust ankle deep, past masses of stuff that had been exploded or burned beyond all recognition, past things that had once been machine shops and powerhouses, mess halls and officers' clubs, now wrenched to skeletons which leaned against the stumps of burnt and broken palm trees.

There were no roads. The weight of our TNT, the detonation of Japanese ammunition dumps and gasoline stores had obliterated them. The usual ceaseless trade wind was blowing in, but it did little to clear away the ghastly smell which filled the air.

I found my way across the little sandspit which joined Namur to Roi (the splendid causeway built by the Japs had been a special target for the SBDs on the carrier). At one end of the sandspit the Marines themselves, without waiting for the Seabees, had buried their own dead in an orderly cemetery—a small one. Now they were planting infant palm trees to shelter their comrades.

Then I went on to Roi Island. That was the airfield, and the first place we would want to restore to usefulness.

Headquarters was a single scorched room, the only room left standing in a building which four days earlier had been the Marshall Islands Branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank. A typewriter was clicking away. A portable telephone switchboard had been set up, and a yeoman was plugging through calls as unconcernedly as the girl at a rural exchange back home. The executive officer was at his desk. Weeks before at Pearl Harbor he had packed into it every paper and printed form, every pencil and pad and rubber band he would need.

The windows had been blown from the room. We could see the cargo ships drawn up at the beach, and huge trucks hauling goods away from them toward the storage compound. Bulldozers and carryalls were muttering and tearing at the smashed earth, and the shouts of men working hard and swiftly sounded in the air.

At one end of the room Captain E. C. Ewen, U. S. N., the island commander, and his unit commanders were laying out the schedule of work for the next twenty-four hours.

The Island Command, a Navy enterprise mothered by the peculiar nature of the Pacific war, is an extension and enlargement, so to speak, of the original organization of the Seabees—the Construction Battalions. The original Seabees were, indeed, tough men who could turn to at anything, from building a solid mahogany pier 500 feet long on a pin-point island to refloating a beached freighter and manning her

This was the clean-up task facing Island Command when they came ashore on Namur.

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

from captain down to engine-room wiper. Most of them were over thirty, graduates of the school of hard knocks.

It was inevitable that these specialists of the rough and ready would become more tightly organized and even more specialized, once the Navy became aware of their indispensable usefulness. Today there are more than 250,000 Seabees in the Navy. And each battalion of about 1,000 men is carefully balanced: so many expert handlers of bulldozers and tractors, so many concrete-and-masonry men; a crew of experienced welders, and a crew of carpenters, a big squad of mechanics, and another of stevedores—all the useful trades. Yet the men don't bother about jurisdictional disputes. Every man jack is ready and able to turn his hand to whatever job may come up.

The Seabee principle was carried a great step further in the complex Island Command. This was something new, and here, on the islands of Roi and Namur, it was launched upon its first full-scale experience. From the outset it had been the Navy's plan not merely to turn Kwajalein atoll into a habitable outpost but to make of it a real advanced base for planes and ships, 2,000 miles closer than Pearl Harbor to Tokyo. For months the components of the Island Command had chosen and sorted and trained men of a hundred skills, from undertakers to civil administrators, from cooks to experts in electronics, from chaplains to fighter pilots and construction engineers—and had assembled shiploads of carefully planned matériel. All of the men, with their incredible store of supplies, had come out together to the islands in their own little fleet.

Now they were all ashore, and about a dozen officers sat on folding chairs around Captain Ewen, each officer the commander of some vital unit in the Island Command. In the few hours since they had set foot on the islands these things had been accomplished:

Bulldozers, first ashore, had piled up ramps from ships to beach, so that the jeeps and trucks would have a runway to solid earth.

Camping areas for each unit had been designated, and each area was now dotted with men clearing away the rubble and setting up tents.

Immense mobile water condensers had been set up at points determined from maps and photographs many weeks before. Now they were drawing water from the sea, distilling the salt out of it, and pouring thousands of gallons of drinkable water every hour into storage tanks.

Food for immediate requirements had been landed and issued, company by company. And in a score of places huge vats of coffee were boiling away.

The Seabees, with all their equipment out and operating, were combing over the ruin of the islands' surface. They had launched upon the job of leveling the wreckage of everything the Japs had built in twenty-two years (and which our bombs had destroyed in three days), getting the earth in shape to build upon once more—this time in American fashion.

THE immediate and urgent task under discussion in headquarters was the problem of the Medical and Sanitation Unit. Its commander was a doctor from Park Avenue, New York, now in work clothes and looking rather like a dock-walloper himself. The task was the disposal of about 3,000 corpses—Japanese corpses. The bodies lay everywhere, in the open, in shattered pillboxes, in long slit trenches where our strafing planes had swept over them. They could not be taken out to sea and dumped. Experience had shown in other islands that they would drift back to the beaches day after day, making the problem of disposal, the danger of infection and disease, a continuous one.

Weeks before, in Pearl Harbor, plans had been made for the ultimate resting place of thousands of Japanese, then living securely in their stolen islands. Now the Medical Officer had put 400 men to work at the job. They were dressed in special protective clothing which would be destroyed when their work was finished. And they were employing for the first time a new method worked out by the undertaker people.

Holes were dug, usually the simple enlargement of a shell crater, and a layer of cadavers put down. Then a motorized pressure sprayer covered the layer with an arsenide solution which mummified them forever. (Religious words could not be spoken over them. Even the amazingly complex organization of the Island Command does not include Shinto priests.)

That afternoon I met an old friend, George Chapline, who had resigned from the Navy in 1929 to become in succession vice-president of the Curtiss-Wright Company and president of Brewster Aircraft. Now he was back in the Navy again, with the three stripes of a commander. He had just turned fifty. Four years ago he married for the first time, and he is the father of a two-year-old son. But when he went back into uniform he specified active duty. I can report to his friends back home that he is a fireball of energy and purpose. He was so absorbed in his job that he hardly slept at all in the shortened week I spent on the islands.

His job? Command of a unit that provides the food and the clothing for everybody in the Island Command, and distributes the tons and tons of equipment where it is needed. Within an hour after I met him, he had supervised the setting up of a church tent, chosen a recreation field, pointed out the spot where the canteen would be put up when men could get around to building it, established a post office, and had a dozen signs painted. And all the time he was supervising the orderly arrangement of the stores pouring from the ships into the compound.

It would take two issues of Liberty, every page, to list the things which this Island Command had brought to Roi-Namur. There were hundreds of vehicles and thousands of drums of gasoline to run them. There were ambulances and fire engines and elaborately equipped mobile machine shops. Radios for entertainment of the men, and juke boxes, and vast intricate radio plants for the uses of war. Guns and ammunition without end. Medical supplies by the ton and food in quantity and variety beyond telling. Moving-picture projectors with a month's supply of Hollywood's latest productions. Bank after bank of refrigerator units. Building materials—wood, plastics, steel. Pianos for canteens and clubs. Soft drinks and soft-drink machines. Cases of canned beer. A printing press for the island newspaper. Portable runways for airplanes. And enough airplane spare parts and tools and machinery to stock a production plant.

In Chapline's jeep we cruised everywhere through scenes of stupendous activity—until we got two blowouts at once. Then we walked to the headquarters of the transportation pool, operated by the Seabees, hoping for a quick repair job. But we found that dozens of people were ahead of us. There was not a square foot of earth on the islands free of shell fragments from the bombardment, and these jagged bits of metal were playing hell with tires. So men by the hundreds

(*Continued on page 52*)

Bulldozers, like this one at Roi, are proving to be a powerful weapon.

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Water, water everywhere, but plenty to drink as sea water is converted.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

PROFESSOR

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

INTRODUCED to Othello, Oklahoma, as Professor Pyro, Eb Peters' reputation was that of a card sharp and a faker. In spite of which, J. G. Watson, town banker, and his daughter Mistletoe liked him (with reservations); as did Stasie Anapopolis, daughter of "Pops," proprietor of the Athens Café where Eb ate.

But Albert Neville, bank cashier, did *not* like Eb—because of Missy Watson's interest in the interloper.

When Eb discovered promising oil land in the vicinity, an old friend, Rosie Hogan, gambling-house owner, gave him a thousand dollars to start drilling. And J. G. came in with five thousand. But the drilling ate up the money and no oil showed. Stoppage of work at the well panicked the townfolk and started a run on the bank. Thanks to a smart trick, Eb stopped the run, and J. G., in gratitude, told him to go ahead with the drilling; that he would supply the necessary cash.

PART FIVE

IT happened in late afternoon. The last cuttings had been drained from the slush bucket and spread to dry on the edge of the derrick floor. They had come from twelve hundred and seventy feet and were sticky blue shale. Eb was excited. He could feel the lash of the bit deep below, smashing deeper with each stroke in a softer formation. They were past the shale and making hole so fast that he was slipping rope through the clamp.

Eb leaned over and sniffed the hole. He was sure there was a faint smell of gas and called Eddie Pitt over. "Smell anything?"

Eddie sniffed, nodded. "Think I better strike a match and see if she burns?"

"Hell, no!" Eb said. "But it looks good, Eddie. Let's run the bail and see what the cuttings are like."

He unclamped the drill line from the temper screw and set the engine roaring, the huge bull wheel spinning as the rope wound on the spool. Twelve hundred and seventy feet of rope came up out of the hole, the jars and auger and drill stem and the slimy bit.

Eb threw off the bull rope, and they lowered the bailer into the hole. It slid swiftly down and he stood with his foot against the brake lever, watching for the mark placed on the sand line the last time they bailed to show the bottom of the hole. He saw it, a bit of rag pushed through a strand of wire, and braked. The bail settled into the fluid in the hole far below.

They both waited tensely as they hauled the bail up again. Eddie put his shoulder against it as it came up out of the hole and pushed it over to the chute. They filled a bucket and let the rest of the fluid drain off into the slush pit. Eb washed down the cuttings with fresh water and dumped a handful on the floor of the rig. It was a coarse gray sand.

"Eddie, look at it. It's got a stain."

Then Eb's anger welled up. He pulled Missy toward him and kissed her, hard.

PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

"It's dark, sure enough," the boy said.

Eb put a tongue to the cuttings, tasting. "Yes, sir," he said, his eyes glowing. "A good porous sandstone. It's the Cherokee sand all right."

Eddie raised his head. "Listen. You hear that?"

There was a faint rumbling sound, increasing fast. Eb stared at Eddie, jumped to his feet, and raced to the control head. He turned the valve and closed the hole, and a moment later the control head was vibrating.

"Well?" Eddie said.

"Eddie, I'm scared to look."

"Is it oil?"

"It's something under a mighty big head. It's oil or water or gas, and it's about to blow this here control head loose. Well, we better look at it."

"You aim to let her gush, professor?"

"No, we'll pass a little through that flow line." Eb's hand trembled as he turned the valve wheel. The pipe began to shake, and from the flow line a sandy fluid rushed into the slush pit with a hiss. Suddenly it was a rich dark green color and there was a cloud of vapor. Eb closed the valve.

He squatted by the well head and wiped his face with the palms of both hands, thinking fast.

"It's oil, ain't it?" Eddie asked.

"I just don't know," Eb said. "We got to have it hyper-tested. We'll have to get a man out here with an alidade, and he'll take a sample and mix it with pragmatic acid and oil of permagenate and run it through the old hyper test. If it's oil, it will turn blue as your overalls; but if it ain't, it will be yellow. To tell you the truth, Eddie, I don't like the looks of it. It's too green. I'll go to town and see if I can get a man to make that test. You stand guard here, Eddie, and see nobody gets near that slush pit."

"All right, professor."

"You just sit tight," Eb said.

WHEN he neared town, Eb slowed the mare and approached the bank at a casual trot.

His entrance to the bank was casual. He waved a hand lightly to Albert Neville, and knocked on J. G.'s door. The banker opened it and groaned, "More bad news?"

Eb waited until the door was shut, then grabbed J. G.'s elbow. His voice was like the crack of a whip. "We struck oil."

J. G.'s eyes opened wide. "You mean it, Eb?"

"She came in just a couple of minutes ago. The whole damn pipe is shivering like an organ pipe with all the stops out. J. G., we got big pressure and a big well!"

"Well, say!" J. G.'s eyes shone and he pumped Eb's hand. "By glory, you did it! I'll call Missy."

"Not yet," Eb said. "Nobody knows about that well, not even Eddie. I talked a lot of hocus-pocus to him and he don't know what to think. We got to get busy and lease up everything we can."

J. G. hesitated.

"What's the matter?" Eb said.

"Well, Eb," J. G. spread his hands apologetically, "I got to smell that oil first." He saw Eb's face darken and added hastily, "Now don't be that way, Eb, but I ain't forgot Mount Etna."

"We'll hop out to the rig and you can take a bath in it," Eb said. "But get some money."

J. G. put on his hat with an unsteady hand. On the way out, he stopped at Albert's cage. "I need a couple of thousand dollars, Albert," he said, and scribbled a withdrawal draft.

"Did you say *thousand?*"

"Yes. Be quick about it, Albert."

Eb saw the sudden gleam in Albert's eyes and said easily to J. G., "You'd think the fellow would take a check for his casing, instead of demanding cash."

"Eh? What's that?" J. G. said. "Oh, yes. But some men are just contrary."

Eb's strike calls for quick action if he and his partner are to outwit their rivals; but Albert has a trick up his sleeve that offers serious competition

Albert counted out the money.

In the buggy, Eb said, "J. G., we'll drive down to the livery stable and I want you to rent every horse Joe Carter has got. Tell him you need 'em for a bankers' convention, or something."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Just in case the word gets out and lease hounds start pouring in."

Eb stopped at the livery stable, and J. G. was gone for nearly five minutes. He explained on his return that he had taken his time, told a few jokes.

It was twilight when they reached the rig. Eddie Pitt was sitting on the lazy bench. Eb grinned at him. "How's everything, Eddie?"

"All right. How about my supper?"

"We'll attend to it right away. Anybody been out here?"

"Not a soul. You get somebody to make the test?"

"Yes. Oh, yes." Eb took J. G.'s arm and propelled him up to the rig floor and across to the slush pit. "Just keep your eyes on the end of that flow line, partner."

He turned the hand wheel and green crude oil spewed out into the slush pit. The smell of it was strong and cutting and penetrant with gas. Eb shut off the flow. "You satisfied?"

"By glory!" J. G. said. "It's oil! How much, Eb? What would you say? A hundred barrels a day?"

"Nearer a thousand, J. G."

Eddie Pitt was staring at Eb. "Professor, you were fooling me."

Eb grinned. "Eddie, I couldn't take a chance. Now I'll tell you. We got an oil well here and you and your family are rich. But I want you to keep your mouth shut about it until tomorrow."

"Not tell my dad? I got to tell him."

"Sure, tell Tom. Eddie, I'm sorry I had to fool you."

Eddie was suddenly excited. He ran across the floor and gazed down at the oil in the slush pit. He shouted, "Professor, turn her on again! Let me see it, professor!"

"You already saw it twice, Eddie."

"Shucks, I didn't know it was oil."

"It's oil," Eb said. "And if it makes a thousand barrels you'll have about a hundred dollars a day coming in, just from this one well." He bent and turned the hand wheel. "There you are. Take a look."

Eddie put his hand into the stream of oil and the crude splattered on his face. "Well, what do you know!"

J. G. said, "Eb, let's go. Let's get busy."

"It's about time. Who owns that place down the road?"

"Farmer named Bob Frick."

They left Eddie Pitt standing by the slush pit, still looking at the oil. Bob Frick's house was neat and well kept, two hundred feet from the road. J. G. knocked on the door. "Bob! It's J. G. Watson."

BOB FRICK opened the door, "Howdy, J. G."

"Want to talk over a business deal with you, Bob," J. G. said. "Can we come in a minute?"

"Why, shore, come in. But, say, there was a feller here from the bank just a little while ago."

"What's that?" Eb said.

"Drove up in a gas buggy," Bob Frick said. "Works for the bank, all right. I forget his name, but I got it wrote down here."

"An oil-and-gas lease?" Eb asked tensely.

"Shore is."

Eb stared at J. G. "I never thought he had the stuff. I never thought of his auto. He can make time in that. Which way did he head, Mr. Frick?"

"I believe he turned west down yonder."

"West?" Eb said. "J. G., we're heading north."

They raced back to the buggy. "What do you know?" Eb said angrily. "That little pip-squeak!"

"He had a funny look when he passed out that two thousand," J. G. recalled. "Eb, that ain't ethical."

"It's smart, J. G. You got to hand it to him. Still, he headed west and he's heading off structure. Let him get all the leases he wants in that direction."

They drove to the Roberts farm, south of the Pitt place. They had to stop and chat and drink a glass of cider with Frank Roberts and his wife, and Frank insisted on reading every word of the lease, fine type and all, before he signed. He demanded a bonus of twenty dollars an acre for his signature, but they compromised on five dollars an acre, and J. G. paid him four hundred dollars.

"Just north of the Pitt lease is the next stop," Eb said.

It was a shabby frame house among the blackjacks, with an incredibly littered yard. A dog barked and J. G. called out, "Herb, we want to see you a minute."

Herb Clark came out, carrying a lantern. "Who's that? Mr. Watson?"

(*Continued on page 48*)

It's no fun to eat alone, yet millions never seem to make and hold friends.

SCIENCE ATTACKS AN OLD DISEASE: LONELINESS

Thousands of people lack friends and companionship. Why? Is something wrong with them? Science takes a look and comes up with a helpful answer

BY GRETTA PALMER

EVERYONE is lonely sometimes. But some men and women are lonely all the time. They spend their lives consistently, heartbreakingly apart. They eat their meals off solitary cafeteria trays; they return at night to a bleak rented room; they haunt the movie theaters to kill time. They are rarely asked by any living soul to join a party.

Are these persons hopelessly unattractive or bad-mannered? Not necessarily. Some of them owe their unpopularity to simple bad luck. Life has thrown them into surroundings where their real capacities aren't given a fair chance. Some of them have not mastered the few simple tricks required to establish friendly contact with other people. In either case they can be quickly helped, according to Dr. J. L. Moreno, a New York psychiatrist and sociologist who studies individuals as members of the groups to which they belong.

Lonely people, according to Dr. Moreno, are a serious social problem—and there are many of them. By his estimates there are twenty million totally friendless men and women in the country: 15 per cent of our population!

The great majority of them are deeply unhappy and are held back by lack of contacts from doing the best work of which they are capable. But, more than that, they work positive damage to the morale of those around them. If more than one fifth of the members of any group are friendless, the group itself is in a state of tension which may lead to serious trouble for all the rest. A five-year study in a large manufacturing plant showed that production rises and falls with the degree of friendship that exists among employees who work side by side. The lonely man costs society high.

Lonely people are known to Dr. Moreno's school of scientists as "isolates." Helping them to find friends is only a part of the work done by the doctors and sociologists at his Sociometric Institute on New York's Park Avenue. These "sociometrists" are engaged in helping "sick communities"—groups of any size whose members fail to get along. Through their methods of charting the likes and dislikes that exist between people, they have "cured" sick families and employee groups, school classes and inmates of jails. Over 100,000 Americans have now been tested and helped by the Sociometric Institute.

In every one of the large groups studied there have been found some lonely isolates. These people are only half living. When they are cut off from friendships they are cut off from many other things besides. Institute studies show, for example, that we pass news of job openings to those toward whom we feel most warmly disposed. The isolates lose out on these grounds, and there are other ways in which such individuals suffer from their isolation.

"When a true isolate loves a woman," says Dr. Moreno, "at least five suitors are ahead of him—men who are more attractive to her. He may be the tenth or twelfth in line. If he applies for employment, five are already ahead of him who are more attractive to the employer. Even in the home of his parents, he has been less attractive to them than his brothers and sisters were. And these millions of isolates are not the physically or mentally defective part of our population, but apparently a cross section of it. It is in the midst of the social groups to which they *belong* that they find themselves isolated or rejected."

Before the sociometrists began their work about twenty years ago, every one assumed that an individual who was totally friendless had only himself to blame. "Correct your viewpoint," he was told, "and everyone around you will begin to like you."

Even today, sociometrists sometimes urge an isolate to change his attitude. But in more cases they find he need only get out of a "sick" group, or a group unfitted for his type of person, to become popular.

Dorothy, a little Indian girl, was an inmate of a New York State training

(*Continued on page 55*)

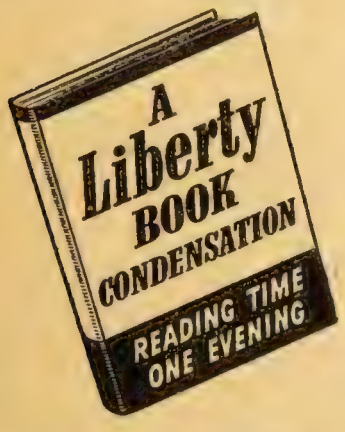
If you always find five rivals ahead of you, you're an "isolate."

A Condensation of the Novel

These Are The Times

By CLARE JAYNES

The story of possessive Judith Kenyon who tried to tie her husband to her, of John Kenyon who saw the war as an opportunity for service, of Felicia Haines who understood a man's code—and of Tony and Marilyn who were also the victims of Judith's selfishness.



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

ON the morning that John Kenyon was thirty-eight, he picked up the morning paper before he sat down at the pedestaled mahogany table. He read absorbedly, studying the war news, so he did not notice the tissue-wrapped parcel beside his plate. He did not even hear the slippered footsteps of his wife as she crossed the carpeted dining room and came to stand beside his chair. But when she leaned over and laid her cheek against his, he looked up. His deep-set blue eyes smiled at her.

She handed him the parcel and leaned against his shoulder. "Happy birthday, dear, and thanks for not opening your present until I got here."

"Good Lord, am I having another birthday already?"

He opened the box and looked at the initialed gold cuff links. Then he got up and pulled out her chair for her. "I like them, Judith," he said. He kissed her warmly. "Thanks, dear. But aren't they a little handsome for a mere orthopedist?"

"For a mere one, yes." She took his hand and pressed it against her cheek. "But not for you."

When they had finished breakfast and he was ready to leave for the hospital, he stood beside her, held out his wrists, pleased in her pleasure as she worked the old links from his cuffs and slipped in the new ones.

"There," she said, and raised her face for his kiss. "Now you won't forget it's your birthday."

Outside, he looked at his wrist watch and determined not to take a cab. He had never seemed to have enough exercise in the thirteen years since he had begun his interneship and started living in the city. And this year he had less than ever, with no vacation—since his own practice had increased in ratio to the many doctors who were already with the Army or Navy—where he wanted to be, one of them. He wondered, as he strode along, how much longer he would have to wait.

Then, that very afternoon, he was summoned, with six other staff doctors, into the board room to hear the an-

Copyright, 1944, by Random House, Inc. Published by Random House, New York, N. Y. Price, $2.50.

nouncement that the Army had at last accepted the hospital's offer of an Evacuation Unit.

Each doctor was given a copy of the roster of the teams which had already been chosen. John studied the typewritten sheets, exulting in Surgical Team Number Three: John Kenyon, Archibald Foley, Anthony Hull. The three men were friends, and experience had already shown what they could do together in surgery. Young Tony Hull had been John's assistant for more than a year, and very often they operated with Arch Foley.

As soon as the meeting was over, John called up Judith to say he would be home after he had made a couple of calls.

"Don't be too late, dear. Not tonight," she urged.

Suddenly John wanted to end the conversation before she mentioned his birthday, because there was nothing in his mind now but the Evacuation Unit. It was strong and good in his mind and he did not yet want to discuss it with Judith. When they had talked of it previously, it had been as if she did not really believe in the coming into being

of the Unit nor in his desire to be of it, but had tolerated what he had said in comfortable disbelief, as a mother tolerates her little boy's ambitions of becoming a detective or a cowboy.

"I could meet you and go with you for your calls, if you like," she suggested, "and wait down in the car, the way I used to."

He knew how she was about his birthday and how she wanted it to be a special day. It was as if she had to do on his birthday all the things she would have done on the birthdays of their children, had they had them. He said gently, "I have to leave right away, dear."

As he rang off, the door opened and his assistant, Tony Hull, came in—a tall, taut youngster with red hair and a stormy, volatile face. "He and I could lick the world," John had once told Judith. Now excitement was strong in John as he told Tony about the meeting. The two men looked at each other, sharing what it meant.

"Major Kenyon," Tony said, as if to hear the words spoken. "Captain Foley, Lieutenant Hull." He began to pace up and down.

"Yes," John said. "At last, Tony. You may be leaving here in three or four weeks now—for training."

Tony stood still then. "But Marilyn," he said.

John looked up. He had not heard this name from Tony before. A red line appeared above Tony's collar and spread slowly upward under the skin, along the thin cheeks and above the red-brown eyebrows. "I've been meaning to tell you about it. She's my girl. Marilyn Stevens. We're going to get married soon."

John wanted suddenly to say, "You're much too young, Tony." Then he remembered that he himself had been no older than Tony when he had married ten years ago. He had been younger than Tony when he had met Judith at the dance to which the Woman's Board of the hospital had invited the internes. And there had been no doubts in him then, any more than there seemed to be in Tony now. There had been only the anxiety to finish his interneship so as to make money enough marry, and the decision after that to go in as assistant to some established orthopedist in order to have an assured salary right away. And Judith had been with him in this decision, although even then she had been pushing ahead for his future.

So John said, "That's swell, Tony. Congratulations. I'd like to meet her soon." He stood up. "But let's get going now."

They went over the list of calls to be made then, and started out.

THE light from the pair of pewter lamps in the hall came up and cast Judith Kenyon's reflection into the mirror above the half-moon table. She stood quiet before it and studied her image with absorption while she pressed her fingers into the wave of smooth ash-blonde hair at her temples and loosened the soft curl of it on her neck. Then the telephone rang and she crossed the hall swiftly to the small table beside the entrance door.

"Doctor Kenyon's residence." Her voice was pleasant and very clear. She reached out her arm, long and white where the pale blue satin sleeve of her negligee fell back, and took the message pad to write.

All John's messages of the day, even those she had already given him by telephone, were still there, divided into neat little columns: name, number, request, time. To Judith the list had become a fetish, and the length of it an amulet, to ward off a recurrence ever again of those evenings seven or eight years ago when John would come home to their kitchenette apartment and ask, "Any messages, Judith?" and she would have to shake her head and watch his face as he picked up the pad and saw it blank.

Now there was nothing to recall that cramped, furnished apartment, nor her longing there to surround John with the comfort and the ease she had known as a girl.

She left the hall and went into the living room and crossed it to the large triple window. With her hand on the drawstring of the curtains she stood looking down into the street, and she thought how pleasant it was and how typical of the near North Side and how right for the people who lived here. Then she smoothed her negligee over her hips, re-knotted its sash, and walked out to the kitchen. "M-m-m, but it smells good, Agatha," she said.

She went to the kitchen table and took the sheet of cellophane off the cake standing there, a child's birthday cake, man-sized, with the words *Happy Birthday* scrolled in sugared whiteness across the chocolate frosting. She counted the thirty-eight candles again. "I expect the doctor about six," she told the maid. "And then he may want to rest. Be ready by seven, Agatha."

She walked out through the pantry, automatically sliding her finger along the pantry shelf and inspecting it for dust, and went on into the bedroom to dress.

She had finished by the time John came in. She went to meet him, and put her arms around him. Her head, leaning against his breast pocket, crackled the papers inside it, but she did not hear their sound.

John had always liked the moment of coming home to this fresh, welcoming woman. But today, as he patted the top of her head, stroking her hair and letting her fragrance come up to him, he was thinking of what he had to tell her.

When he had washed and changed, they went into the dining room. The long leaf-green curtains had been drawn and the candles in the spode candlesticks on the sideboard and table were lighted. The dark furniture stood out in well designed pattern against the white green-vined wallpaper.

During the first two courses John was almost silent. Each time he moved he could feel, in the inside breast pocket of his jacket, the folded stiffness of those papers.

"Judith," he said at last, "we heard from the Army today. They've accepted the Unit."

Judith put down her fork slowly. The silence lengthened.

"Did you hear me, Judith?"

John's voice was low and there was an anger in it at this necessity for repetition. "The Army has accepted our hospital's Unit."

Judith reached out slowly and pressed the table bell. "Of course I heard you, John."

The maid came in and served the dessert. Then she returned, walking slowly, carrying the lighted birthday cake, and put it down before John. He looked at it, and then husband and wife sat staring the length of the table, completely unrevealed to each other. He realized that the two women were waiting for him to speak, and he hated this ceremony, because it had made his mention of the Unit ill-timed. But he could not spoil for Judith this ritual which meant so much to her.

"This was nice of you, Judith," he said with an effort. "Thank you." He looked up at the maid, his square ruddy face more ruddy in the candlelight. "It's a gorgeous cake. Thank you, too, Agatha."

Agatha beamed. "You're welcome, doctor." Then she said, "Will that be all, Mrs. Kenyon?"

"If you'll just put the coffee things in the living room and light the fire, please, Agatha."

When the maid had left, Judith turned to John. "It wasn't that I didn't want to answer before, John dear. But I didn't want to spoil this." He could barely hear her next words. "Because it's one of the things we've always done." Then she raised her head again and her voice was normal and clear. "Tell me about it—the Unit, I mean—while I eat my cake."

John pushed his plate aside, his deep-set blue eyes strong on Judith. She was his wife; he wanted her to see and to understand. And so he told her forcibly and with emotion about the meeting that afternoon. When he had finished, Judith said only, "I see." She pushed her chair back and stood up. "Ready for your coffee, dear?"

He followed her into the living room and dropped into one of the big chintz chairs by the fire. He took his cup moodily. "No, you don't see," he said in disappointment. "You don't see at all."

"Yes, I do, John." She put her cup down and picked up her knitting bag. She took out the half-finished khaki garment and began to knit, and so her eyes were lowered. "I see exactly what you mean, John. The feeling of service a man might get from going overseas, and of how he might feel like a slacker if he stayed at home and did his duty here. Because, of course, ordinary people wouldn't understand that his work here might be even more important. But to me it doesn't seem practical—all the men like you wanting to leave the hospital and go off at the same time." Her calm voice took on an urgency. "What about your research? And your patients here? And your clinic cases, John? Don't they deserve consideration from you?" Her knitting needles moved more swiftly, eating up the wool. "The Army's going to need doctors, of course," she went on, "lots of them. But why should you go? It's a place for younger men, like Tony, for instance, the ones who need experience and who can get it there."

"If that's what you think," John said grimly, "you'd better change your mind. The men the doctors get out there are going to need the most expert attention they can have."

SHE was looking at him now, her eyes green and intent, blank, as though she were searching in her mind. "Those boys will come back and want to know why their families weren't properly cared for when they weren't here to see to it themselves. They'll feel that men like you had no right to go away," she said.

"Judith, there's nothing to do here that older men and young internes can't do. Don't you see that if we're to win, the men like me can make a tremendous contribution? And if we don't win, what's the use of keeping those at home alive? What are you saving them for?"

Now she looked at him. "John, you're losing your sense of proportion. Nothing could be as bad as you make it sound. Do you believe everything you read?"

"I believe what I see."

"Such as?" The needles clicked swiftly.

"Some of the refugees we've had in the hospital. Some of the ones we still have."

Suddenly Judith's hands were still. She looked around the room slowly, and saw its warmth and its security, and John there a part of it. And everything in her insisted that this must not be destroyed. She rose and, with a quick instinctive movement of foreboding, walked over to the wall, and turned on the light switch. Then she came and sat on the arm of his chair and laid her hand against his face.

"It doesn't have to be decided one way or the other tonight, does it?" She spoke softly, moving her palm gently across his cheek. "We'll talk about it some more."

"Decided?" John wanted to say. "There is nothing to decide, Judith. I am going with that Unit." But because there was peace between them now and this was what he wanted here in his home, he said, "You think over the things I said." He glanced at his watch. "I believe you'll see it differently by the time I get back."

"I didn't know you had a call to make. I'd thought we'd spend the evening here and maybe go out later when Agatha gets back from church."

"Sorry, dear," he said, "that it had to be tonight. With all this, I forgot to tell you. We're having a Unit committee meeting for an hour or so."

He put his hand on her arm, and could feel her hurt withdrawal. And he wished, as he had done so often before, that they might have had children, that in them Judith might have had release from fastening her whole emotional life on him alone. He thought of his friend Arch Foley, and of Arch's wife Gertrude, and of how she was never alone, no matter how often Arch's practice took him away; and of how their three children kept her always busy and yet seemed to leave her with all the love for Arch which a woman could have for a man, with no encroachment of possessiveness or demand.

He walked to the hall closet and took his overcoat. "I won't take the car. Arch Foley said he'd come by for me if I didn't phone." He stood hesitantly a moment, rounding his hatbrim. "You wouldn't want Arch to drop Gertrude here and pick her up on the way home, would you? She'd probably be glad to get out, for once, if she can get some one to stay with the kids."

"I'd love to have her, John." Judith's eyelids screened her look. "But as long as you can't be home"—she glanced into the living room toward her desk—"don't you think I'd better use the time paying my bills?" She kissed him and held the hall door open for him. "'By, dear."

WHEN she heard the elevator descend with him, she went back and began to wash the china and the silver. She sang to herself softly, and she felt the satisfaction of doing this work of her home. Her sister Alice, who could afford many servants, had never known this type of satisfaction; and her mother did not think there was satisfaction in it, but only drudgery. She remembered the way her mother spoke of the days before she had become Edward Morse's secretary and then his wife; how she had hated the so-called genteel poverty of those days and wanted something different for her daughters.

Her mother had been right, of course, Judith thought now. This desire to give her daughters their due was the reason her mother had chosen for them only the company of the children of their father's friends, why she had clung stubbornly to the big old South Side house when others were moving north, but had been equally adamant about sending them north to school and to dancing classes.

Alice had married Wallace Fairchild, and Judith would have probably married his cousin Geoffrey. But then she had met John. And from that first evening none of her mother's materialistic cautioning had mattered, none of the reservations in her father's statement that John was a fine young man with a good future. It had been John she had wanted and nothing more. And it was still John and nothing more.

The dishes finished, she went back to the living room and sat down at the tall secretary. She picked up a scratch pad and sat staring at it, remembering the bills she had sent out for John on square white slips like these during the first year or so after he had begun to have a practice. What a poor business man John had been! At first she had pointed it out to him when he didn't charge nearly as much as some patient could afford to pay. But after a while, when she sent out his bills, she weighed the charge he had listed against what she herself had managed to discover about the patient's financial condition, and sometimes, without bothering to mention it

to him, she altered his fee, adding twenty-five or fifty dollars where she knew it could be obtained.

She remembered one of those bills and the scene it had caused when the patient had complained. She had put her arms around her husband and her head against his coat so that he could not see her face. And she had been very afraid and had cried and explained how she must have struck the wrong key. But she had had to be very careful after that, and it had been a relief to her when John moved into the large offices with Arch and the other men and they had hired a secretary.

Judith opened her checkbook and began to work on the clip marked "Unpaid," going over the bills methodically, making out the checks, computing her bank balance. She had just finished when John came in.

He put his arms around her and lifted her off the floor and kissed her, and then he put her back and stood smiling down at her. She caught his head between her hands and pulled it down and kissed him on the mouth, and then they stood apart, laughing, and he told her what they had done at the meeting. "Every appointment ratified, and all the applications for commissions filled out and into the mail." He shook her gently. "Arch is going to be my captain and Tony my lieutenant. Think you'll like me in a uniform, Judith?"

She looked at him, and suddenly she saw him as he would be then, his bigness and straightness and blond healthy cleanness in the khaki uniform. She laughed and said, "I won't like you at all. You'll be too handsome. All the other women will run after you."

He walked into the living room. Before Judith followed the doorbell sounded. "Damn," she said under her breath. She crossed the hall swiftly, and her face changed as she moved, so that when she opened the door she was smiling pleasantly, inquiringly. "Yes?" she said.

A GIRL stood on the threshold. She was as tall as Judith, and straight and slim. A dark fur jacket was slung across her shoulders and she wore no hat. Her short black hair curled up, away from her face and neck. In the dim light from the small foyer, Judith could see only this and the whiteness of the girl's skin.

"Is Doctor Kenyon at home?"

"Yes. I am Mrs. Kenyon. Can I help you?"

"Would you ask him if he could see Marilyn Stevens?"

Judith moved slowly into the hall, and the girl followed her, shutting the door. Judith could see she was pretty.

"You want me, Judith?" John asked from the living room.

Judith watched Marilyn Stevens' face, but it told her nothing. She kept her voice pleasant, answering John. "Yes, dear."

He came to the living-room door. Marilyn Stevens walked past Judith and toward him. "I'm sorry to have to come here so late," she said, glancing back at Judith. "But could you see me anyway?"

"Of course."

Judith came up and, touching John on the cheek, smiled up at him. "I'll be in the living room, dear. Good night, Miss Stevens."

"Good night."

John heard the name and glanced at the girl in quick curiosity. He noted her prettiness and the intelligence of her blue eyes under the smooth black brows, and the anxiety in those eyes.

He led the way down the hall into his study. He said, "There's a comfortable chair there in the corner," and then stood behind his desk and waited for her to sit down.

She looked quickly around the study, then came to the desk chair opposite his. "I can talk better if I'm not too comfortable." John saw the faint apologetic curve of smile on her lips, and liked her. "My name is Marilyn Stevens. Do you know—well, who I am?"

"I know you're a friend of Tony Hull. He spoke of you this afternoon."

"Did he tell you we were engaged?" The intense light blue eyes fastened on John.

"He implied that."

"Well, we're not." She shot the words at him defiantly. "But we would have been." Her whole face softened and her voice. "We're in love." She leaned forward now. "Tony has decided not to go with that Evacuation Unit."

John could not believe her. "When did he tell you that?"

"Tonight. A couple of hours ago. Because I told him I won't marry him if he does go. But he must go. He believes in going. I want you to convince him that whether I marry him or not shouldn't have anything to do with his convictions."

"What's the matter with you, that you won't marry him if he goes? What's his going got to do with it, if you're sure you're in love with him?" John asked sharply.

She said sadly, "Of course I'm sure. But, Doctor Kenyon, I don't mean to be rude, but you don't know me, and if you're to be of any help you have to see that I really have reasons for the way I feel." Her long, slim fingers twisted together. "My parents have been separated since I was a child. They were very much in love when they were married, the way Tony and I are. They were very happy at first. Then my father—he's Roger South, the actor—had a chance to go on tour with a repertory company. They made a great success and it was decided to send them to London. My father couldn't afford to turn the offer down. He was gone about two years. When he came back he was a successful stranger—not the man my mother had married and not in love with her any more. I couldn't bear to marry Tony and have him go away and know that he might come back not Tony but some one else, so that we would be strangers to each other, the way they were, and not love each other any more."

John looked at her across the desk, and he saw that there was no evasion in her. He saw how she had loved both her parents and how she had been wounded. And he saw her conviction, and he knew that, whether or not she was right, she believed herself to be right, and that for her was all that mattered. He saw the sorrow in her, too, and he thought of Tony, and he did not know where his loyalty lay.

"Have you ever told this to Tony?" he asked at last.

"Yes." The light blue eyes were proud, direct. "All but that I was coming here. I didn't know that until after I left him just now."

"And before you left"—John felt a heaviness inside him—"he told you that because of the way you felt he would not go with the Unit?"

"I'm sorry, Doctor Kenyon. Yes."

John sat staring at his desk. Into the silence the girl said slowly: "I should have told him first why I feel the way I do, before I said I wouldn't marry him if he went. But he sprang the Unit on me so suddenly, and I answered so fast and so positively." She raised unhappy eyes. "If we could only have talked over the whole thing quietly instead of both of us getting so sure and so angry. That's why I had to come to you, Doctor Kenyon. Tony meant what he said." Her eyes filled. "And so did I."

"And what could I do," John asked, "to convince you that you are wrong?"

"Nothing," Marilyn said. "Because, you see, I can't betray my own convictions, and I can't let him betray his."

"Let me think it over, Miss Stevens," he said. "And you do, too. Maybe you won't feel the same about it later. Or maybe Tony will have a better perspective on it himself by tomorrow. Don't worry about it."

WHEN he had taken her to the door, he walked back into the living room, and saw Judith standing by the fireplace, a smile curved tautly back from her lips.

He moved to a chair and dropped into it. "God, I'm tired all of a sudden!" he said.

"I imagine she's very wearing." Judith's tone was light, but her eyes narrowed on John. "I'd have been glad to see her for you, but she did insist." She waited a minute and then went on. "She isn't a patient, is she? Is she?" Her voice was sharper on the second question.

"No."

"She's very pretty."

"Yeah."

Judith laughed softly. "You do think so, don't you? I was sure you did."

"There are lots of others just as pretty."

"Oh, are there others, too?" Again Judith laughed. "You're a gayer dog than even I thought, John."

John smiled, unaware of anything behind her laughter. "You flatter me. Anybody who's had a day like mine today should be a dead dog."

She took a sudden fierce possessive step toward him. Then she checked herself and stood watching him as he lighted a cigarette. He drew on it and then coughed, clearing his throat. She went to him and sat on the arm of his chair and took the cigarette from his fingers. "Don't smoke so much," she said. "You'll get a cigarette cough like Arch Foley's." Then she let herself slide down into his lap and waited until he was looking at her. "Kiss me, John," she said.

NEXT morning Arch Foley came into John's office with bad news. The Army's physical examination had shown him tubercular—an advanced case.

"They turned me down, of course." Arch said it with regret. "It means that your team's broken up, John. And I don't know who you can get to go instead of me."

John reached out and put his hand on the other man's arm where it rested on the corner of his desk, and he tried to let the grip of his fingers convey something of what he was feeling and of what Arch and their friendship meant to him. "My Lord, Arch," he said, "the team's the least of it!" And yet he knew this was only personally true, because the team was part of the Unit, and the things the Unit might accomplish were of importance beyond him or Arch or any one man. "We won't worry about the team now," he said. "We've got to do something about you."

Arch bit his lip. "I wouldn't plan too much on it, John. Of course I'm arranging to go to Tucson as soon as I can and see if that'll help."

When the door had closed, John stood for a minute with his head bent and his hands in his jacket pocket, staring unseeing at the tips of his shoes. Then he called Tony in from their examining room and told him.

"There's never been a nicer guy than Dr. Foley," Tony said savagely. "Why is it always the nice ones?"

He sat on the edge of John's desk and they discussed for a long time what could be done for Arch and how soon he could be gotten off to Tucson.

Finally Tony said, "There's another angle to it, too, Doctor Kenyon. The Unit. Your team. You'll hate substituting for Doctor Foley, won't you?"

John looked at him and saw that the personal unhappiness was beginning to cover Tony.

"I've been trying to think of some one we could get to replace him," John said evenly and waiting. "Any suggestions?"

Tony pushed away from the desk and started circling the room. He spoke in staccato. "You've always said 'we.' From the time I first came in this office. It's the greatest thing anybody's ever done for me. I knew you were the boss and you knew it. But you always made it sound as if everything I did mattered. And you gave me the feeling that I had a chance some day of being as good a surgeon as you are." He stood directly in front of John now and looked into his eyes. "But I can't take that 'we' today. I'm not going with the Unit, either."

John made his voice quiet, impersonal. "I've been wondering when you'd tell me." Tony swung around sharply. "Marilyn Stevens came to see me last night. She told me how you both feel, and she explained why she's said she won't marry you if you go."

"Well, I don't understand it," Tony growled. "Why should the same thing happen to us that happened to her father and mother? But I do see that if I want to marry her now I can't go with the Unit." He stared straight ahead of him. "And I found out I wanted to marry her more than I wanted to go. Even if I'm drafted and am stuck in some Army camp over here for the duration, giving routine examinations or anti-tetanus shots, Marilyn can come live near me. What's wrong with that?"

"Everything. And you damn well know it." There was the beginning of anger in John's voice. "You know you're needed in the Unit, and you know you're too good a surgeon for the kind of work you're talking about. Besides, Marilyn said to me that she definitely wants you to go with the Unit."

"She does." The muscles along Tony's chin tightened aggressively. "But she can't have her way about everything. I'm not going unless she'll marry me first."

John, watching him, was filled with pity. Tony sat with his face lowered into his hands, his neck a curve of despair, so that John felt he could no longer watch the conflict. He went over to the cupboard and took his hat and coat.

"Will you go up to the hospital now, Tony?" He put casualness into his tone. "I'll be along in about an hour. I'm going to take my Army physical."

Tony's head jerked up. His face was red and his mouth was grim. "I didn't think you'd rub it in." Then he said, "I'm sorry, sir; I didn't mean to say that. I'm just so damn confused."

"All right," John said sharply. "But watch it. Don't say things you don't want to say. Get back to work and see if you can't forget yourself for a while." He stood with his hand on the doorknob. I won't be back today."

Ten minutes after the elevator had carried John down, Judith stepped out of an ascending car at his floor. She

stood in the corridor outside John's office and her hands moved quickly over her clothes. She opened the furs at her neck and smoothed the dark green wool coat; she felt the angle of her dark green hat. Then she glanced into the mirror in her purse, put the purse back under her arm, and walked in.

She crossed the waiting room swiftly to the secretary's desk, and behind her the rustle of papers and magazines said that her entrance had not gone unnoticed by the patients waiting there.

"Hello, Miss Bolderhelm."

"Mrs. Kenyon!"

Grace Bolderhelm sprang up. Her eyes fed on Judith's furs and Judith's grooming and Judith's smiling poise. "You look lovely," she said.

Judith smiled. "Thank you." The tone was very gracious. Then, "Is my husband awfully busy, or do you think I could see him for a second?"

"Oh, Mrs. Kenyon, he's gone. He was in an awful rush when he left. I didn't even have a chance to take him his mail."

"If you think there's anything important, I could take it home for him."

Miss Bolderhelm picked up some envelopes from her desk. "There doesn't seem to—" The buzzer on her switchboard sounded. "Just a second."

The envelopes the girl had dropped lay spread out fanwise on the desk. Judith's eyes narrowed, trying to read them upside down. In the upper left-hand corner of the second letter she could almost see the sender's address. Unobtrusively she moved it into sight, and she saw that the letter was an air-mail one and that it came from a large and world-famous hospital.

When Miss Bolderhelm turned back, Judith said, "I don't think I'll take any of them, then. Unless there's a special delivery or an air-mail."

Miss Bolderhelm looked through the envelopes

again. "Here's an air-mail," she said, "from Baltimore."

"Oh?" Judith's tone was casual. "Well, maybe I better take it. And I won't interrupt you any more."

She said good-by and went out, putting the envelope for John into her purse. What, she wondered, were they writing to him about from Johns Hopkins?

When she came into her apartment she took out the envelope from Johns Hopkins. She held it up to the window, but she could see nothing of the folded sheet inside. With her little finger she discovered that the envelope was tightly sealed. Baffled, she took it into the study and laid it in the center of John's desk.

When John got home in the late afternoon, Judith called to him from the study, "There's a letter here for you, John, air-mail. I stopped in the office, and Miss Bolderhelm asked me to take it for you. She thought it might be important. It's from Johns Hopkins."

John walked slowly in. "Open it, will you, and read it to me?" His voice sounded tired and disinterested.

Her fingers were quick and anxious. Then her eyes scurried, nibbling along the page. "Oh, John," she said. "John! It's wonderful! They want you there. Listen. 'Dear Doctor Kenyon: Due to the present conditions, there is an opening on our Orthopedic Staff. Second only to the head of Orthopedics.' Her voice thinned with her excitement. "Why, that means you'd practically be chief."

She read the salary and the duties, and she breathed deep with exultation that this thing that every doctor hoped for had come to John. And she held there in her hand the very evidence she needed, the proof of what she had said to him the evening before about still being needed more in civilian life than in the Army. "Oh, John," she said, "the assistant professorship of orthopedics at Hopkins! It's one of the greatest compliments that could be given you."

FOR a minute he did not answer. Then he said, "It's pretty ironic, coming now, isn't it?"

Judith's eyes opened, widely green, staring. "But, John," she protested incredulously, "now that you've had this offer, you can't still be considering the Army."

John's temper rose through his fatigue. "Of course I'm considering it," he snapped—"if that's the right word for something that's already settled."

"Settled," she repeated. "How can anybody be as blind as you're being, John? Isn't this offer the kind of thing you've been working for for years?"

John's voice slashed. "Yes; and now I'm going to turn it down."

She gripped the edge of the desk, and then she made her fingers relax. She smiled and her voice coaxed him. "Haven't I worked for it, too, John? Haven't I, really? Sending your bills and keeping your home and being a maid and a secretary and"—for a brief instant her voice rose—"and, heaven knows, a wife." Then she continued smoothly, "And answering phones and being nice to people I couldn't stand—and all of it to help you."

"Do you mean," John said slowly, "that you never really wanted to do those things? That now you think I owe you a debt of gratitude and because of that I'm supposed to accept this offer? Is that it?"

"No," she said. "No, no, no, John! I don't mean that. I'm not thinking of me—but of you. You're *not* going to turn down this offer without even considering it."

His face darkened with anger. "Don't give me orders, Judith."

Her control went completely. "It's because you don't want to stay here. That's it, isn't it? You haven't any other reason, have you? You just want to go with the Unit because a lot of other people are going."

Now John stood up. "Judith, shut up!" he said. "I've had enough of this."

She leaned toward him across the desk, her hands spread on it. Her green eyes glared into the blue glaze of his. "Don't you tell me to shut up, John Kenyon. You listen to me. This letter confirms every word I said the other night. Haven't you the sense to see that? What does an offer from a great institution like that mean except that men like you are needed at home, in this country among the civilians? It says exactly that, but you won't see it."

Her eyes narrowed, bearing in on him. "I've worked all these years for your career and you've slaved for it." Her voice rose and rose. "And the biggest opportunity you'll ever have is in this thing right now, and you want to throw it away for some heroics. But I'm not going to let you. Do you hear?"

His voice was deep and hot. "This is my business you're talking about, Judith, not yours. And you can damn well keep out of anything that has to do with this appointment or the Unit or anything else in that part of my life. Keep out of this and go back to being a wife, if you're so good at it."

He had only one thing to do now—to remove himself and his anger, which was now his whole self, from her, the cause. He strode out of the room. In a moment the front door closed behind him.

He did not realize until he reached the hospital that he had walked there because he had left his car parked in the doctors' lot.

He spoke to no one as he strode through the hospital corridors. On the third floor he stopped to see an old woman who was his patient. For the three months since Mrs. Crealey had broken her hip he had tried as often as possible to pay her an extra daily visit, bringing news of friends they had in common or bits of the hospital gossip she loved. Today he found her entertaining a visitor. "Doctor Kenyon, Mrs. Haines. She's Felicia Haines, doctor," she explained, "a good friend of my daughter and a perfect darling to me ever since I've been in here."

John bowed to Mrs. Haines. She was a beautiful woman,

sitting easily, with slim beautiful legs crossed easily in front of her. She was wearing the blue-gray wool uniform of one of the volunteer organizations. Her eyes were large and black and her hair was black, too. But at her temples and in the thick curled-under bangs below her visor it was prematurely gray, evenly, beautifully dark smoke-gray.

The three chatted for a while, and then Mrs. Haines said she must go. John helped her into her uniform topcoat, and then he turned to his patient and took her hand.

"What do you think of all these volunteer women in uniform, Mrs. Crealey?" he said, "after all you did during the last war with no uniform at all?"

Her deep voice softened. "So people still remember that?" she said. "But don't make fun of the uniforms, doctor. They're practical."

"Some of them are just advertisement," Felicia said. "Women like to advertise. And, what's more, sometimes we have a nice complacent 'pat-me-on-the-back-I'm-doing-my-share' attitude." She smiled her delightful smile. "I know, because I've had it often. It helps you stick to the job."

John looked at her with respect. "I didn't expect such an honest comment," he said.

They said good-by to Mrs. Crealey and walked together down the hospital corridor.

"I shall be leaving in just a few minutes," John said. "Can I give you a lift?"

"I'd appreciate it," Felicia said. "I hardly ever take my car any more, and I'll enjoy the ride."

"I'll enjoy it, too," John said. "I have just time to make it."

"Oh, well, then I suppose I can't thank you, as I'd intended to, by inviting you to come up for a drink when you get me home."

John looked at his wrist watch. It would be a little early for him to get home, and he thought, Why should I hurry home to get into that again? So when they reached Felicia Haines' building he accepted her invitation to come in.

HER living room was big, with four large windows looking over the Drive and the Lake. There was a heavy pale rug on the floor, and there were large comfortable well designed chairs and couches covered in pale heavy-textured stuffs. The whole room was warm and light.

She sat down on the big couch with its back to the windows and gestured to John to sit there, too. She leaned toward the dark lacquer coffee table, took a cigarette from a silver box and offered him one. "Drink now?" she asked when he had lighted their cigarettes.

"If it's not too much trouble."

She laughed. "I wouldn't have offered it if it were." She went through the French doors at one end of the room, and came back carrying a tray with decanters and glasses, ice and a siphon bottle. John got up and took it from her. She moved aside the bowl of white flowers and the magazines on the coffee table.

"Put it there." She poured the drinks and siphoned the soda into the glasses. She raised her glass to John. "First drink in my house. Here's to more." She sipped. "It's good, isn't it, when you're tired?"

"How did you know I'm tired?" he asked lightly.

"I didn't, but I am." Her black eyes were large and soft, laughing at him over the rim of her glass.

John smiled back, then looked around the room. He said spontaneously the kind of thing he did not usually say: "You've done this place beautifully."

"Thanks," she said. "I love this room. Especially now, these days. I look at it, and know that it's one of the last of the Mohicans. And I am, too. My kind of woman is becoming extinct."

John looked at her, and he saw how poised she seemed to be and how adjusted. "What kind?"

"Women in their thirties," she said, "who have always had plenty of money and plenty of time and who have been born to where they are." After a silence she added, "Who have always done as they pleased."

John smiled at her. "Nobody lives into his thirties and has always done as he or she pleased, Mrs. Haines."

"Would you mind calling me Felicia?" She said it simply, and they both understood that the reason for it was the mutual liking which was beginning to grow between them.

"My name is John."

"I know."

When they had talked awhile she picked up his empty glass. "Fresh one?"

John looked at his wrist watch. In a short time Judith would be expecting him, waiting for him maybe, ready to go on with the battle.

Suddenly he thought, Here's a pleasant, interesting, most attractive woman, with whom I'm having a pleasant, interesting time, and I'd like to talk with her some more—and, what's more, I'm going to. And he looked at Felicia and laughed, because it was good to be thinking like a man again and not like a husband. "Sure I'll have one. But you'll have to let me use your telephone."

"Of course. It's on the table next to my bed. The door to the right off the hall."

He found the telephone and dialed the hospital. When he got Tony on the wire and had listened to his reports, he said, "Take this number, Tony." He read Felicia's number from the tab on the telephone's cradle. "That's where I am, but I don't want to be called unless it's imperative."

"O. K., doctor."

"And don't tell any one else where I am. If I have to be reached, you call me."

He hung up and went back to the living room. Felicia was still sitting on the couch. She had taken off her jacket and thrown it across the couch's arm, and he saw how slimly and beautifully she was built, with the loose white silk blouse soft on her body.

"Everything fixed?" she asked. She handed him his drink. "You reached your home all right?"

"I didn't call my home."

"Oh, I thought you were still married."

"I am."

"I met your wife once at Alice Fairchild's."

"Alice is her sister."

"Have you any children?"

John shook his head. "You haven't, either?"

"No."

"You've never really wanted children, have you?" he asked, with sudden penetration.

"I've never had the chance really to want them, John. I was very young when I married, and at first I was simply having too much fun to want a baby right away. And then"—her mouth curled ironically—"when the good time began to wear off and I saw that my marriage was going to end in divorce, I didn't want one. A woman wants the child of a man she loves; but having the children of some one you don't love isn't going to make you love him or hold you and him together."

John smiled. "They might provide a topic of conversation."

Now she laughed. "Is that why you don't have any? Because you and your wife always have something to talk about?"

"It's not a psychological reason, in our case," he said. "It's a physical one. My wife was pregnant three times, but can't carry a baby to full term. She has adhesions from an old appendectomy. They can be operated on, but there's no guaranty it'll be effective and it seemed to me, with that much uncertainty about it, it was foolish to let her have the operation. So we just gave up the idea of ever having a child."

"It's easy to say now," she said softly, "but it wasn't easy then, was it?"

"No," John answered quietly and looking at her, "it wasn't then. It isn't ever easy for a man to give up something he wants." Then into the lengthening look and what it said and into the lengthening silence he said, "I suppose now I had better go."

She did not look away. "Why?" she said.

And John knew she did not want him to go. He felt the thickness in his throat and heard it in his voice.

He went into her bedroom and picked up the telephone again. As he waited for Tony to answer, he heard her come into the room.

"And telephone my home," he said to Tony. "Say I'm making a call. Say I won't be home until this evening. Late."

DURING John's office hours next day his brother-in-law, Wally Fairchild, was shown in. John gave him a quick diagnostic look, but it told him nothing. They talked for a while of the market and of the war. Then there was a pause. John waited, expecting Wally to speak now of how he felt; of why he had come. But the silence held.

John grinned. "What's the matter, Wally—toothache all gone since you reached the dentist?"

Wally smiled sheepishly. "No. There wasn't any toothache, to begin with." He shifted his heavy body in embarrassment. "It's just this, John," he said. "The women put me up to something, and I said I'd do it; but I won't."

"What did they do to you?"

"Well, I was to come in here and pretend I had a bad back. And then, while you examined me, I was to get you talking so you'd mention that letter you'd had from Johns Hopkins. Then I was supposed to persuade you that you owed it to yourself to take that appointment. They had it all fixed."

"Who?" John was no longer smiling.

"Well, it was Judith's idea. She had dinner with us last night." He stood up. "I want to tell you, I don't

blame you for sticking to your own guns in this thing." He walked to the door and stopped there, looking back at John. "You know," he said suddenly, "Judith's an awfully selfish woman."

John's brows drew together and he looked up from under them at his brother-in-law. "Yes," he said. "I guess she is." Then loyalty and habit of thought and even remaining hope made him add, "But she's not selfish for herself, Wally. She's somehow selfish for me." He opened the door. "Good-by." He put his hand affectionately on his brother-in-law's shoulder. "See you soon, I hope."

WHEN John came into the apartment that night, he sought Judith out and he made himself gentle and receptive so that she would not be afraid of yesterday's anger. And each time she said his name he looked up hopefully and waited for her to turn to him and laugh a little in apology and then admit to having sent Wally as her intermediary. He expected that, in trust and in honesty, she would do this. But she made no reference to the Unit nor to the letter from Johns Hopkins nor to their quarrel of the previous day. And, watching her, he saw it was not a restraint to spare him, but an evasion to spare herself. He began to be angry.

When they had finished dinner and gone into the living room, he stood with his back to the fireplace. Here he was very close to Judith, looming over her as she sat knitting.

"Wally dropped in to see me at the office today," he said. He could see color rise along Judith's throat.

"I thought he looked a little seedy last night," she said. Her eyes were fastened on her work. "Did he come in about his back?" Her tone was solicitous.

And then suddenly John felt no emotion at all. He felt only a cold, almost clinical curiosity as to how far she would carry this.

"Yeah," he said. "Afterwards he told me he'd heard about the offer from Baltimore. He thought I ought to take it."

Now Judith looked up at him, and a smile spread over her face. She got up and came beside him, slipping her arm through his. "I'm so glad Wally said that, John." There was a tremor in her voice. "If he feels that way, then it doesn't seem so awful to me that I did too. It's just like Wally said to me last night, John. You're impetuous. You haven't even considered that your commission might not come through. You haven't left any back door open. Won't you write Johns Hopkins putting them off until you know a little more about everything? Please, dear!"

Of all the words she said, only a few left any impression on him: "Your commission might not come through." It had not come yet, and it might not come at all. And then he might want this other appointment.

"Yes." He spoke only for himself and with no feeling that the words had any connection with her. "It wouldn't hurt to do that much. I'll write them I can't give a definite answer yet."

"John"—she nestled against him—"would you forgive the rotten things I said yesterday when we were fighting?"

"Why not? Staying sore won't do either of us any good."

"Thank you, dearest. I'm so relieved." She put her arms around his neck. Her body pressing against his and her lips parting on his wooed him. Always the end of their quarrels had been like this; always it had been her asking that he make love to her, and his response. And each time it had seemed that she believed the lovemaking denied the anger. Many times he had known that the desire had been only the anger transmuted, and that the anger had only ebbed away when the desire was spent. Now, for the first time, she was right. He wanted very much to desire her, and he could not. And he knew this did not have to do with their quarrel nor with the feeling he had about Felicia Haines. It had to do with the falseness which Judith had spoken as if it were truth, while he had listened knowing it was deliberate untruth. And because he knew this, she was not his wife to him—she was scarcely even a woman.

He lifted her arms from his neck and moved away. "It's pretty late," he said. "Why don't you turn in? I won't be ready for an hour or so. There are some things in the study I want to read before I go to bed."

JOHN'S final operation of the next morning was unexpectedly postponed. With a little time to himself, he followed a quick impulse and called Felicia.

"Would you drive out to the Veterans' Hospital with me this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes, that'll be fine, John," she said.

She was going to the hospital to see Mrs. Crealey at three, so he arranged to meet her there.

When they were in the car, he studied her for a moment—the smoky hair soft around the white opaque skin, the clear dark eyes, the decisive cut of her lips. He saw the cup of her black hat crowning her head, the simple black coat and its harmony to her body, the gloved hands quiet in her lap, and he thought how her very absence of mannerism was in itself a characteristic.

He turned away from her and started the car. "You didn't wear your uniform today," he said.

"I changed at the office. The uniform seemed too—too impersonal."

He smiled and moved, so his shoulder touched against hers. "Thanks," he said. "If you meant it that way."

"I did. I wouldn't be here otherwise, would I?"

"No." Then suddenly his face was sober.

"I have no right to do this to you, you know," he said at last. She looked at him questioningly.

"This taking you out with me like this, I mean," he said. "Why should I expose you to letting somebody see you with me, to letting them wonder about you?"

She put her fingers lightly over his on the wheel. "I'm not responsible to any one, John. I don't have to be protected."

"It isn't that," he said. "I was selfish about it. It was necessary to me to see you outside of your environment and outside of mine. I'm fed up on a lot of things, Felicia."

"We all get that way at times, don't we?"

"Not like this." Then he turned the subject. "I've been going to the Veterans' Hospital for years," he said, "as a routine job. Just one of those things a doctor feels obligated to do. Lately it's been different. I see those fellows, some of them there since the last war, and I begin to think about the ones who're coming back from this war." Then suddenly there was unsureness in his face. "Felicia, if it were possible for me to save even one boy from a life like that after this war, wouldn't I be justified in giving up everything here for that?"

"I don't see how you can even question it," she said.

Before he stepped out of the car at the hospital, he leaned toward her and for an instant held her face between his hands. Then he kissed her firmly on the mouth. "Thanks," he said. "I won't be too long."

She sat watching him as he walked up the steps. She had seen the darkening of his face when he said, "I'm fed up." There's something he needs from me, she thought, and her mouth grew soft. Then there was a small self-derisive smile at the corner of it. At least, I hope there is, she thought. I want him to need me.

When he came back to the car she said, "John, are you coming back to my place with me now?"

"I'd like to," he said—"if you want me to."

"I do." She was silent for a long time before she said, "I suppose you couldn't stay for dinner, could you?"

He drew off her glove and held her hand in his and pressed its palm against his mouth. "No, Felicia. I'm sorry. I can't stay for dinner. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I know it. But I wish I didn't, John."

AT the hospital, organization of the Unit was now going steadily forward. Just before one of the committee meetings Tony said to John:

"I've been thinking that Piola'd work good with our team in place of Dr. Foley."

"Sure. I'd have been glad to have Piola as a third with you and me," John replied. "But, with you not going, I may need a stronger man."

"I am going."

Tony's brown eyes were steady and very warm and it seemed to John that they were set in the naked face of loyalty. He wished suddenly that he had had a son. But, even with the little age between them, the continuance of himself into a future could come through Tony. "Oh," he said. "So Marilyn came to your way of thinking?"

"No, sir. She hasn't changed at all. But I'm going. That's definite." There was pain in his voice. "I guess we both have to do things our own way. I've said and done all I could and—oh, well, I'm going, and she can let me know if she ever wants us to get married."

John did not like the desperation in Tony's face and he did not like the bravado. But he knew there was nothing he could do about it.

One afternoon at the end of his office hours, John came from the examining room into his office to find Marilyn Stevens waiting in the chair beside his desk.

"Doctor Kenyon," she said, "I haven't seen Tony for several days. He won't see me."

"Do you know why?" he asked gently, seating himself.

"Yes." She raised her head and he saw that her lips were unsteady. "Since he's decided to go with the Unit, he doesn't want to see me. He simply said he wouldn't. That, unless I'd marry him, he wouldn't torment himself by being around me." After a silence she went on, "I want to keep on seeing Tony, even if I do want to put off our wedding until he comes back. I don't know what to do, Doctor Kenyon. At first he seemed to see my point, but now he just refuses to."

John leaned forward, and now he was speaking for Tony and with extreme seriousness and conviction. "If Tony gave in to you on this," he said, "he wouldn't be the man you fell in love with, but a man in whom you'd already started the very process of change you're so afraid of. And besides, why do you fear change? You're both going to change a lot, whether you marry each other or not. People may not change in the same way when they're separated as when they're together, but still they change."

"And you mean to say"—Marilyn's whole expression abjured what he had said—"that when people are married and change to grow away from each other, they stay together anyway?"

John's answer was slow in coming. "Sometimes it's only one of them who knows the change," he said. "And sometimes even that one only realizes it after a long time."

"No," she said softly, "I can't have it that way." And now the dissent deepened and her face grew distressed with it. "I couldn't have it that way. Not for us."

Suddenly she looked up and stared at him to read him.

"This is impertinent of me," she said, hesitating a little, "and it's none of my business. But I have to ask you. I have to get all this straight, just once, now. You're married. What about your wife? Has she changed so much?"

John scowled. "Judith knows how I like things," he said. "And she's a damn good wife for a doctor."

"But what a man wants is a good wife for the man he is," she protested, "not for the doctor he is."

There was nothing more for John to say. And so, after a minute, she spoke again. "You're not in love with her any more," she said. And then, because she was young and herself in love, "I'm sorry."

John made a brief gesture, and it said that it was not he about whom they were talking. But he was not angry.

"Just what is it you want me to do for you, Marilyn?"

"Make Tony see me."

"Don't be a fool. You'll have to make him see you yourself, if it's to do any good."

She slumped back in the chair. "Yes," she said. "I know it."

John looked at her awhile. Then he said, "If Tony gives me the opportunity to talk with him about this, I'll try, Marilyn. But, either way, nobody but you and Tony can work it out." He stood up and held out his hand.

The girl stood too, and she let her slim strong hand rest in his. "Talking to you helped anyway," she said. "Thank you."

He watched her swift, long-legged stride across the office, and the door opening and then shutting behind her, and he thought how such intensity as hers strung people for suffering. Judith was intense too, he thought, but while Marilyn's intensity burned as in a crucible, Judith's was a flame in which she herself was consumed. And it struck him that not only were these two women themselves the victims of this intensity, but that to some extent, and in totally different ways, the men whom they loved were affected by it, too.

One of the things he liked so much about Felicia was that she lacked that intensity. She was relaxed in conversation and in making love and in living. And yet he knew that she felt many things as deeply or more deeply than either of these other women.

HE counted the time, the almost a week that had elapsed since he had seen her, and he realized how often during those days he had thought of her and had wanted her sanity and calm. But for a week he limited himself to telephoning her.

Then one afternoon there was a meeting of the Unit committee, and John saw that it was time to make his request that Dr. Piola be assigned to the vacancy on his team.

"You all know that Frank Piola wants to get out of gynecology and switch to surgery," John had said. "And I think he might be the man. He's as good as they come in his own field, and I've talked to him about this and he'd like to try it. He wants to assist this week at any operations I do. Then we'll both know."

There was opposition from one man on the staff who wanted the assignment for one of his favorites, a surgeon whom John considered incapable of filling it. But through the discussion and the opinions and the questions John drove to his purpose until he knew he had accomplished it.

When the meeting was over he left the room, and as he strode through the corridor and down the ramp he felt again that surge of excitement and of fulfillment in the Unit. He took his coat and hat and started out of the hospital. But he did not yet want to go home to Judith to have to recapitulate the day for her benefit. He wanted to think ahead as he was thinking now and feel as he was feeling now. And he knew that he wanted to be with Felicia.

He telephoned her from a pay station. "Are you alone? May I come up?"

"Yes," she said. "To both."

Today there was an intimacy of mind between them that had not been there before, that he had never felt with any one else before, and he knew that he was saying things to her about himself that he had not said to any one.

He found himself speaking of his parents and of his brother and sister and of the town where he had lived and of people in that town.

"You know," he said, "back in 1917 there was a polio

epidemic there—like everywhere else. It's a summer-resort town, Felicia, and a lot of people who'd brought their kids there were scared to death. Doctor McIntyre was the town doctor. He'd lived there all his life and done all the little stuff and all the big stuff. One of my dad's friends tried to cross the lake in an automobile one day when it was frozen. He got into some kind of jam and stayed out all night, and both legs were frozen. Doctor McIntyre had to amputate, and the fellows down at Ann Arbor said it was as good a job as anybody could

do. But that same man would treat a summer visitor's sunburn or poison ivy." He chuckled. "One summer woman told my mother he'd cut her fingernails once, 'cause she had a bandaged finger and couldn't do it.

"Well, when the epidemic came along nobody knew much about it, but he knew as much as anybody. The summer people realized he was good and even they did whatever he told them to.

"We had a nice little hospital—I guess that was mostly summer people's money, too—and everybody in town did what they could to help. I was kind of errand boy. They'd send me off on my bike to get things for people, and in between times I'd wait around to see what Doctor McIntyre wanted next.

"I almost think that summer is what made a doctor out of me." He was silent for a moment.

She did not move, but said quietly, "Go on, John."

"I thought for a long time," he said, "that I was going to be a small-town doctor, too. I knew how they were needed and all the things they could do. But I came to the city for my interneship, and I met people, and I became engaged, and—well, I just gradually changed my mind and stayed here."

She let him talk without interruption and without comment. He told her about his boyhood and of his student days and the hopes and struggles then and the gaining of experience. He told her about the offer from Johns Hopkins and what that meant, and of the Unit and of how much it meant, and of the difference to him in the meanings of these two things.

"It must be queer for you," she said, "to have had your whole life aimed toward one thing as you have, and then not want it when it's finallly offered to you."

"It is queer. You know, Felicia, the morning Judith showed me that letter from Baltimore"—his wide brows drew together as he studied how to say it—"it was sort of as if it had no relation to me, as if the appointment had been offered to some one else whom I liked a lot and I was pleased about it for him." After a minute he went on. "I don't think I really knew until then the way I felt about going to war. The way I still feel about it."

She leaned toward the match he held for her cigarette. "A professional man's whole career is in himself, isn't it?" she said. "When a doctor or a lawyer abandons his practice, he may be sacrificing his entire past. If he's gone for long, his clients or his patients must find some one else to go to, and"—she gestured—"well, everything else may be gone for good. Have you thought of that, John?"

"Yes," he said, "I have." He heard his own emphasis on the pronoun, and he knew it was because he had thought of this many times, and of all the rebuilding it might entail, but that Judith in all her arguments had never thought of it at all. And to him it was the one valid reason for remaining here, if only because of its very selfishness.

Felicia put her hand along his cheek and she said, "It's been so few times that we've talked, John. But it's as if it's been many times. I talk to you lots, though, when you're not here." The small self-derisive smile lifted the corner of her mouth.

"I used to revel in my self-sufficiency. I thought no one could ever break it down again."

He took her gently in his arms. After a moment he encircled her wrist with his fingers, turning the small gold-braceleted watch so they could see the dial. He heard the softness in her voice, felt the softness of her body as she leaned against him to look.

"I'm going to the theater, John. I wish I didn't have the date."

"It's late. I couldn't stay much longer, anyhow."

She went to the door with him. Inside it they stood a moment and smiled at each other and said good-by.

Then he closed the door and stood whistling tunelessly under his breath while he waited for the elevator.

DURING the busy days that followed now John felt a growing concern about Tony. The boy's enthusiasm for the Unit burned steadily, but he looked haggard and tired. He did not speak of Marilyn.

Judith seemed to have accepted the Unit as a fact. One evening when she and John were dining at a restaurant she looked across the small table at him and asked, "John, when your commission comes—does that mean you're really in the Army? That you couldn't change your mind?"

"No; I have to be sworn in."

"You'll tell me first? Before you go to be sworn in?"

"Sure." He raised his head to smile at her. But the smile was stillborn before the expression on her face, the almost animal look, of guarding something owned and hard won and hard held.

"That's a pretty hat," he said, for something to say.

And with his words her face changed entirely. Her mouth curved softly and her eyes lighted and she looked eager and young. "It's new. I'd hoped you'd notice it."

"It's a pretty color." He looked at the soft green of it against the ashy blondeness of her hair. "Very becoming."

"That's why I got it. I wanted something to make my face look especially nice."

He was enjoying himself now, seeing her like this, as she always used to be, with the fun in her and the almost flirtatiousness.

"If there were dancing in here, I'd dance with you," he said.

The eagerness was stronger on her face. "Oh, John, let's go out some night soon. Dancing. Just us."

"All right. What do you want for dessert, Judith?"

"Just coffee, thanks." Then her fingers touched his arm. "Oh, John, there's Roger South, the actor. He's stunning, isn't he?"

John looked with curiosity at Marilyn's father. And then he saw that one of the three women in the party of six was Marilyn.

Judith said, her voice tight, "Isn't that your friend Miss Stevens with him?"

"Yes," John said. "She's his daughter."

"You never told me that."

"Didn't I?" He was looking at Marilyn and thinking she did not show the strain outwardly, as Tony did, but that there was a strung quality in her, as if she were holding something too much in check. I believe she's drunk, John thought.

After her party was seated, Marilyn came over and stood beside their table. She looked directly at Judith. "Hello, Mrs. Kenyon," she said. "I don't know if you

remember me. I'm Marilyn Stevens. May I sit down?"

"Why, yes. Yes, of course." And Judith made her face bewildered, as if she did not at all remember Marilyn.

Then Marilyn turned to John, and he saw her eyes. In their dilated pupils he measured the degree of her drunkenness. "How about having some coffee with us, Marilyn?" he asked.

At the first name Judith's whole face appeared to narrow, the lips thinning.

"Coffee?" Marilyn said. "Is that good for the heart? A doctor to the end, aren't you?" She leaned her hands on the table and looked at John. "I've left messages wherever I've gone. I thought you'd have something to tell me and would call me."

"I'm sorry. I—"

"Oh, I know. Your time's all taken up with important things." Then her voice broke. "This is important, too," she said, "so terribly important to me. Please, oh, please, do something about it!"

"I thought we agreed that you'd have to work it out for yourself."

"We did. But I get a few drinks like this and I forget that." Her face was pitiful because it was a young face and there were no lines carved in it yet to hold the sadness. "I've had too much to drink every night this week just so I will forget it."

John watched her, speculating whether sympathy or a pretense of indifference would help her more. "I should think you'd have more guts," he said, making the decision. "Try pulling yourself together."

He was glad to see that she was angry again.

"So that's your advice to the lovelorn, is it?" She stood up and in her drunkenness bowed exaggeratedly to him and then to Judith. "It's been such a pleasure to have seen you both. But such a pleasure!" She laughed and went back to her own table.

JOHN turned to Judith. Her eyes, staring yellow-green out of her grayed face, narrowed until they were merely points of green suspicion bearing in on him.

"She might have the decency not to be quite so open about it," she said.

"About what?"

"Being in love with you, of course, and being brazen enough to come over here and tell me all about it in that nice indirect way. Or maybe that's the modern method; maybe that's what all this so-called honesty of youth is about. Just thinking they can throw off suspicion by being so open about it nobody can believe it's true. Or maybe she thinks that if she lays her cards on the table that way I'll just hand you over to her because I feel so sorry for her." The low, strained voice hurried on. "She's wrong, though. Whatever it was she was after, you can tell her the next time you see her—and I'm sure no matter what you say there will be a next time—she'll see to that—just tell her that she won't get it."

"Judith." He put his hand on her arm to steady her. "Listen to me, Judith. The first time I ever saw that girl was the night she came up to our place. She came up there then to talk to me about Tony. She was talking about him now. Marilyn is in love with Tony."

"You're telling me the truth, aren't you, John? Of course I know you are." Her eyes narrowed on him again, but fleetingly this time. And he was ashamed for her because he could read her thought: He'd have to tell the truth. I can check on this too easily.

He wanted to tell her the one thing he knew which might help her—that she must find some outlet for her mind and her emotion which did not spring from nor depend on him. But he remembered the times he had made this suggestion before, and he remembered her reaction to it: "But, John dearest, I don't need anything else. I don't want anything else."

He looked at his wrist watch and signaled the waiter. "Let's go, Judith. It's getting pretty late."

"Yes," Judith said, "it is late. I'm tired." And then she made her apology for the things she had said. "I'd better stop and say good night to Miss Stevens on the way out."

He stood at the checkroom waiting for his coat, and watched Judith go up to the table and put out her hand to Marilyn in pretty feminine friendliness.

ON the following Monday, when John came home, he found Judith as usual waiting in the bedroom to greet him. He put an arm loosely around her. "Judith," he said gravely, "I heard from the Army today. I'm accepted."

In the silence, then, the import of what he had said seemed to swell and to fill the whole room. John felt his muscles begin to tense, waiting for Judith's resistance to communicate itself to him, waiting for the stiffening of her body against his. And so, when that resistance did not come, his arms were already strong and they tightened to hold her on her feet as her whole body sagged against his.

"Judith," he said. "Judith." And then he forgot the things of the past weeks. "Don't, darling," he said, and there came to him a sudden intense recapitulation of all the love he had ever felt for her. "Don't feel like that."

She turned her face up to him and the eyes were afraid. Then she flung herself on her bed. John sat down on the edge beside her. He leaned over to hold her in his arms, and he felt her shaking against him.

Then she began to whisper: "No, John. No. No. No."

"But, Judith, listen to me, darling. You knew it before. You've known it all along."

Her fingers closed convulsively on his shoulders. "You promised me, John. Oh, you promised me you'd tell me beforehand."

"But I'm telling you," he said quietly. "The Army has said it wants me. I haven't been sworn in yet. It's still what you call beforehand."

When she understood and had wept out her relief and at last was quiet, he sat, still on the edge of the bed. He held her hands firm in his and said, "I didn't realize I was being sudden about it, Judith. It's been in the offing so long. And you haven't talked about it so much lately. I thought you were reconciled to my going."

"No," she said. "It wasn't that I was reconciled. There was something else." She sat up slowly. "I have to tell you now," she said. "I'm pregnant, John."

He stared at her in incredulity. At last he said, "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I've been to see Frank Piola."

After a while John said, "A thing like this doesn't happen unplanned to people like us."

"I planned it, John. I had to have your child if you were thinking of going away from me. It was the only way. I had to have something of you to keep here with me if you went away." She reached out and took his hand in hers and held it against her breast. "I love you, John," she said. "Terribly."

"But, Judith," he said, "why didn't we talk about it before?"

"We'd given up on it so long ago." She lowered her eyes. "I was afraid you'd say no."

"But you've suspected for several weeks. Why didn't you tell me then?" In those weeks he had noticed Judith's secret smiling and her warm complacence. Now he knew it had not been because she was reconciled to his going with the Unit, but because she was steeped in a new security within herself.

"Why? Because I wanted to wait until I got past the danger period. I was afraid you might hope too, and be disappointed."

"Judith," he asked, "how long have you been planning this?"

For a minute she hesitated. Then she admitted it. "Ever since I first knew you might go into the Army. I want this child so much I know I'll be able to carry it." She leaned forward and touched his arm. "Say you want it too, John. Say you're happy about it."

And then John knew that he, too, wanted this child. He felt the masculine joy of having fathered, and he knew that he wanted greatly to see his child and to be present at its birth. And he told Judith what he could express of this.

She said, "Oh, John, I want so much for you to be there, too."

Now John got up and began to pace around the room, and all the time her eyes followed him. Finally he stopped at the foot of the bed and stood with his hands in his jacket pockets, looking at Judith and knowing he must say this. "Yes," he said, "I want to be there, Judith, but I may not be there."

"The Unit?" She barely spoke it. "Still the Unit?"

He nodded. "I don't know what to do."

Now he was thinking of Judith and of his obligation to her, and he tried to see it justly and with fairness. He thought of her living alone with a new baby, living on a third of their present income, doing her own work, caring for her child. He thought of her, a woman of thirty-three, alone at the birth of her first child. He thought of her past case history, and of her alone at the birth of perhaps a stillborn child.

"There are so many things to consider," he said, and was helpless to go on.

"I know," she said, looking away from him. "Of course you don't want to give up the Unit, when it means so much to you." She paused. "And yet," she said, "I suppose you can't help thinking of Johns Hopkins and what it would mean to our child—to its future."

"No," John said; "I wasn't thinking of Hopkins or that part of the future, Judith. I wasn't thinking that far ahead. I was thinking of you and me and the Unit and the child."

ALMOST at once after this Judith fell into a pattern of rich indolence. Her voice was lush with it and her finding of small tasks for John to do for her emphasized it. John had accepted it, grateful for the peace that seemed to be on her. In his own mind there was no peace at all, but always the question in his conscience of whether he owed it to Judith now to remain with her.

One evening Tony dined with them, and the three sat before the living-room fire afterward. Tony had some new ideas on the treatment of arthritis with which John did not hold, and they became deeply involved in a discussion of it. They scarcely noticed Judith's growing silence nor her murmured excuse when she left the room. Then suddenly they heard her voice, calling to John in sharp, distressed screams. He ran down the hallway with quick, panic-driven strides.

She was standing rigid in the middle of the bedroom, her face white and contorted.

"John, help me, help me. I'm going to have a miscarriage. Don't let me, John!" Her eyes stared, widely opened, madly frightened.

John had seen fear in many forms. He had seen fear of economic dependence and fear of being crippled or of having to care for a cripple. Many times he had seen fear of pain and fear of death. But he had never seen the kind of fear that was on her face, and he did not understand it.

Carefully he lifted her onto her bed. "Are you sure?"

"It's happened those times before. I can't help knowing." Her voice was desperate. "You mustn't let it happen this time, John."

John stepped to the doorway of the bedroom and called Tony. He spoke in his hospital tone, low, commanding, giving his orders to get the car ready to take them to the hospital, to call Dr. Piola to meet them there. While that was being done he got Judith ready.

He put her onto the blanket and pillows which Tony had placed in the back of the car, and then sat beside her with her hand in his. Tony went around to the front seat of the car, and they started off, driving very slowly.

Judith had not spoken for a long time, but now her voice came out hoarsely: "Tell him to drive faster, John. Tell him to hurry."

"It's better for you if he takes it easy, Judith."

"But the baby, John—the baby." She clutched at him.

"Be quiet, dear. You still have a chance."

"No; I know better." She began to sob. "Don't leave me, John. Don't leave me!" Suddenly her voice rose to an unbearable pitch. "Don't go with the Unit, John. You wouldn't have gone if I'd kept this baby. You wouldn't have! That's the only reason I wanted it. You wouldn't have let me have our child without you." She began to sob shrilly.

"I didn't want a child, John, except for that. I'd never have wanted it now, except for you." Then she began to scream at him: "You would have stayed. You know you would! I didn't tell you that before, but that's the only reason I ever tried to have it. To keep you from leaving me, John."

Shame for her and of her crawled over John. He sat stiffly, letting her head rest against him. His only move of sympathy was a mechanical one—taking out his handkerchief and wiping the wetness of perspiration and of tears from her face.

They drew up at the ambulance entrance of the hospital. John jumped out of the car, and Tony got out too, and stood with his back to it, waiting. And now, inside the car, there was sudden complete silence. Under the strained impact of the past minutes, John barked a command savagely: "Don't just stand there, Tony! Go in and tell them to bring a cart."

"I can walk." It was Judith's voice of yesterday, of always, smooth, collected, calm; the voice of Mrs. John Kenyon, the doctor's wife, the wonderful woman, the helpmeet, the career builder.

She sat up in the car and her hands went to her hair. "I wish I had a comb." They helped her out of the car, and she stood a moment, adjusting her clothes.

There was a light above the entrance door, and Tony stared at her face. The contortion was completely effaced, replaced by a smooth, impenetrable dignity. Tony lowered his head and the blood came up along his cheeks. There was more shame here now in this reversion of Judith to imposture than in any of the revealing things she had already said or done.

When Judith had been wheeled into the operating room, Tony and John sat in the waiting room. John was too hurt to feel very deeply, too shocked to know pain, too bitter even to think of bitterness, remembering the great temptation to abandon the Unit in order to see this child of his, which he had wanted so much and had accepted from Judith in faith, not knowing she had wanted it only to shackle him.

"I'm sorry, sir," Tony said. "I didn't want to hear it."

John heard the pressure in Tony's voice and knew that the words must have come out even against Tony's will.

"Sit down," he said. "Stop pacing. And don't let this worry you, Tony." Then he made a great effort. "Mrs. Kenyon was very unhappy, very upset. Those things can happen to any one. It's too bad that it had to happen. But, as long as it did, it's no tragedy that you overheard."

Surprise was on Tony's face for a moment, and then a deeper comprehension, and finally the attempt to make John feel that his words were believed. "No, sir, I guess not," he managed. He lighted a cigarette for John. After a moment he said, "If you don't need me when Dr. Piola comes back, I think maybe I'll go up to Marilyn's. We—well, we haven't been seeing each other."

He stopped, but John read his thought: "I haven't appreciated Marilyn's complete honesty before tonight."

"You needn't wait," John told him. But Tony said, "I'd like to stay with you till then."

They sat quiet until Frank Piola came into the room. John rose questioningly.

Dr. Piola made a flat dismissing gesture with his hand and shook his head. "It was no good, John," he said. "We couldn't save the child. I'm sorry."

"How is Judith?" John said it automatically.

"She's all right. She's fine. I gave her some codeine and she's sleeping. You'd better be there when she wakes up."

John shoved his hands deep into his pockets and followed Dr. Piola out of the room. Tony stood watching, his face mirroring love and pity.

DURING the time in which John had known about Judith's pregnancy he had, in his own mind, renounced Felicia, feeling himself bound to Judith again in permanency. He had longed for Felicia, but had spoken to her only once on the telephone to tell her it would be some time before he could see her again. Since Judith's miscarriage he had felt that his whole emotional life was at a standstill and would remain so until Judith and he

had talked of that hysterical disclosure made in the car.

Then one afternoon Felicia called him during his office hour. Hearing her voice, John wanted very much to see her and to be with her. He wanted to talk with her and tell her what had happened and why he had not seen her. "I'd like to stop in later today and see you."

"I'd like you to, John."

"I have some calls to make, but if it's not too late for you I could stop in after nine."

"Then I'll expect you."

He pulled out his hospital memorandum, and saw there were only two patients there whom he had to see himself; those two and Judith. His face hardened. He did not want to see Judith. He did not want to put himself through the combination of pity and disgust which his daily visit to her had become since his understanding of her motives and of the extent to which her love for him drove her. He did not want to have to continue much longer, in consideration of her physical weakness, the fiction that everything was still the same between them.

Just as he was leaving, Tony came in and stood before him, humming under his breath.

"What's that tune?" John asked.

"Maryland, my Maryland," Tony grinned. "Or Marilyn, my Marilyn, if you prefer. Good news, Doctor Kenyon. We're going to be married in two weeks. And I'd like to ask you something, sir." Now Tony's face flushed with embarrassment. "I hope my mother and dad will be able to come for the wedding, but you know my one brother's in Australia and the other's just a kid, and I wondered—well, I'd like you to be best man for me, Doctor Kenyon, if you would."

It was Tony's statement of faith; of his respect for John and his admiration and his love. And John said, out of a deep fondness, "Thank you, Tony. I'd like to be your best man."

WHEN John said good night to Judith that evening he leaned over and brushed her forehead with his lips. But she reached up and drew his head down until his mouth was on hers. She kissed him and then she said softly, "I'm so glad to be going home in a few days. This has been awfully hard on you, to be alone and have me here."

He lifted his head in disbelief and looked searchingly into her face. But he could only find complete blindness to what this time had meant to him and what he had thought it meant to her. And he knew that what had been to him a fiction of things remaining as always between them was not a fiction to her but was reality.

Now, through the impenetrable sameness of her face, the eyes on him in soft consuming need, the lips curved in tender linking of the past and future, a new and terrible and binding obligation was born in John: to continue to give of himself to this woman in order to offer her another chance to be the woman he had thought she was, instead of the woman she had shown herself to be.

He walked out of the room, out of the hospital, and went to Felicia. He had known all along how deeply they cared for each other. Could he make her understand why he was now bound, without love, to Judith's possessiveness?

When he saw her he had a sudden deep rush of feeling for her and of appreciation.

"It's been too long," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Why, John?"

He sat down beside her on the couch. "I'll tell you."

He had not foreseen the almost physical hurt to Felicia of the fact of Judith's pregnancy. Even when he understood, he could find no way to make it less cruel for her.

"I suppose it took this to make me see how much I really do care for you, John," she said finally. She smiled genuinely but with sadness.

"You mustn't let that happen," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not going to let it happen to me."

"Do you mean it could happen to you?"

He stared at her and he spoke slowly. "Yes, Felicia, it could. But I'm not going to let it go that far. Maybe it wouldn't have turned out this way if it had happened five years ago. But Judith would never let me go now without destroying us both. And even if she would," he went on slowly, "I couldn't ask her to now. Because that would destroy her."

"A destruction of pride, John? Or a true one?"

"A true one." He said it heavily and then fell silent again. Finally he said, "I'll be leaving with our Unit very soon now, Felicia. You see, even the times are against us. They don't let people do what they want to do. There isn't any leisure left in which to do it." And as he spoke he wondered whether, in the face of the war, it really mattered what happened to Judith or to Felicia or to him, whether personal relationships had any value any more. And then he thought that perhaps they were all that was left that did have value, and so everything of value must be salvaged from them. And he told this to Felicia. "Judith's always been possessive of me, Felicia," he went on then. "I knew that, although I didn't know how much until lately. But until now her possessiveness has never hurt any one but herself."

He got up and began to walk slowly up and down. "If it ever did harm any one else, Felicia," he said, "I don't know what I'd do."

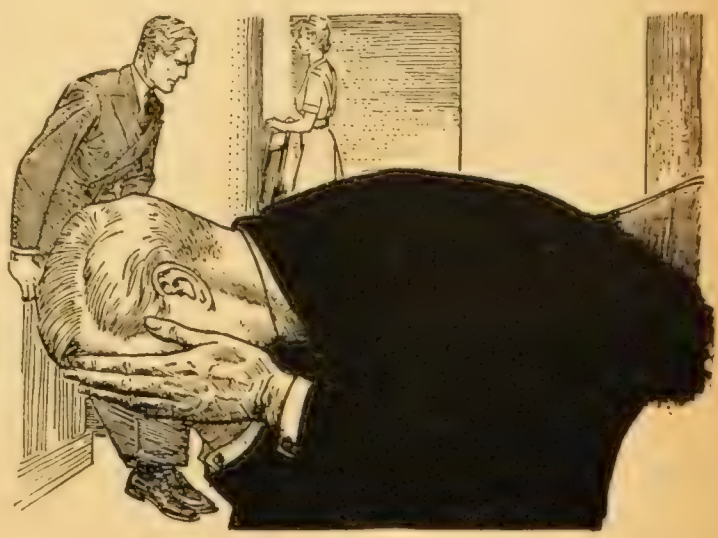
She sat looking up at him. "That's a strange thing to say, John. Do you mean you have thought about it?"

"No," he said, standing before her. "I'm thinking of it now. On account of us." He sat down again and his speech was intervaled as he waited for the thoughts to form into words. "It's hard to explain. There's a kind of obligation there with Judith. You see, something has happened between us lately. It isn't anything you have to know about. But you do have to know this. I'd have given Judith another chance if I hadn't met you. And so I have to give her that chance now. That's the obligation I mean." He paused, and sat with his elbows on his knees staring at his clasped hands. "Judith is my wife," he said. "It's—it's—I wish I didn't know some of the things I do about her, Felicia. I wish I hadn't had to say them."

Suddenly he knew that they could no longer speak of what Judith was between them.

"You see how it is," he said, "don't you?"

"Yes." Felicia made a small sad, final gesture. "It won't make any difference in the way I feel to know that we won't be seeing each other like this any more.



You know that I would want to marry you if I could, don't you, John?"

"Yes. I know it because that is what I would want, too. I love you very much, Felicia."

AND now there remained one other renunciation—the offer from Johns Hopkins. The week Judith came home from the hospital he did this, and when he had sent off the letter of refusal he braced himself to tell Judith. Her reply and the smile with which she made it astounded him.

"I thought you eventually would turn it down, dear," she said. "It wasn't really the place for you right at

this time. Of course I felt that I had to make you see every side of it before you decided, so that you wouldn't be sorry afterwards."

She began to plan little gaieties now—good times for them to remember, she said. John was touched. He knew he had not exaggerated her desire to shape his life, but he thought perhaps she had been freed of this urge of possessiveness by the fullness with which she had expressed it.

"You said you wanted to see the Roger South play," she said one evening. "Let's go this week."

He agreed. Judith smiled contentedly. She was following a carefully considered plan. From now on she would more than ever give him everything he wanted. Everything for him until he goes away, she was thinking. A smile, secret and complacent, came to her lips. *If* he goes, she thought. If he really *can* bring himself to leave me.

She went to a great deal of trouble to get the best seats for the play, and she spent the afternoon at a beauty parlor. When she came home, she dressed, and put out the new hat John had admired, and laid her purse and her gloves beside it.

The telephone rang, and she crossed the room to answer it. Her eyes narrowed with irritation as she listened. She was simply not going to send John out for an old man frightened by a bad cold and spoil the evening she had planned so carefully. Still, this was a very rich old man. With accustomed smoothness she persuaded his anxious wife to let Dr. Kenyon's assistant come instead. Frantically, then—for John would be in at any moment—she dialed Tony's number.

In his apartment, Tony made a grimace at Marilyn as he picked up the instrument.

"I'm sure Doctor Kenyon'll be home any time now," he said, when he had listened to Judith. He did not know that her sharp intake of breath was one of frantic agreement, so he said, "But I guess I better go ahead anyway, in case he's delayed."

"Thank you, Tony. John will be so relieved."

"I'll bet," Tony muttered as he hung up, "and so will you. I've got to go to Winnetka," he said to Marilyn. "Want to go along?"

"Damn," she said. "But of course I'll go." She went to the couch and picked up her coat. Then she dropped it and turned. "No," she said; "I'll wait here instead."

"I don't blame you." Tony mashed out a cigarette. "It's a hell of a night to have to drive out to the suburbs."

"It isn't the storm," Marilyn said. She came and stood before him. "It's this." Now she opened her eyes widely and looked up at him and reached up and straightened his tie. "Wouldn't you like me to go with you, dear?" she said, her voice all smoothness and sweetness.

Tony gave a howl of rage and laughter and grabbed her neck in his hands. "For a minute you sounded so like her you scared the very liver out of me." His hands slid up to hold her face. "Don't ever be like her, Marilyn," he said. "Not ever!"

They stood with their arms close around each other, their cheeks pressed against each other's.

"I want to go with you tonight," Marilyn said. "I want to be with you always, Tony, every minute. But I can't ever do anything I know she's done. Our way is different."

He rocked her back and forth, holding her. A long while later he said, "And I better get the hell out of here or I won't go at all."

Marilyn pushed back his cuff and looked at his watch. "It's nearly a half hour since she called."

"I'll hurry." Tony pulled on his raincoat.

"Don't." She smiled. "I'll wait, Tony."

NOW that they were finally in the lobby of the theater, Judith breathed a sigh of relief. From the time John had come home just as she had finished her conversation with Tony, it had seemed they would never get here.

"I want to call Tony before I dress," John had said.

"Oh, John, he's gone to Winnetka."

"What for?"

"Oh, a Mrs. Graham called. Her husband has arthritis or something." And then she reminded him of Foster Graham as a member of the Crippled Home board. "I thought you'd be furious if Tony didn't get out there."

"You'd better call Tony and see if you can still reach him," John had said. "There's no use for that kid to go out there tonight. There's plenty of good local men and we could send one of them to Graham." He had rubbed his chin, puzzled. "I can't figure out yet where the old man ever got the idea I'd come out any time he needed me. I'll call Tony. Maybe he hasn't left yet."

"But, John dear, he must have," she had protested. "At least ten minutes ago."

"He might have been delayed."

"Then let me try his number for you, so you can get

ready." She had gone to the telephone. After a minute she had called to John, "There's no answer, so he must be on his way."

And John said, "Well, all right, then. I really want to see this show, anyhow."

And now he was giving his name and seat number at the box office. They would see the play and then they would go to the Mayfair Room and dance, and it would be an evening for them both always to think of and remember. When the lights went down, she reached for his hand and relaxed, leaning shoulder to shoulder with him, planning ahead now, planning in security.

During the second act the usher came along the aisle, touched John's shoulder and whispered.

"Phone call," John said to Judith. "If I don't come back, I'll meet you at home."

But as he strode up the aisle she snatched her coat and followed. While he was in the box office she looked at the posters of the play and out into the street. It was raining hard. Suddenly John went past her out on to the sidewalk. She ran through the heavy door, calling him. He turned with his hand on the door of a taxi, and pushed her ahead of him into the cab. He said to the driver, "We'll pick up a lady on the corner by the Palmolive Building. Take it as fast as you can."

His face was tense and he leaned forward. "That was Marilyn, Judith. Tony's been in a bad accident."

Then there was no sound in the cab except the sharpness of the rain against the roof, the tick of the meter, and the sound of the windshield wipers.

Marilyn was standing half in the street when they stopped, and she pulled the door open and got in and said, "The hospital in Evanston." The cab started up and threw her against John, and he put his arm around her and felt her cling to him.

"They called me, Doctor Kenyon, and then I called your house, and your maid said you were at the theater. Tony told them to call me. He knew I was waiting for him at his place. He had them call me there. All they'd say was he'd been in an automobile accident."

"Marilyn dear," Judith said, "you must be calm now."

She reached across John to take Marilyn's hand, but Marilyn snatched it away. "Don't touch me!" she said.

"You sent him out there tonight. You telephoned him at half past six and told him to go. And he stayed there with me until seven and then he went. And he must have driven fast to get there, and then he must have been driving fast to come back to me. Too fast."

"But, Judith," John said, "when you tried to call Tony for me after I came in, it was only a little after six thirty. You said no one answered."

"No one did." Judith clasped her fingers on his wrist.

"I was there," Marilyn said. "We both were. The phone rang, one short ring. Tony took it immediately, and no one answered him. After that it never rang."

THE lightning came in a long blue glare and revealed Judith's face. John saw the skin pulled tight by the working muscles, and the lips drawn and the nostrils narrowed, and he knew that she had not really taken time to reach Tony when she told him she had.

He turned his arm sharply, throwing her fingers from his wrist, and he took his hand away from her and laid it over Marilyn's hands, holding them firmly.

Then he turned to Judith. "Have you any money?"

"Yes, John, of course. Why?"

"Then you can take this cab back to town."

She turned to him furiously. "Do you think I'm going to leave now, when—"

"Then pay him off and come in!" John shouted.

The cab stopped at the curb. John jumped out and took Marilyn's arm and they ran up the long walk to the huge sprawling building.

Marilyn stayed in a little waiting room while John was taken in to Tony. When he came back to her, she read his face. She said, "No. Please, no!" But she walked quietly beside him down the corridor to Tony.

She sat in the chair the interne placed for her beside the bed. After a minute Tony opened his eyes and made a twisting effort to bring her face into focus. Then he smiled. She leaned over and kissed him on the mouth, quietly and gently, fully. "Tony," she said, "I love you so much." Then she raised her head so that they were looking into each other's eyes.

"All the young men dying," Tony said softly. "All the young men like me being shot and burned and drowned. They're too young to die, I tell you, Marilyn, before they've reached any fulfillment." His voice grew loud. "Doctor Kenyon, are you there?"

"Yes, Tony." John's fingers were on Tony's wrist.

"I don't want to die, Doctor Kenyon." It was not a complaint. It was a strong and dreadful protest. There was a long silence in the room. Then he said, "Stay with me, Marilyn."

And under John's fingers there now was no pulse at all. He looked at Marilyn. She sat looking back at him, without moving. Then she said for her own comprehension, "Now Tony is dead. He is dead now. He has died."

"Marilyn," John said gently, "I want you to go."

She looked up at him. "Not until she has been here. Your wife."

John signaled a nurse to come to the bed. Then he walked down to the waiting room and went in, and Judith came toward him.

Then, through and over his grief, John Kenyon knew what his marriage had become in the past months. For he could not do what he would have done that short time ago, what he wanted so much to be able to do now. He could not take her in his arms and put his head in her neck; he could not let this woman who was his wife hold him to let him weep for the friend who was dead.

"John," Judith said, "I've been simply frantic. Why didn't you come out here before?"

"There was nothing to tell you before." He did not look at her.

"Really, John, you might have considered me." Her voice was low and angry, but then, when she saw his face, unsure. "He's all right now, Tony?" she said at last.

"Tony is dead."

He heard Judith's shrill gasp, and he leaned forward and grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "Don't do that!" he said. "You don't count now. Marilyn does. And she wants to see you." He pushed her to the doorway and along the corridor.

Marilyn raised her head as she came in. Her eyes were dry. "I just wanted you to see him, Mrs. Kenyon," she said quietly. "Look at him," she commanded.

When Judith had looked, Marilyn turned her head toward John. "She made this happen, you know, Doctor Kenyon. That's why I want her to see him."

"Marilyn," Judith gasped, "how can you? Oh, my poor, poor child. Let me—"

"Doctor Kenyon," Marilyn said, without looking at Judith, "she knew where you were tonight when you left the hospital, didn't she?"

"Why, yes," John said. Marilyn's silence made him go on. "She knew I was walking home from the hospital. She knew I would be home around six thirty."

"She told Tony she did not know where you were," Marilyn said, her face white and twisted. "She sent him out, away from me, so that when you returned she could keep you with her. She has had you for ten years," she whispered, "and she would not let you go for one evening. But she took Tony from me. And I have had him so little!"

"John," Judith said, "John. Stop this. You must stop this!"

Marilyn turned to Judith. "Get out," she whispered.

Judith took a step backward and she said, "Oh, John, the poor hysterical child. Why don't you give her something?" She started to leave. "I'll be in the waiting room."

After she had gone, John went around the bed to Marilyn and put his hands gently on her shoulders. "You said you would come now, Marilyn."

"Yes." She stood up, and she looked down once more.

Then they went quietly down the corridor, into the waiting room, and John guided her to a chair. He glanced toward the couch. Judith sat there. She had drawn the smoking table in front of her and lighted the lamp beside her. He saw that she was merely waiting here for him.

"I've ordered a taxi for us all," she said. "It should be here soon. And, John, I asked the nurse to bring you some coffee. They're making it now."

She looked at the frozen, motionless girl and whispered, "Did you give her something?"

Marilyn spoke. "I'm all right, Mrs. Kenyon."

"Of course you are, dear." Judith's voice was so sweet and so reasonable and so gentle. "And no matter what happens, you know you can count on us, on Doctor Kenyon. He'll stay with you, Marilyn."

"It's just as Tony said," Marilyn said drearily. "He knew."

"Knew what, Marilyn?" John asked.

"That she'd never let you go. That she'd never stop trying to find ways. Now I'll be one. She'll try to keep you home now that way. But if she can't"—the toneless voice slowed—"she'll try to go with you."

THEN in Judith's face John saw the startled eyes, the parted lips of admission. And he watched her close her lips and lower her eyes so that nothing of what he had seen was left. And then finally he knew Judith. He knew that she was indestructible. And it was incredible to him that he had ever thought she might be destroyed if he left her. And he knew there was no use in the second chance he had planned for himself and Judith, nor in any third, nor in any last.

He moved to the window and stood looking at the beat of the rain against the glass, and he saw Tony driving through the night to do the job that should have been his own, sent by the malevolence of Judith's possessiveness.

He heard the voice of his inner knowledge speak in calm prophetic certainty: You will not go back to her.

He turned from the window, and it was as if Judith too had heard the words. She left the warm protecting circle of the lighted lamp and stepped toward him.

"Come, John," she said. "It's time. It's time for all of us to go home."

"No," John said. "I cannot go home. You go, Judith. There are other things I have to do."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ZOFIA KOSSAK'S pageant of the thirteenth century, **Blessed Are the Meek**, contains nearly all the elements of popularity that could be compressed into one novel.

It is a stirring historical novel, it is a religious novel about a sainted figure, it also contains the story of a consuming (but illicit) love affair, and it ends on a note of religious regeneration which is attuned to these times as it was to the turbulent war-wearied European world of that day.

Zofiia Kossak

Religiously it is the story of Francis of Assisi and the order he founded. Historically it is the story of the Fifth Crusade, which followed the Children's Crusade, and which came within an ace of winning the Holy Land and all of Egypt.

The love story is that of Jean de Brienne and Blanche of Champagne. De Brienne, who had been appointed King of Jerusalem, was to have led the crusade, but his dalliance with Blanche when she came to visit him at Acre cost him the leadership and he served as second to the Red Cardinal, Pelagius.

When the cardinal fell sick in the Egyptian marshes, de Brienne took over and under him the crusaders defeated the Moslem hosts so decisively that the Sultan, after Damietta also fell, was willing to surrender the Holy Land. But the cardinal was not satisfied. He wanted Egypt too, the land that gave riches and power to the sultanate. And so, having recovered enough to assume command, he pressed for more.

But now the golden moment had passed. The Sultan had time and favorable circumstances to recoup. The crusaders themselves were then on the road to extermination when Francis saved them, Francis who walked unafraid into the camp of the infidels and held a religious conversation with the Sultan wherein he impressed al-Kamil (as he did all with whom he talked) with his deep religious convictions.

These interwoven stories do not make a novel, but they do compose a rich historical tapestry, colorful and skillfully threaded. It is in the tradition of Quo Vadis, and is certain to take its place among best sellers with The Robe and The Apostle.

Published by Roy Publishers, New York. Price, $3.

THERE are three volumes of short stories published recently that I'd like to praise. The first is **A Treasury of Great Russian Short Stories**, edited by **Avrahm Yarmolinsky**. It contains fifty-two short stories by ten authors, from Pushkin to Gorky, plus Dostoevsky's novelette, Notes from the Underground. They are all masterful stories; most of them more "alive" than the majority of contemporary work.

Dr. Chi-Chen Wang

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $4.

THE other two volumes are **Traditional Chinese Tales** and **Contemporary Chinese Stories**, both translated by Chi-Chen Wang. The first is a splendid collection of the beautiful folk stories of ancient China, as pleasurable to read as the Arabian Nights. The second covers a period from 1918 to 1937 and will give a better insight into the modern Chinese than a dozen travelogues. They seem to be remarkably well translated and the contemporary stories, while nothing like our formula fiction, are as engrossing to read as anything in our current magazines.

Published by Columbia University Press, New York. Price, $2.75 each.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

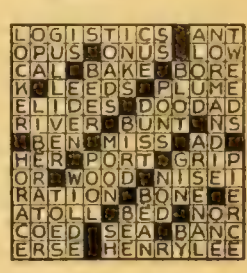
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

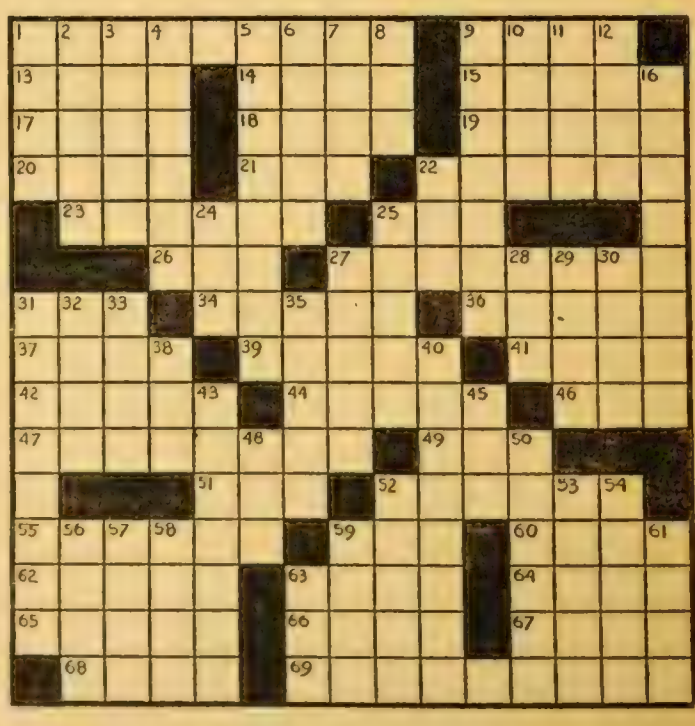
1 Eatinest man in Europe
9 A pound of flesh
13 We never really knew its axistance till '41
14 This is a kind of tenor
15 Nor has Hitler (or any other thief) ever learned of its axistance
17 Will she throw a new bonnet in the ring this fall again?
18 Air vent
19 Place where you can throw your old bulls
20 Cause of the judge's tin ear
21 Spanish gold
22 It costs about $250 to get properly this nowadays
23 Where to fight wars indoors
25 Heart of any luscious peach
26 Place it on the mahogany
27 What most autoists will soon be
31 Worshipful Old Poops (abbr.)
34 Old squirt that's soured on life
36 The way to get things at a boardinghouse
37 A good one certainly never caused a headache
39 Kitchen rambler
41 Downfall of Scotland during the winter of '87
42 They had some kind of code
44 Captain in the Roxy Army
46 Pops (abbr.)
47 He has a degree to make a swell mustard plaster on rye, or aspirin on toast
49 Heavenly body in reverse
51 War or peace, it remains single
52 Old time Balkan country
55 Men with commissions
59 The triple owe
60 La Lane
62 Super-super mentalities
63 Rahshn snoop seestem (abbr.)
64 A Mr. Smartypants
65 What an organist never stops for
66 Booze is so low that they're drinking these in Virginia
67 Why old-fashioned women used to elevate themselves suddenly in the world
68 Smack the old onion with the old hickory
69 Dem Bums

VERTICAL

1 Only way to get it is to stand around and start yelling for it
2 Mouth organ
3 Less prone to get into the hair of
4 Eyelights
5 Gent with his nose buried in current events
6 Undentable substance found in thick skulls
7 It's plane it's going up (if attached to the front end)
8 Here's a point for the Merchant Marine (abbr.)
9 Feminine yuttutta-yuttutta-yuttutta-yuttutta
10 John Kieran's filled with it and Brooklyn lawyers are filled with a love of it
11 Best way to start after a flop
12 Ozark pumpernickel
16 Burpberries
22 A reminder to remember he's a gent (fem.)
24 Plasma the Wehrmacht is running low on
25 It takes a lot of pluck to do this to a blonde
27 Drunk at night, crusty in the morning
28 Gent's nickname
29 Gives lambs to the world
30 The Red Badge of Courage
31 Men on platforms yelling their heads off about something they don't believe in
32 Schnozzle snuff
33 Llama-llamaland
35 The poorest of lowdown church dwellers
38 Anyone Seen Gin? (abbr.)
40 Egg plant
43 His I's are dotted with tears every time he thinks how wonderful he is
45 That three-letter play
48 The Spoilers
50 Garlic-scented tire material
52 One of the victims of the present drought
53 Sickly colleague
54 Send guys to office and then be forced to regret it
56 Grabs ahold of
57 Enough for any poet
58 Kind of crossword palm
59 Ogosh, that molding again
61 Nip nippers
63 Ready for the good old rockin' chair



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

SALUTE TO A CLEAR-HEADED AMERICAN

The Fighting Farmer

The soil his battlefield . . . the elements his foe,
He pits his might and nerves and heart
against them
In the endless fight for Food.

And never has he met his task with
greater triumph!
For from his fields — to every battered corner
of the globe,
Flows Food to keep alive the fight for Freedom.
Food for scarred and struggling men of arms,
Food for Allies marching by our side,
And Food for those who wage the battle
here at home.

Our world will live or die by his performance.
He knows that well. He will not fail.
He is a Clear-Headed American!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Published in the interest of the home front war effort . . . by the makers of Calvert

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

"That's right. This is Mr. Eb Peters."

"Yep, I know the professor. Seen him working on that well. Hear you struck oil, J. G."

"Who in heaven's name told you that?"

"Joe Carter passed by."

"Joe Carter!" Eb exchanged glances with J. G.

J. G. said, "I suppose he talked about a lease."

"He did that. Paid me fifty dollars to sign it, too."

J. G. faced Eb in the lantern light, and suddenly they both began to laugh, and slapped each other's shoulders. Herb Clark joined in the laughter, without knowing why.

Eb looked at the farmer. "Herb, you got a horse and saddle you can rent me?"

"Well, he ain't much of a horse."

"I'll give you five dollars for the use of him tonight."

"All right. Sure, I'll put a saddle on him."

"Now, J. G.," Eb said, "we got to scatter. We lost enough time as it is. You give me half the money and we'll separate. Now look here." He knelt and picked up a stick, drew a great oval in the dirt by the light of the lantern. "Here's our structure, as I see it. With the Pitt farm and the Elkins place and Frank Roberts' eighty we're solid down to your place. But Joe Carter has busted in here on the north and Albert has busted in on the Frick place. Now you tell me who owns the rest of this land and we'll split it up. You go north and I'll go south."

J. G. took the stick and marked blocks within the oval, identifying the owners, and Eb quickly memorized his objectives. When Herb Clark returned with the saddled horse their campaign was planned.

"We got one big advantage," Eb said. "We know pretty well where the structure is, and they're out buying any lease they can get. J. G., let's go."

THEY met in the Athens at midnight, just as Pops was closing up. He brought them coffee and they penciled their holdings on the tablecloth. Each had picked up some more leases, but each had found that Albert or Joe had been ahead of them in several cases.

As Eb traced the structure, it covered at least three sections, a total of nineteen hundred and twenty acres. Three square miles. It was a rough guess, based on surface contours, but he felt that it was accurate. The town of Othello lay along the eastern slope, and might even be on structure, but they left town lots out of their considerations. They had the Pitt, Elkins, and Roberts farms, forming a solid block connecting with J. G. Watson's country place to the west. Herb Clark's forty acres were an island in the block, and to the south of it the Frick place abutted the Pitt farm. They had leases on five scattered smaller holdings.

"We'll be drilling lots of offsets," Eb said. "We'll have to offset every well on the Clark farm. But, J. G., we can't complain. We control eight hundred and forty acres, better than a third of the whole works."

J. G. asked, "Eb, what is an offset?"

"Well, if you got a lease and the next fellow drills a well on your line, you've got to put down a well opposite to protect yourself and the fellow who owns the royalty interest. If you don't, that well will drain the oil out from under your land."

Eb finished his coffee and grinned. "J. G., you got a lot to learn. You're in the oil business now."

EB was awakened the next morning by the tread of feet in the corridor of the Palace Hotel, the sound of voices. When he went downstairs the clerk called him over. "Mr. Peters, is it all right if we put another bed in your room?"

"No, it ain't," Eb said.

The clerk shook his head. "I don't know what we're going to do. I never saw it like this. You know, they came in standing in the aisles on the morning train."

Eb went out to the boardwalk, grinning. He was very pleased as he turned into the Athens Café.

Stasie ran up and threw her arms around his neck. "Eb, is *so* wonderful! We all feel so good."

Eb disengaged himself. "I can see you're doing big business already."

She looked at the crowded counter. "I feed you in the kitchen. Come on in."

In the kitchen she looked at him, her brows knit. "Eb, we wonder is there oil on our little farm."

"I didn't know you had a farm. Where is it?"

"Only forty acres. Just east of Bob Frick's place. Not even a house. But some day—"

"East of Bob Frick's!" Eb broke in. "Stasie, call Pops."

The three stood around the kitchen table and Eb said, "Pops, I'll give you a ten-dollar bonus for a lease on your farm."

"Bonus?" Pops said. "What you call that?"

"You sign a lease and I'll give you ten dollars an acre just for signing your name. Four hundred dollars. All right with you, Stasie?"

"Oh, you bet."

"I'll get the money soon as the bank opens." A movement of color outside caught his eye. Across the street he saw Missy in a yellow dress, the suffrage color, turning into the suffrage booth. He dropped Stasie's hand, and as he started for the door she called, "Eb, you ain't et." He shook his head and hurried on.

Missy was at her desk, in front of a large banner that said, "Votes for Women." She jumped to her feet when Eb entered. "Well, I've certainly been left out of it. Pop was still asleep when I left home and he hasn't told me *anything*."

"We struck oil. Reckon you know that."

"Yes, I just saw Albert on his way to the bank. He told me he had some leases."

"I guess he made himself about a hundred thousand."

"A *hundred thousand?*" Missy laughed joyously.

Eb said, "I thought maybe you'd like to see that well."

"Of course I would."

Eb went to the livery stable for the sorrel.

He drove back to the suffrage booth. The boardwalk was crowded, and farmers had come to town as on market day. Missy said, as she got in the buggy, "There hasn't been anything like this since the Run."

The bright morning sun gave clear detail as they reached the crest of the rise of land. Ahead there were many buggies on the road. They found a crowd at the rig.

Eddie Pitt was there with his father, in charge, and Eb saw that he had kept the crowd back.

Eb helped Missy down and they made their way through the crowd to the rig.

MISSY looked down at the iridescent colors on the slush pit. "Eb, is that all there is?"

"Honey, the well is shut down. Put your hand on the control head. You can feel the vibration. Want me to turn her on?"

"Isn't that a waste?"

"Just a barrel or so." Eb stepped to the edge of the floor. "Stand back, everybody. I'm going to turn on the faucet and let her run. And don't light your pipes or cigarettes. There'll be gas."

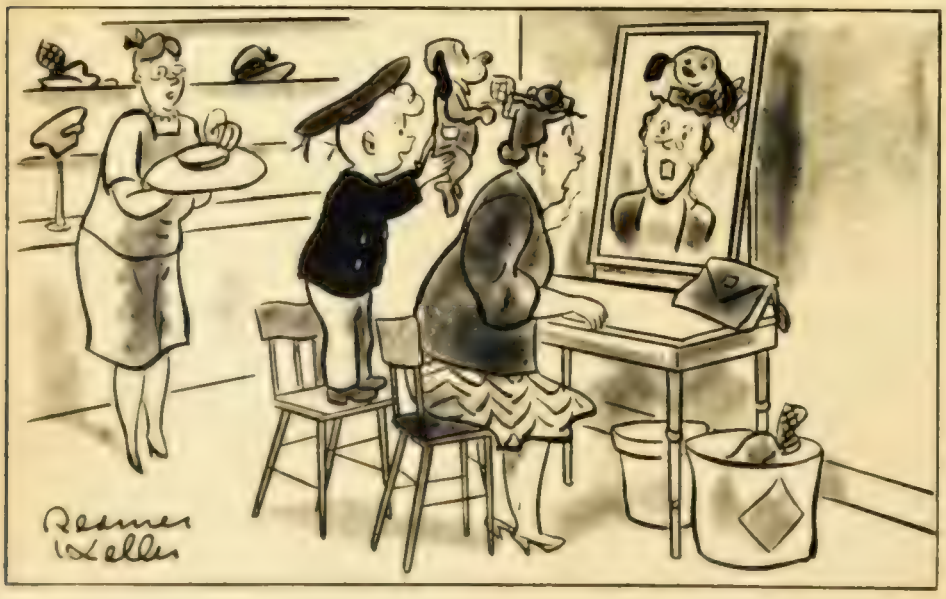
He knelt by the control head. "All right, Missy. Watch the end of that pipe." He turned the valve and the crude rushed out green in the sunlight.

"Whew!" Missy said. "It smells! And you're wasting money, Eb. Turn it off."

Eb laughed and shut off the flow.

"Remember what I told you, Missy,"

HARDTACK



he said softly. "I told you when we struck oil I'd have something to say and I was going to say it."

Missy turned slowly. The color had left her face and her eyes were opened wide, with sunlight flecking gold in the corners. His fingers closed on her elbow. "Honey, I don't want all the money in the world. I wanted to strike oil for just one reason. Since that night I found you waiting in my buggy, Missy, you were for me. Honey, I'm in love with you and I'm asking you to marry me."

Missy waited a long time before she said, "Eb, I'm sorry. I didn't want you to say it."

"Honey, I had to say it."

She shook her head. "Eb, for one thing, I'm not ready to get married yet. I'll admit that I'm attracted to you. But we can't be married."

"Well, why not? Missy, look here—"

"Lots of reasons why not," she said, interrupting. "For one thing, I wouldn't want a husband I'd always be afraid would be putting something over on me. Everybody in town calls you professor, Eb. They haven't forgotten. Eb, I couldn't be Mrs. Professor Pyro!"

Eb stood scowling at the oil covering the slush pit. There was an angry lump inside him, partly pride and partly a deep hurt. He said savagely, "Missy, you going to always be a small-town girl? You're scared of what people will think. You're scared of what they'll say."

"It makes a difference, Eb."

"It makes a difference in Othello, but this ain't the only town in Oklahoma."

"It's my home." She held up one hand. "For heaven's sake, let's don't *argue*, Eb. Take me home now, please."

"You go ahead in my rig," Eb said.

"Now, don't be that way." Her eyes were pleading.

"It's the way I am, Missy. I ain't going to be anything else but what I am." Then his anger welled up. He caught her wrist and pulled her sharply toward him. His arm went around her waist and he kissed her, hard. She squirmed, turned her head, and the flush of anger in her cheeks matched his.

"Eb! Up here on the rig!" She pushed against his chest and abruptly he released her and stepped back.

"Up here on the rig, where everybody saw it," Eb said bitterly. "Yes, sir. What are they going to say?"

There were angry tears in Missy's eyes. She looked at him furiously, turned, and walked to the buggy.

IT happened overnight. The trains rolled in with men crowding the aisles and there were tents on Main Street, queues at the restaurant and the barbershop. Men were trading leases as boys swapped marbles.

So great was the change in the town, the people, their hopes and motives, that Missy was not greatly surprised when Albert told her he had quit the bank.

"But, Albert, you've worked so hard," Missy said in dutiful protest. "And you're cashier."

He smiled. "Mistletoe, I have other plans. Did I tell you I sold my leases? To the Old Territory Oil Company. They paid me quite a sum. And you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to open a bank."

"Well," Missy said, "that's something!"

"Quick as I can get incorporated, I'll open up. It will be the Citizens' Bank of Othello, and I'll tell you this. It will be run on sound banking principles. And to start me off I think I'll be able

Protection by

GIBSON

FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR

Vitamins by NATURE

We are now engaged one hundred percent in the production of giant gliders, bombs, flares and other tools of war to hasten the day of Victory; and therefore are making no peacetime products. But we are planning for peace, as indicated in this advertisement, so that a high level of productive employment may be maintained after the war. This is a serious objective of our Government to which we subscribe.

Charles J. Gibson
President

To protect and preserve the essential, health-building vitamins which Nature stores in foods—GIBSON has engineered the new Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator. It will be one of the greatest treasures in your Wonder Home of Tomorrow!

In addition to being colder, more convenient, roomier, its layers of cold—STRATA ZONES—each scientifically humidified, will supply the *kinds* of cold so important for vitamin protection in foods.

Every day you'll thank your new Gibson for its contribution to the good health of you and yours. And you'll delight in its spacious, unobstructed, wall-to-wall shelves; its greater capacity and faster freezing; its streamlined beauty and economical utility!

And when you also see the new Gibson Kookall automatic electric range, you'll say "Now my dreams of kitchen convenience have come true!" Your Gibson dealer will show and demonstrate these marvels of Tomorrow when the war is won. Meanwhile, accept our assurance that you'll find them well worth waiting for!

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
Greenville, Michigan

to get some county deposits. But even if I don't, I'm pretty sure that the Old Territory Oil Company will bank with me."

"It's wonderful, Albert," Missy said, but she was vaguely uneasy.

They were standing near the window, and Albert, looking out, waved his hand. "See that place they're building down the street? That's going to be a gambling hall, and that woman, Rosie Hogan, is going to run it."

Missy's eyes opened wide. "You mean *her?*"

"Yes, she's in town now, over at the Palace."

Missy asked, "Is she big and fat?"

"I haven't seen her. But it shows what's happening. This is getting to be a rough town, Mistletoe. It's no place for a young girl. You ought to go to Tulsa or visit somebody until the worst is over."

"I'm not going to miss a day of it," Missy said.

He sighed. "Mistletoe, if you only didn't have that contrary, independent streak in you. My grandfather used to say that the greatest treasure in the world was a placid woman. I wonder what he'd say today, with women smoking and trying to get the vote."

Missy turned impatiently away and busied herself at her desk. She thought that nothing in the world would take her away from Othello. She'd stay and see what happened, and she'd stay and see what Rosie Hogan was like.

THAT night she asked her father leading questions about Eb.

"He's working like a dog," J. G. said. "You know, he said he knew the oil business, and he does. It's remarkable the way he gets things moving. Say, why don't you ask him out to dinner, Missy?"

"I'm afraid he's too busy to bother. He has an old friend in town."

"Has he? Who's that?"

"Don't you remember Rosie Hogan?"

"Oh, her. Yes, I met Rosie. As a matter of fact, she's my partner. Owns a one-quarter interest in the Pitt lease. Seems capable, and she's been a second mother to Eb. He thinks the world of her."

"Indeed," Missy said, and walked to the window, looking out at the lights of Othello. She sighed and said, "Pop, so much is going on. I feel left out of it. Isn't there something I can do to help you?"

J. G. chuckled. "You can just spend the money, Missy, and that will keep you busy. There's no place for you in the oil business. It's for men only, honey."

"Yes, like the vote," Missy said acidly. She was making plans, but the motive was instinctive and remote. She wanted to be doing something. She wanted to show that she was as self-reliant and clever as the next woman.

ONE day, when she went to the booth to relieve Fanny Carter, she found another woman there with Fanny, a big woman wearing rubber boots beneath a green satin dress.

Fanny said to Missy, "We have a new recruit. This is Miss Rosie Hogan. Do you want to give her a button?" She had her hat in her hand, and her eyes flicked to Missy as she put it on. "Miss Hogan is a friend of your professor," she said.

Missy began rummaging in the drawer. When she straightened, with a button in her hand, Rosie smiled and said, "Eb Peters told me about you. Ain't you the little gal he's always talking about?"

"Here's your button, Miss Hogan," Missy said.

Fanny lingered by the door, listening, and Rosie Hogan turned her head and looked at her. Fanny fled. Rosie dropped the button into her handbag and said to Missy, "I don't care about the vote. I came in to take a look at Eb's girl. I've known that young rascal since the first of the Glen Pool."

"We're preparing a petition to send to Congress for a universal suffrage amendment, Miss Hogan," Missy said, and took a sheaf of foolscap from a drawer. "Women are signing it all over the country, and men, too."

"Oh, sure, I'll sign it."

Missy watched the stubby fingers crooked on the pen. At any rate, she thought, Eb hadn't lied about her.

Rosie finished her signature, and Missy said lightly, "I hear you're opening a business in Othello."

"I'm calling it the Riviera." Rosie grinned. "When Eb wrote me he'd struck it, I just had to come down and watch him strut. Honey, you play roulette?"

Missy stiffened. "No, indeed, I don't."

She hesitated. "I mean I've never even had a chance to try it."

Rosie's smile widened. "Honey, you're just what Eb said you were."

"Small town, I suppose," Missy said, and bit her lip.

Rosie's eyebrows went up. "Beautiful was what he said, honey. And sweet." She put her hand on the girl's arm. "If a man like that talked about me that way, I'd give him some time. Thanks for the button, dear."

Missy remained by the desk, breathing deeply, after Rosie had gone. Eb had told the truth. She *was* big and fat, and she did have a generous and friendly manner.

"Missy," J. G. stood in the doorway, "shut up shop and drive up the hill with me. The Old Territory well has come in on the Frick place."

"You bet."

They drove quickly up the rise of land. Close to the road the derrick of the O. T. well was soaked with oil and crude flowed in the ditch, but the well was under control. Missy recognized Eb in a knot of men near the rig.

He came forward to meet them, saying, "She gauged fifteen hundred barrels, J. G." He smiled. "Hello, Missy. Your father tell you we're fixing to spud in a well on your farm?"

Missy made a face. "I hate to think of oil derricks spoiling it. But we can get another farm."

"Anyhow, you'll have some money to spend pretty soon. The loading rack is finished down at the depot and the tank cars are rolling in, so now we'll begin to collect." He grinned. "It's a funny thing to strike oil and not have any ready money."

She raised her eyebrows. "But surely you're not as penniless as you were that day at the ball park, when you were burning ticket stubs?"

He gave her a steady look. "As a matter of fact, I got a lease on the Anapopolis forty and sold it for six thousand dollars to a lease man for the Old Territory Oil Company. That's him leaning up against the belt house. I split the difference with Pops and Stasie, but it was enough to fix me up."

Missy flicked the buggy whip along the near-by fence, said casually, "I saw a friend of yours this afternoon. Rosie Hogan."

Eb's face brightened. "What did I tell you? Don't you think she's pretty fine?"

Missy hesitated. His eyes shone and his smile was warm. She said, "I suppose you'll spend lots of time in the Riviera. That's what she's calling the place."

"Missy," he said, "sometime you're going to small-town me to death. Yes, sir, that's the only way you'll ever get rid of me."

She was furious, but he went on talking. "You always want to stick on a label, the way you do with me. You want to put a label on Rosie too, and if you knew her you'd find she's about the finest woman in the world."

J. G. interrupted, hurrying back from the well. "Eb, look yonder. What goes on over there?"

EB turned. A four-horse team had drawn a load of lumber to a spot near the road, a hundred and fifty feet from the Old Territory well, and men were unloading the planks. Eb looked at J. G. "They're fixing to spud in another well."

He picked his way through the oil-soaked grass to the rig, where Dick Howard stood on the walkway. Eb said shortly, "What's the big idea?"

"What he does with his share of the money is his business."

Dick's puffy eyes were bright. "How's that, Eb?"

"What goes on?" Eb pointed to the lumber.

"Well, Eb," the lease man drawled, "the idea is to drill a hole and get up some oil."

"You want to crowd us, is that it?"

"I wouldn't say so, Eb. You know we're laying a pipe line, and it ought to be here in three or four weeks. Our campaign calls for sinking ten wells right away."

"All on our line, you mean?" Eb said.

"All you have to do is drill on your side or sell us your south leases. We'll make you a good price. Five hundred dollars an acre."

"No, thanks." Eb turned away.

J. G., waiting at the buggy with Missy, saw Eb's face and frowned. "What's the trouble?"

"We've got a line fight on our hands, J. G."

"Line fight," said Missy. "What's that, please?"

The line of Eb's mouth was hard. "Missy, that O. T. well is right on the line separating our lease on the Pitt farm from theirs on the Frick place. We have to drill an offset to protect Tom Pitt's interests and our own. And they've staked another well there on the line. We'll have to offset that one. They're planning to sink ten wells and we'll have to offset every one of them. There's just so much oil down there, Missy. If we don't drill our offsets in a hurry, the O. T. wells will take the flush production and leave us just what we can pump. They'll drain the oil from under our feet and leave our south leases practically worthless. So we have to drill offsets, and it will cost us a lot of money."

"They rejected me again, mother."

J. G. said, "Eb, we're ready to hook onto that loading rack. We'll sell five or six hundred dollars' worth of oil a day and more as our wells come in. We can swing it."

"We got to have capital or plenty of credit," Eb said. "They're going to force us to invest a big lump without getting a return on it for a while. That loading rack won't carry the capacity of ten wells, J. G., with other producers coming in and hooking on too."

"There's the pipe line."

"Yes, when it gets here. It's plain enough they want to bust us, J. G. They want us to sell out, and all they're offering is five hundred an acre."

J. G. pursed his lips. "Couldn't we sell off some of our other leases?" At once he shook his head. "No, sir, we won't knuckle in to them, Eb."

Eb said, "I got three thousand from that Anapopolis forty. What can you lay hands on, J. G.?"

J. G. spread his hands. "Eb, my money is in the wells we already drilled. You know that."

"Yes," Eb said. "Well, we've got a little time. We don't have to spud in until they start running oil, but once they do and we haven't reached the sand, they'll establish a pressure gradient to their wells. One thing is, they can't run much oil either until the pipe line gets in." He was silent for a moment, staring at the black rig. When he spoke again his voice was low and angry. "I've been wondering. Albert Neville sold out his leases to the O. T. He's about to open a bank out of it. He worked for you and he knew just what your assets were. I've been wondering if he tipped them off to bring a little pressure."

"Now, Eb," J. G. said, "I guess you don't know Albert."

Missy's face was an angry pink. "That's a perfectly vicious thing to say, Eb. Albert has always been loyal to pop. You simply don't know how to judge people like him. He's not an oil-field character."

"He's a banker, though," Eb said. "Excuse it, J. G."

Missy looked past him at her father. "Pop, I'm going back to town. Are you coming?"

"I'll drive in with Eb," J. G. replied.

Albert Neville and Missy provide the excitement in next week's installment of this thrilling story of an oil boom.

You feel right on the button, man—
Get quick shaves that look spick-and-span
When low-priced Thin Gillette's your blade—
For comfort, too, it's sure top-grade!

Outlast Ordinary Blades Two to One

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

ISLAND COMMAND
Continued from Page 27

were called from other jobs, given rakes and shovels, and told to clear roadways marked out for them by white flags. Within another hour the problem had been licked.

The three broad superbly built runways of the Roi airfield had been ruined in the very earliest hours of our assault. When I first came ashore the strips looked even more hopeless of recovery because of the wrecked enemy planes strewn over them—Zeros and Mitsubishis caught ignobly on the ground by the sudden violence of the opening air strike from our carriers. They were crumpled into shell holes everywhere, or sprawled gloomily where they had burned, or tossed like cardboard models of planes against revetment walls. But they were gone now. As we strolled down the northeast runway, with the bulldozers charging back and forth and casting up blinding gusts of coral dust, we saw men with derrick trucks lift out the last of the Jap planes and take it away to be piled among its fellows in the charred skeleton of a Jap hangar. And experts of still another unit of the Island Command were going over the debris with knowing hands and eyes.

THEIR job was to find out whether the Japs had anything new in the way of flying equipment—anything we had not already compared with our own. They gathered orderly heaps of instruments and propeller-hub assemblies, radio elements, and engine parts. They made careful measurements and drawings of undamaged wing sections and gathered samples of metals for analysis. By the next afternoon they were preparing their report: that, while the Japs had made some recent improvements, there was nothing spectacular, and that the enemy were still well behind us in design and workmanship.

Meanwhile the Seabees had scraped the runways clean of surface obstructions. Little knots of engineers were examining them to determine what materials the Japs had used in the construction, and deciding how best to patch the countless shell craters.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Never practice what you preach. If you're going to practice it, why preach it?

—Lincoln Steffens

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

We found another jeep and went to visit the Marines for supper—not the Fourth Marines, who had captured the islands and were still on Namur in their own bivouac awaiting orders to turn over completely to the Island Command and re-embark on their transports in the lagoon, but the Marine Defense Battalion attached to the Island Command itself. They were already snugly established in their own little tent city. Machine guns poked their noses at the sky everywhere, and many of the men were still hard at work building protective embankments around them, using sandbags, trunks of palms, blocks of concrete from the buildings, anything that came to hand.

In front of the colonel's tent a brisk fire was burning in a little shell hole, and the colonel heartily invited us to come up and pitch our cans of D rations into the heat. Spare mess kits were dug out for us, and hot coffee poured. In about ten minutes a Marine who had found a pair of heavy gloves dug the hot, scorched cans out of the fire and we sat back to eat and look out over the extraordinary scene.

The Seabees had put up poles and strung wires, and now, in the gathering darkness, upon that little pair of islands in the midst of the immense ocean arc lights flashed on by the hundreds. The brilliant glow struck down through clouds of dust, illuminating bulldozers and tractors and huge trucks and toiling men. The sounds of bustling gasoline engines filled the air. Far out in the lagoon the blinker lights of anchored warships winked as they talked to each other. There was an occasional burst of rifle fire as the roving patrols spotted a live Jap flitting among the ruins.

The officers discussed plans. Not plans for tomorrow—plans for all night. Detailed maps of the islands rustled and were held in the lamplight.

"I'm figuring on using this big shell crater in Area 221 for one of my ammunition dumps. How does that jibe in?"

"Not so hot. Oh, hell, no. Not there! We've already laid a big pile of gasoline drums in there and can't have explosives near them. How about Area 226 over here?"

"Let's go look at it. Wilson, Larkin, Altick—come along. I've got to have a shell crater, you know. Saves a lot of digging. . . ."

There was a shell crater. The colonel gave orders, and soon the ammunition trucks were rolling up. A squad of men yelled and made ribald jokes as they handled the deadly stuff, stacking it with delicate precision against the day when it might be needed—if the Japs decided to counterattack.

On our way back to the compound, we dropped by to say hello at other encampments of the Island Command. The brilliance of the arc lights, the headlamps of motor vehicles, the noise and vibration of hard work made us think of some gargantuan construction job back home, like the building of a dam or the biggest bridge in the world. Once we paused to talk about this a little, and a strong voice called out to us:

"Don't stand still in that glare of light. Keep moving. The bastards are shooting from somewhere every now and then."

We called in at the headquarters tent of the Air Service Unit, a vital component of the Island Command, which could not really begin its work until the Seabees had got the airstrips repaired. For its job would be to service and repair and to feed with ammunition all the friendly airplanes which soon would be landing on the island.

We visited radio communications, and then paused for a little while with the people who tomorrow would take over management and control of the harbor itself. They had their own port director, their crew of pilots and navigators, their own equipment of marker buoys and channel booms. Their little fleet of harbor boats had been among the first things unloaded from the ships. Then we dropped by to see Intelligence, the Civil Affairs outfit, the police, and the chaplains.

TOWARD midnight I began to think of getting a little sleep. We never did get much of it.

Chapline's tent, which he had invited me to share, was pitched at the junction of the two main runways, and so directly at the center of the airport. A new shift of men had turned out to take over the working parties—men who had been told off to relax a little during the afternoon in preparation for the night's labors—and now they jumped to their jobs. They were full of energy, and the motors of the bulldozers and cherry-pickers growled more fiercely than ever. It was hot. We could not lower the flaps of our tent. And so the noise and the light and the dust came in to bathe us as we lay on our new canvas cots.

Presently we were up and sitting on a couple of unexploded 16-inch shells from the battleships—duds. Hot coffee was brought to us, and for the next three or four hours we looked on at American engineering genius on the job. Within the next hundred hours of incessant labor that genius accomplished a miracle.

The second and concluding installment of Mr. Markey's account will be published in Liberty next week.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

CATTLE-LAC: Limousine for Elsie the cow.

SUL-VANILLA-MIDE: With flavoring yet!

INSTITOOTHION: Dental hospital.

ARGONAUGHT: No Golden Fleece.

BARGUMENT: Discussion with one foot on the brass rail.

AYELAND: A body of land in the South Seas where the girls say yes.

SWASTICKER: A Nazi watch.

AMMERRYCA: This country when the war is won.

SPARSE: Thinly scattered Coast Guard girls.

REFROSHMENT: A "coke" for a first-year man.

ARE WE RUNNING OUT OF OIL?

Continued from Page 15

area of about 1.5 million square miles within which it is reasonable to believe oil fields may still be discovered. This incompletely explored territory constitutes our greatest national petroleum resource.

The soundness of this conclusion, which caused a protest when it was announced, is shown by the fact that subsequent exploration has already discovered about 33 billion barrels of new oil, or more than double the total discoveries (13 billion barrels) made up to the time the report was issued.

The experience of the oil industry throughout eighty-five years of oil-finding in the United States makes it reasonable to believe there remains undiscovered at least as much oil as we have already discovered in the past.

True, we have found fewer fields since 1938 than we did in a similar period in the 1920s. This decline in the rate of finding new oil fields has been interpreted as an evidence we are running out of oil. But one reason we are finding fewer new oil fields is that we have not been looking for them so intensely.

In the last analysis, we find oil only by drilling test wells down into the oil-bearing rocks. The best gauge we have of the intensity of our search for oil is the number of wells we drill in that search. The more energetic our search for oil, the more wells we drill that fail to find oil. These failures we call dry holes. A dry hole is a well drilled in search for oil which fails to find either oil or gas.

RECORDS have been kept since the earliest days of the industry of the total number of wells drilled: the number of oil wells, of gas wells, and of dry holes. Thus we are able to compare the intensity of our search, year by year, over the life of the industry.

In 1943 we drilled all over the United States only 6,200 dry holes against a five-year average over the last half of the 1920s of 7,200 dry holes per year. In Texas, which is first-class hunting ground for new oil fields today, we drilled only 1,761 dry holes in 1943, against a five-year average of 2,800 dry holes per year for the period 1925 to 1929, inclusively. We are not putting as much effort into oil finding today as we did twenty years ago.

The oil-finding effort must be stimulated and assisted in every way possible because we need to drill many more exploratory wells than we did twenty years ago if we are to maintain our oil reserves at the desired level. For fifteen years before the present war broke out, the American oil industry was continuously submerged in a flood of oversupply. Oil wells in the principal fields all over the country were "pinched in," their flow restricted to a tiny fraction of their capacity to produce. Year after year crude-oil prices hung at about one third their 1920 levels. The available market outlet was painstakingly prorated by state and federal authorities among the distressed oil producers.

The industry which had found it necessary to import nearly 400,000 barrels daily to meet our demand in 1922 built up its proved reserves and its capacity to produce until in the late 1930s it was driven to export its excess

"It seems I put in a requisition for an electric mixer!"

oil at the rate of a half million barrels daily.

The chronic condition of oversupply and low crude-oil prices which prevailed during the depression sapped the vigor of oil-finding enterprise. With the advent of the war, of course, manpower and material shortages made impossible the intensive campaign of exploration which is essential if we are to find more oil.

The job of finding oil in the United States is far from finished. While it is true that the task becomes more difficult each year, it is also true that our search becomes more efficient. But I do not contend that we shall always continue to find new oil fields in this country, nor that we shall always be self-sufficient in domestic supply. On the contrary, for many reasons, we may anticipate a gradually increasing need for imports in years to come. Let us consider, then, petroleum in the world at large.

Rich petroleum resources are found usually in the rocks formed from marine sediments deposited near shore, where great loads of sediment have been poured into the sea by streams from the adjacent lands. We have learned from experience that the best hunting grounds are the remarkable depressions in the earth's crust formerly occupied by land-locked seas separating the continents.

THERE are four great regions characterized by these depressed segments between continents. Best known is the Near and Middle East, the Mediterranean region of the Old World. Lying at the juncture of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa, much of its land surface is today below sea level. It is occupied in part by such land-locked waters as the Persian Gulf, the Black, Red, Caspian, and Mediterranean seas. It has long been a region of "seas in the midst of the land," and it is the site of the greatest petroleum resources so far discovered in the earth's crust. Most of the developed oil fields of Russia are situated in this region; but Great Britain, France, and the United States have large reserves there also.

Next most important today among the petroleum-bearing regions of the

Advertisement

"My gosh, Maw, can't you wait until I've finished my Wheaties?"

Next! Step right up to a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties. Big whole wheat flakes. Roasted and toasted. And flavored just right with sweet malt syrup — that's Wheaties. And that famous "Breakfast of Champions" is your kind of dish.

HERBSAINT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"THE DISTINCTIVE DRINK FOR DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE"

From New Orleans, comes Herbsaint, the famous drink of the connoisseur! Made from a secret, age-old formula, Herbsaint is delightful as a Frappé and so easy to prepare. But those who know, sip their Frappé leisurely for its delectable smoothness masks its high potentiality.

100 PROOF

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HERBSAINT FRAPPE

FILL A LARGE GLASS WITH CRACKED ICE ADD 1 TEASPOON OF SIMPLE SYRUP 2 OUNCES OF HERBSAINT. 2 OUNCES OF WATER OR SELTZER COVER GLASS WITH SHAKER SHAKE VIGOROUSLY UNTIL FROSTED STRAIN INTO GLASS AND ENJOY

A Specialty
LIQUEUR
Made by
Legendre & Co.
IMPORTERS AND RECTIFIERS
New Orleans
12 LA.

earth is the intercontinental basin lying between the continents of North and South America, occupied by the land-locked Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. The oil fields of Trinidad, Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico, and our own Gulf Coast region fall within this province.

In the Far East, land-locked seas occupy the shallow basin lying between the continents of Asia and Australia. These are studded with large islands—Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and New Guinea—which comprise another of the great petroleum provinces of the earth. Prolific oil fields developed many years ago by British and Dutch capital, and others developed later by Americans in this region, are now held by Japan. In the main, however, the petroleum resources of the Far East remain yet to be explored.

There is a fourth great intercontinental depression which the Russians have begun to exploit, but which has so far received little attention from other nations. This basin surrounds the North Pole, is occupied by the Arctic Sea, and lies between the continents of North America, Europe, and Asia. We usually think of the waters covering the North Pole as an ocean, but in reality they constitute a relatively shallow land-locked sea into which sediments have been transported by the streams draining three great continents throughout much of geologic time.

ALASKA is our great stake in the petroleum resources of the Arctic. Remarkably enough, these Alaskan petroleum resources have never been developed. Alaska, which we think of as cold and remote, is in reality near at hand, and enjoys an equable climate in comparison with that of the Middle East, to which our government now feels obliged to turn in search of petroleum.

Natural oil seepages near Point Barrow, as described in official government publications many years ago, are as impressive as the famous seepages that led to the first oil exploration in Mexico and Venezuela in the early years of this century. Alaska has been American territory over practically the entire life span of the American petroleum industry. In our search for petroleum during that time we have drilled in the United States one well for each three square miles, but in Alaska we have drilled only one well for each 10,000 square miles. Yet there are some 200,000 square miles of promising territory in Alaska, marked at various places by copious oil seepages.

There has never been the same freedom for private enterprise to drill for oil in Alaska that we have enjoyed in the U. S. proper. The petroleum resources of Alaska are almost entirely in the hands of the federal government. For the most part they are administered by the Secretary of the Interior, but some 35,000 square miles of the most promising region surrounding the seepages near Point Barrow were set aside years ago as a petroleum reserve for the U. S. Navy.

No wells have ever been drilled on this reserve. It was totally undeveloped when the Japanese attacked Alaska. Consequently the U. S. Army was compelled to take over an adjacent oil field, discovered twenty years ago by private enterprise on the lower Mackenzie River, in Canada, as a source of gasoline supply for its operations in the Alaska sector.

THE situation with respect to petroleum resources of Alaska prevails over much of the earth's surface. The immediate problem is not dearth of petroleum but the exploration and development of resources already identified and the equitable distribution of the products to potential consumers everywhere.

So far we have discussed only petroleum-crude oil. When finally petroleum becomes expensive or scarce, we shall turn to our enormous supplies of natural gas, oil shale, and coal, and convert these substitute raw materials into liquid fuels. From these sources we can obtain supplies of oil hundreds of times greater than those from petroleum.

Within our country we have erected, on a foundation of cheap energy derived from petroleum, the highest average standard of living enjoyed by any nation. We consume per capita more than thirty times as much petroleum as the rest of the world. The mechanical work done for us by petroleum equals the manpower of four billion able-bodied human slaves laboring eight hours a day, six days a week, year in and year out. No other nation has developed its petroleum resources with such great advantage to its industrial and social economy. In this

"The man is undoubtedly a good trainer, but that's not the kind of training we had in mind!"

achievement America is a generation ahead of other peoples; abundant petroleum distinguishes our social order from that of any other nation.

This is not primarily because our nation has been blessed by nature with unusually rich oil resources. That formerly accepted idea is not true. Petroleum resources greater than any in our country are now being developed in the Middle East. By comparison, our own resources appear rather meager. Yet there in the Middle East, at the very back door of a Europe starved for cheap petroleum products, those bountiful resources have lain almost totally neglected for more than fifty years from the time our own industry began to supply the world with oil.

What we in America are blessed with is a heritage of political and social concepts that have enabled us to explore for petroleum more effectively in our own country than any other people on earth. The prime reason for success in oil finding in the U. S. has been freedom to drill wells everywhere. Only slightly less important has been the freedom to develop and produce the oil, once it is found. The failure of many nations to develop petroleum reserves within their own boundaries is to be attributed to state regulations and social barriers rather than to paucity of natural resources.

It is my conviction that for peacetime use after this war we face no critical petroleum shortage. On the contrary, I believe we can safely anticipate a growing supply for an increasingly large proportion of the world's inhabitants. If the world can learn to live at peace, everybody in it can enjoy the same blessings of cheap liquid fuel that we first obtained for ourselves after the close of the last World War.

The world needs desperately to explore fully and develop its petroleum resources. If political and social conditions over the earth could be modified to permit the job of oil-finding to be undertaken everywhere in the same way we have done it in the United States, there would be little difficulty in establishing petroleum reserves adequate for man's needs over the long future.

THE END

SCIENCE ATTACKS AN OLD DISEASE: LONELINESS

Continued from Page 30

school with which Dr. Moreno has worked. She was first placed in a cottage some of whose residents were Indian and others white girls, with considerable hostility between the two groups. Dorothy arrived after the lines of battle had been drawn. The white girls rejected her because she was Indian. The Indian girls were already ranged into several close-knit groups, and none of these had room for a new friend. Dorothy was an unhappy isolate.

The conventional psychiatric approach would be to try to find out what was wrong with Dorothy. One of the Sociometric Institute workers, however, quickly discovered that *nothing* was wrong with her. She had simply been thrown among people who had no need for her in their lives. She was moved to another cottage, where there was only one other Indian girl—a girl who was something of a pet to the others. A close friendship developed between the two little Indians, and the white girls enthusiastically took Dorothy to their hearts. An "isolate" was cured—simply by giving her a social chance.

Dorothy's case is an extreme one. Most lonely men and women are rejected for something less tangible than an Indian appearance. But the cure may be the same. You, if you are lonely, may need to change your group, and nothing more, to find a host of friends.

An isolate is sometimes cured by an accidental change. He moves from one community to another, and finds, to his surprise, that he is now popular.

Were you the kind of boy who was president of his class and was voted "Most Likely to Succeed"? Has this bright promise dwindled through the years, so that many of your classmates have shot ahead of you? Perhaps if you could analyze the elements in the college community which made you a success, you could find a similar group now which would give you equal scope.

Sociometrists look at an isolate's past and present careers. Was he a leader at some past time? Well, no community can absorb more than a certain percentage of leaders. Perhaps he has now happened into a group which can't find room for even one more. Since his temperament prevents his becoming a weak follower, he stirs up nothing but resentment among those with whom he's thrown. Move him among people who *need* a leader and he may make a happy place for himself.

Or perhaps the isolate has been rejected for breaking some quite trivial rule of the group. Groups develop a defense mechanism; they resist any change. A crowd of people who have lived or worked together develop little customs to which a newcomer is expected to conform.

THEN again, if the newcomer replaces a popular member who has left, he is expected to be the same kind of person. Suppose a new stenographer comes to replace a girl who was the office cut-up, with a new stock of jokes every week. The new girl knows nothing of this; strangeness makes her rather shy and diffident. But a gap has been left in the group which the other members unreasonably expect her to fill. When she fails to make them laugh, they resent her, and she may find herself an "isolate" at her work.

Usually such a girl has friends on the outside who make up to some extent for her loneliness at her work. But suppose she has just moved to a crowded city for a war job. Suppose she has had the bad luck to choose a roominghouse where she is again disliked, through no fault of her own. Such a girl may rapidly find herself one of the twenty million "total isolates"—although she is attractive, friendly, and was always popular in other towns.

However, if you're a person who has moved through many groups—school and college and half a dozen offices—and always remained friendless, it is probable that you are partly responsible yourself.

To discover why you are *always* friendless, the first step is an honest investigation of your feelings toward the other members of the group and theirs toward you.

Take, first, your office group—the men and women you see every day. You have your preferences among

ZEMACOL Doesn't Show

Why add unsightliness to discomfort? Soothing ZEMACOL doesn't show on the skin, mess your clothing or interfere with your daily work.

- Like an invisible bandage—it protects but doesn't show.
- **ANTISEPTIC** — fights the development of infection.
- **GERMICIDAL** — kills germs and bacteria on contact.
- **FUNGICIDAL** — kills fungi on contact, including those found in so many cases of Athlete's Foot.
- Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Zemacol

Relieves Itching and Burning

* T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine* and Pepto-Bismol*

For Men Who Really Know Pipes

Royalton FILTERWELL

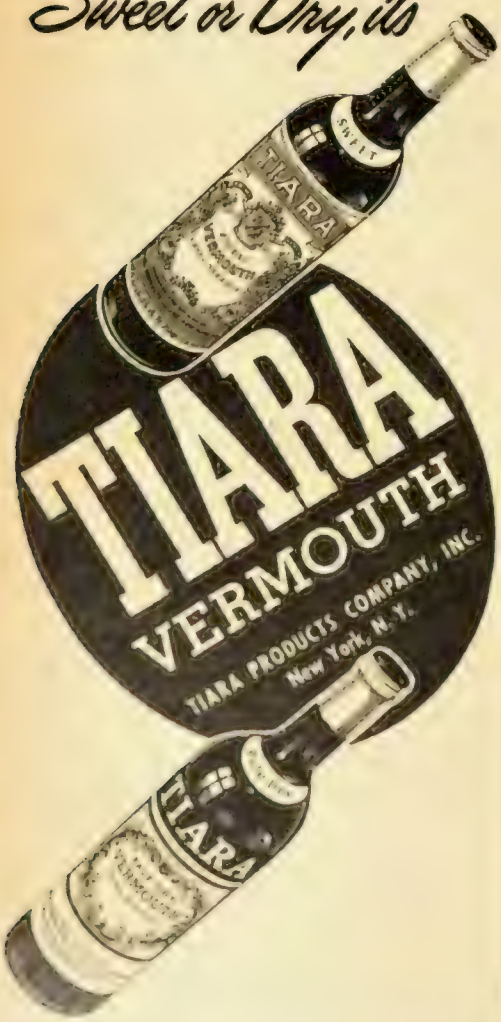
CONDENSING WELL traps and retains moisture . . .
FILTER sucks in tars and bitter juices . . .
"SURELOK" coupling won't loosen; holds filter in stem when bit is removed . . .

$1
Selected Lightweight Briar

FilterWell is the most satisfying pipe $1 ever bought. Safeguards smoking two ways . . . with easy-to-replace filter that absorbs "Nico-Tars" (tobacco sediment) . . . and an in-built well that prevents "back-firing" of moisture into the mouth. Result: sweeter, cooler smoking in a clean, dry pipe.

HENRY LEONARD & THOMAS, Ozone Park, N. Y.

Sweet or Dry, it's



SOCIOMETRIC RULES FOR GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE

1. Don't blame yourself entirely if you have trouble in human relationships. Is the group itself quarrelsome, unfriendly, full of disputes? If so, you probably can't reform it singlehanded. Get another crowd.
2. Are you sure your group is one fitted to your particular type? Is there antagonism against others of your sex or temperament? Then maybe it's saturated with your kind of person. Try another set for a while.
3. Do you know a lot of people of different types? If not, think about correcting this. The more different networks you're in touch with, the richer your life.
4. Does nobody choose you first as a companion for any activity? If so, you're an isolate. Try to make at least one friend, and see how the whole world changes.
5. If you're unsought after it may be because you don't seek other people first. The phrase "To win a friend, be a friend" is older than sociometry, but it still holds.

---

them, and your pet dislikes. Think about them all for a few minutes.

How many of these people do you like to the extent that you'd rather have one of them lunch with you than eat your lunch alone? Write down that number. How many of them do you dislike to the extent that you'd prefer a solitary lunch? Write that down, too.

With just those two numbers, the sociometrists would know a good deal about you. Have you found that you'd enjoy the company of eleven people and dislike only two? Then—if you're an isolate—it should be easy for you to learn how to make friends. You've already got the kindly feelings toward other people which are the root of friendship, and all you need is a little coaching in how to let the others see you like them. Perhaps your shyness makes you seem standoffish, so that these people imagine you dislike them.

Try smiling at them oftener, and saying "Good morning" as if you meant it. It has been proved by sociological studies that we like the people who like us—provided they don't conceal their friendship by a mask of indifference. And it's also been demonstrated that *first* choices are returned far oftener than any others. The office mate you like best of all is very probably the one who is most favorably inclined toward you. Ask him out to lunch today—he won't refuse.

But suppose that your score shows you like only two people well enough to lunch with them, and that you wish to avoid eleven. That's a little more serious. Your isolation is probably the natural result of your own dislike of all those people. Now, it's your privilege to dislike them. But is it a happy way to live if it means—as it must—that they will also dislike you?

ARE you in the wrong office, surrounded by men and women who will never prove sympathetic? In that case, you'd better get another job in more congenial surroundings. Or are you antisocial in all groups? Then, if you're wise, you'll try to get over it; ask just one person to lunch this week and see whether you don't enjoy his company, after all. Or are you pretending to yourself that you dislike people because you're afraid they'll snub *you*? Give one or two of them a chance. They'll probably be friendlier than you have ever dreamed.

Lonely people often make the mistake of thinking that shyness in human contacts is their own private handicap. The fact is that nearly every one is timid about making the first gesture—that the seemingly confident people may be as frightened of you as you are of them. Some one has to make the first move to establish a friendship, and there's no reason why the isolate should insist on others making it.

A single new friend may join you to a whole group of other people—people whose lives will touch yours and influence it. Through your friend you will be placed in indirect touch with all his friends and *their* friends, in a widening circle. You will be joined to a "network," binding people who like each other in an immense chain. A network may pass very close to you and never touch you. A rumor has been started in a small school and checked, after several days, by sociologists, who have found that some of the children never heard the story at all. They were not on the "network" through which it ran.

"REAL networks exist and operate," says Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia University. "There are networks along which news of available jobs is passed on. The War Production Board is full of business people because the head of it is a business man and jobs are passed along the lines of his personal contacts. The head of the Office of Facts and Figures is a university man, and as a result, a university person has a better chance than some one who got his training in business research."

Do you sometimes wonder why a man of mediocre ability has soared so high? Perhaps he is fortunate enough to belong to many networks and numbers among his close friends other popular men. This means that hundreds of people will, directly or indirectly, have his interests at heart. But all that most of us need is membership in half a dozen networks made up of somewhat different sorts of people. Three or four close friends, with their various interests, can provide this, with all that it means in bringing us back into the current of living human events. And any individual, no matter how lonely, can accomplish that much by making a few changes in his life. He can accomplish it within the next two months!

For isolates can be quickly cured. The records of the Sociometric Institute prove it—and to the satisfaction of such learned men as Dr. G. P. Murdock of Harvard, Dr. Adolf Meyer of Johns Hopkins, Dr. Gordon Allport of Harvard—all of them convinced of the soundness of the sociometric technique.

Are you an isolate? Merely testing yourself, as you have done, has already effected a partial cure; for studies show that whenever a group has been measured, its members' "social status" improves. Apparently just thinking about such problems makes people more inclined to make friends. Merely reading this article has already changed your attitude toward your isolation!

Nobody need remain lonely for long in a world filled with two billion people, all reaching out hungrily for friends. In a very short time the lonely man or woman can begin to attach himself to the networks that lie all around him. And his life will be infinitely richer and happier as a result.

THE END

WITHOUT MOTIVE

Continued from Page 24

managed a pretty heavy midday meal, but Beulah really preferred a salad. And candy. That guilty feeling again! She opened her second dresser drawer—and there, under her lingerie, was a box of candy. Gordon thought candy was bad for the teeth and the health, and a waste of money besides. Beulah admitted that maybe he was right—but she did love sweets.

The few lunch dishes put away, and Beulah came to the best part of the day. She stretched out on the sofa in the living room and read, feeling very luxurious and wasteful and happy.

There was time to work in the garden before dinner. Gordon pretended that he took care of the garden—which meant that every second Saturday or so he spent half an hour digging and puttering—and complaining about what Beulah had done. The garden looked fine.

The house wasn't exactly pretty, not at all the house she would have chosen if she had had a chance to choose. But it was square and substantial and well built. And, best of all, it was paid for. Most folks believe in a mortgage, but Gordon wanted to own his home outright. "Why should I pay the other fellow interest?" he said.

Yes, the house was paid for. And Gordon's insurance was paid up to date and they were beginning to save a little money—against an investment Gordon had in mind.

The black earth was cool and pleasant around her fingers, as she replanted flowers, thinning them and putting them in a straight and neat line. She felt calm and peaceful and happy in the garden. After all, most of the days were nice—when Gordon was away. She didn't like to admit that, even to herself.

She washed her hands. Took off her apron. She'd run in to see Mrs. Forrest. Mrs. Forrest lived on the left and was her closest neighbor. On the right, where the garage stood, there was a vacant lot.

ECONOMICS

To sharing-the-wealth suggestions
I've always been somewhat averse;
But I think the idea might function
Quite splendidly in reverse.

For example, if I had a million
And split it with all in the land,
Each would get less than a penny—
And bankruptcy'd have *me* in hand.

But if all those who people the nation
Gave me just one cent from their store—
Then, though making nobody the poorer,
I'd have a million—and more!

—*JOHN E. GIBSON.*

75 MILLION HAVE IT !

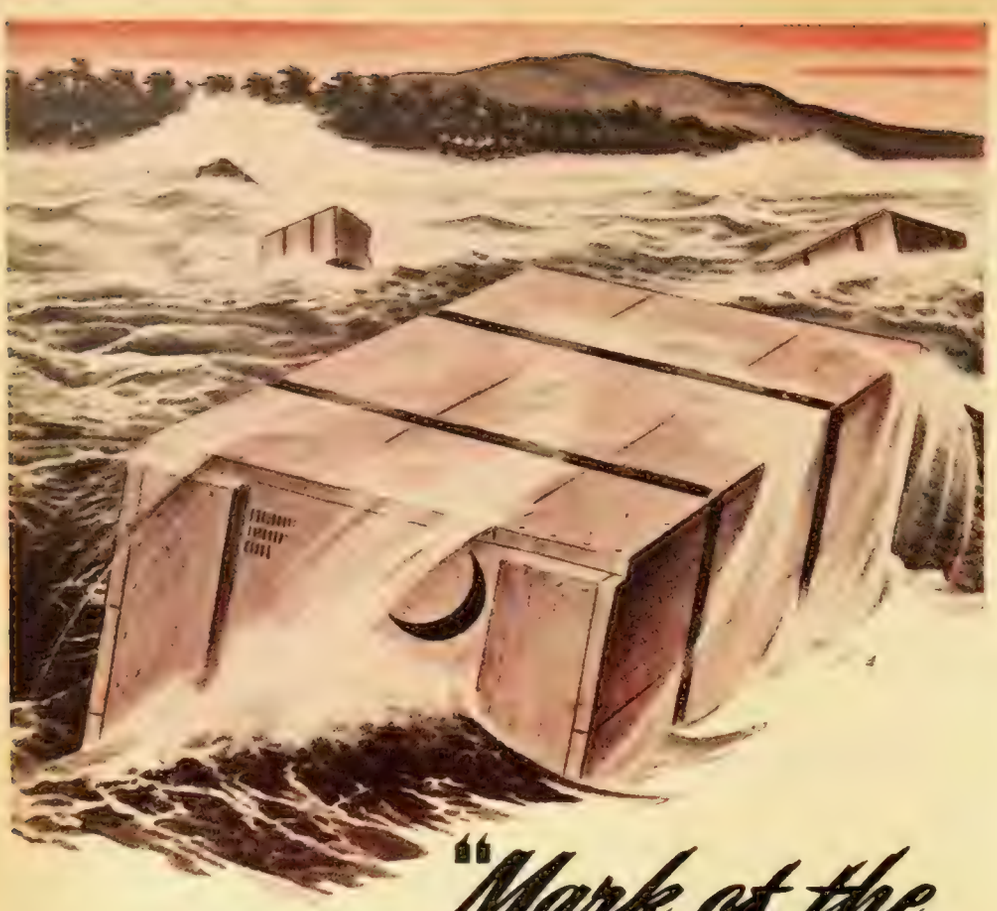
Maybe you never realized it, but chances are *you* have Athlete's Foot Surveys show over 70% of U. S. adults infected each year. Mild case may suddenly become serious. Now science has a better treatment! In thousands of test cases, practically all infection cleared up quickly with easy 2-way Quinsana method—used today by millions.

NEW 2-WAY TREATMENT

1. Use Quinsana on feet daily. The great majority of Chiropodists, specialists in care of the feet, recommend Quinsana.

2. Shake Quinsana powder into shoes daily to absorb moisture, reducing chances of *re-infection* from shoe linings.

IMPORTANT: The fungi which cause Athlete's Foot exist almost everywhere. For protection and relief, use Quinsana daily. Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco, Cal.

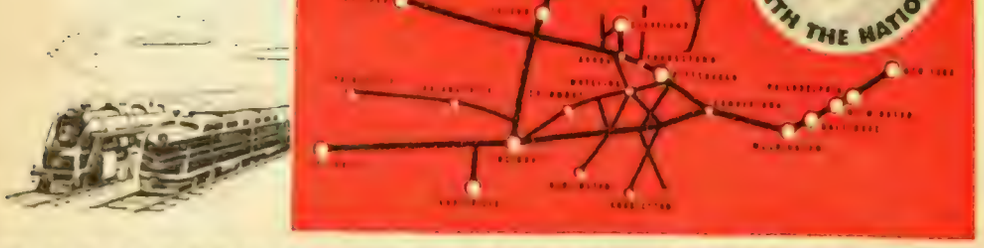


"Mark of the BLACK CRESCENT"

From a freighter's deck, box after box—bearing the mark of the Black Crescent—drops into the sea. ★ With the current, each box moves slowly toward the virtually inaccessible beach of a Pacific atoll. ★ On shore, men whose clothes bear the initials "U. S. A." wait impatiently. They know the sign—know the Black Crescent means food . . . meat, fruit bars, biscuits . . . a wide variety, all packed in watertight containers so the ocean currents can do the delivery job without harming the contents. ★ By the hour, the job of supplying our men in the field is getting bigger and tougher. With each advance, supply lines lengthen . . . materials are consumed faster and faster. The millions of men moving to combat must be followed by an unending torrent of food, clothing, ammunition—all the weapons for Victory!

● *Today, over the 11,000 miles of Baltimore & Ohio track, food and equipment — thousands of vital articles — are moving in ever increasing quantities toward the fighting fronts. Full well, we realize the nation is counting on us to do our part . . . deliver the goods on time. The job will be done, for it is the "number one" task for 70,000 B & O workers today!*

R. B. WHITE, President



BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

Mrs. Forrest was a pleasant woman. Large and calm. Her only son was in the Army and her husband worked in Connecticut, so she was alone most of the time.

"I'm so glad to see you," she told Beulah. "I get lonesome sometimes. Don't you?"

"I guess I've never been alone."

"I mean in the daytime."

"I guess I never think about it," Beulah said.

"Well, John gets home early this evening, I'm glad to say. Be here until Sunday night. I hope we have nice weather. A lot for him to do around the house."

Beulah had a nice talk with Mrs. Forrest, and then she had to run home and get dinner.

Everything was ready when Gordon arrived home.

"Here I am!" he called with deceptive cheerfulness.

"Hello!" she cried, and rushed out to him.

His face was black.

"What *have* you been doing in the garden?" he asked.

"Nothing. I just thinned out—"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

RECOMMENDED FOR CITATIONS

The thief who helped himself to Mrs. J. E. Grady's three fine steaks in Great Falls, Montana, and remembered to leave sixty ration points on the kitchen table.

★

Louie the Waiter, of New York's roaring Fifties, who composed one of the deathless slogans of World War II:

Send a Salami
To Your Boy in the Army

★

Private Louis Cuzzone, who sent his doting parents a superb seventeen-pound cheese from Italy. It was delivered C. P. O. D.—Collect Ration Points On Delivery.

★

The woman souvenir hunter who barged out of a dining room in Richmond, Virginia, with a wicker bread basket on her head. The manager thought it was a newfangled note in millinery.

★

Ilka Chase, author of In Bed We Cry, who averred that Hollywood will probably call the movie version of her novel For Whom the Bed Cries.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"I'll say you thinned! You made the place look like a tenement."

"They'll grow out," said Beulah. "And you can fix them up on Saturday."

"Always Saturday! Always me! I had hoped I'd get in a little golf. But when I can afford only public links it will probably be too crowded, anyhow. But it does seem to me you could do *something* right."

Beulah wanted to point out that they had one of the prettiest gardens in the neighborhood last year—and the year before, too—but if she did, Gordon really would lose his temper, or take all the credit, and complain because he worked so hard.

The dinner was good. The soup was rich and flavory, the beans green and tender, the potatoes fluffy, the chops juicy. The apple pie was deep and rich and just tart enough to be good.

Beulah waited until Gordon had finished his pie.

"Are we going to the movies?" she asked. "You remember—I asked you this morning."

"Is running around all you ever think about?"

"Gordon, we haven't been any place in—in days. And you don't like company or going to see people—"

"I suppose you're complaining because I don't always want my house overrun with people drinking my liquor and playing bridge."

"Oh, no, Gordon. Only, I like—going places, sometimes."

"I'd planned to read that book I brought home."

Three weeks ago he'd brought home a heavy, uninteresting tome some one in his office had loaned him. He'd read exactly twenty-two pages, Beulah knew—she'd seen his bookmark. Usually, after dinner, he turned the radio to some special news commentator whom Beulah found pretty boring, started reading his newspaper, and fell asleep. There were advantages to that, though. If he slept soundly enough, Beulah managed to change the radio to one of her favorite programs and if she turned it down low enough he frequently slept through it.

As he didn't like to admit that he had fallen asleep, he couldn't get too cross. He did lose his temper if Beulah waked him up to hear some program he pretended he liked but never listened to, and, sometimes, when she let him sleep through those same programs.

"You can read any other night!" Beulah hoped his voice had sounded softer.

"What picture did you say?"

Luckily it was one he wanted to see.

"All right, might as well," he said.

Beulah cleaned off the table like lightning. She'd do the dishes in the morning. She ran upstairs, came down all ready in no time at all.

"We'll take the car," he said.

"That's fine! What about the gas?"

"I've been careful enough. Might as well use it."

Beulah wondered if he were using the car so he could say he didn't have enough gas to go to the links on Saturday, and then be angry about the movies. She felt ashamed of herself when she looked at the gas gauge and saw the tank was full.

"I'll tell you why I took the car," he said. "All of your friends are always talking about saving gas—and they are the ones who are always driving. I see no reason why I shouldn't live in some degree of comfort."

She didn't know whom he meant by her friends. She knew he resented the Country Club set, though the club was small and inexpensive—and they had been asked to join it shortly after they moved into the neighborhood.

THE picture was fine! Beulah let herself go in her enjoyment of it. And at the ending, which was sad, she wiped her eyes, watching Gordon and hoping he wouldn't notice. He laughed at sentimentality.

"Wasn't that a swell picture!" she said.

"It was all right. When those Hollywood people learn how not to waste their money they'll make good pictures. When their cousins and their other relatives don't have to be taken care of and they get good actors—" He was off on one of his favorite topics.

"Thank you so much for taking me," she said.

Then she tried to talk about little things, to be good company, so Gordon would be glad he had taken her.

They were halfway home when Beulah said:

"Look. There are the Forrests! Don't you want to give them a lift?"

"Let them walk!" he said. "If we took them home they'd start running in at all hours. No use getting intimate with any one living as close as that."

"But they see us!"

"All right. We'll go around the other way!"

The Forrests looked at them, nodded. Gordon swung the car around, went up the hill. He had to come back through a road of yellow clay, but even that, he said, was better than starting things with neighbors.

Gordon put away the car. They went into the house.

"I'm certainly ready for my deep-dish bath tonight," Gordon said. He took the book in the bath with him. Beulah looked in at him, half asleep in the warm tub, pretending to read. So this was all there was to her life!

BEULAH waved good-by the next morning. And looking across the street saw Mrs. Tibbets.

"Good morning!" she called.

"Good morning!" Mrs. Tibbets called back. "I declare, when I see you waving to your husband every morning it's just as if you were newlyweds!"

"What nice things you always say," called Beulah. "It gives my day a good beginning."

The two women smiled at each other.

When the postman came, a few minutes later, Beulah met him at the door.

"What about a cup of hot coffee?" she asked.

"I'd certainly enjoy it."

"Come right in, then."

"You're mighty good to me, Mrs. Brown," he said. He stood in the dining room drinking the coffee.

"I'm glad you were early today," Beulah said. "You see, I haven't cleaned up yet." She pointed to the two plates, still holding bits of eggs.

"You certainly are a good cook," he said. "Have breakfast like this every day?"

"Mr. Brown likes a hearty breakfast," she replied.

"He's a lucky man, I can tell you," said the postman.

After Beulah cleaned up the house she ran in to see Mrs. Forrest. Mr. Forrest was mending a screen door.

"I'm sorry we couldn't pick you up last night," Beulah said. "There was a piece of property Mr. Brown wanted to see."

"I thought there was something like

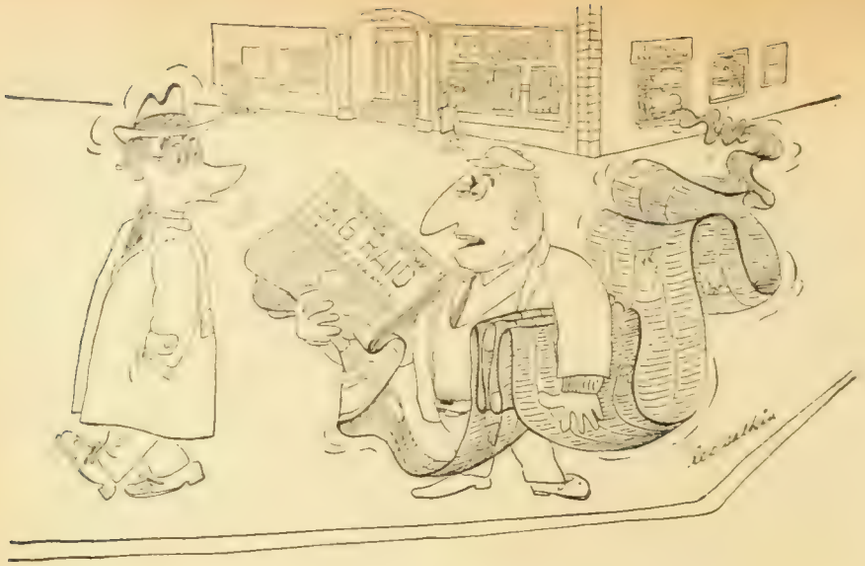
HE'S THE BOY
THE GALS FORGOT
HIS LINE WAS SMOOTH
HIS CHIN WAS NOT

GALS remember the man with a smooth, neat Burma-Shaved face. The skin protection film that makes Burma-Shaving a pleasure is the result of 346 experiments. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH · NO LATHER

AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER, POST EXCHANGE, OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Back the Attack!
Buy More War Bonds!



"Extra! Extra! Right off the press!"

that, when you turned up the other road," said Mrs. Forrest.

Beulah went home. Puttered around a little. Did her marketing. She bought meat for a nice stew. The stew was all ready. And there was a little cake with chocolate icing for dessert. But Gordon Brown didn't come home!

When he didn't arrive on his usual train, Beulah went out to the front of the house, looked up the street.

People she knew passed. Lou Fritz, who lived clear across the road, stopped.

"No, I didn't see Mr. Brown on the train this evening," he said. "Funny. I usually see him. I know he catches that train."

"He's never missed it before," Beulah said.

She waited for a little while. Then she ran across the street to Mrs. Tibbets'.

"My husband hasn't got home yet. I'm worried," she said.

"Oh, he'll be along! Lots of folks miss trains."

"But the train after his is in now. We haven't got a telephone, you know, but he could have telephoned you or Mrs. Forrest if he was delayed."

"Don't worry!" said Mrs. Tibbets. "Maybe business."

"But he's so regular—all the time."

"Don't we know! We could set our clocks by him. This morning, when I spoke to you, I told my daughter that very thing."

"Last night we went to the movies. And then he read. But he got up just the same."

"I thought I heard your car."

That was that.

She went over to the Forrests'. They, too, said, "Don't worry."

"How can I help worrying?" Beulah said. "He's never done anything like this before."

When Gordon hadn't returned by eleven o'clock, Beulah went back to the Forrests', telephoned for the police.

Two policemen arrived. Listened.

"Most men stay out once a week," one policeman volunteered.

"But my husband never does. Look! I've still got his dinner waiting for him!" Beulah pointed to the neatly set table. Showed them the stew.

"He'll be home before long—and be glad to eat, too," said the second policeman.

She gave them each a slice of chocolate cake and a glass of sherry. And then they went away.

THE next day Beulah telephoned to the police station again. This time, when the policemen arrived, they were a little more inclined to take her statement seriously. They asked questions. Listened to what she told them. Asked questions of the neighbors. Listened to their stories of Mr. Brown's meticulous habits.

Beulah told of Gordon's regular habits. Gave the name of the firm that employed him. Mrs. Tibbets, the Forrests, other neighbors told how they had seen him the night before his disappearance—and even the morning he went away.

he only mows the lawn . . . yet he has

HAYFIELD HAIR

DRY AS HAY, stiff and wild! "Hayfield hair" often results from excessive exposure to sun and wind that may dry out natural oils. Which means many can get it mowing the lawn, working in the garden or lying on the beach — as well as on a farm.

DON'T USE GREASE on "Hayfield hair" — unless you want to slap it down and make it shine like old blue serge. Don't use water, either — because excessive daily use of water as a dressing often tends to dry out hair.

USE KREML and see if you don't say, "My hair was never easier to comb, never looked neater, never felt keener!" Kreml also removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Try Kreml today!

KREML HAIR TONIC

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive exposure to sun, wind or water. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

"I saw him leave for work," said Mrs. Tibbets. "I even saw his wife wave good-by to him."

"I saw him pass, too," said Mrs. Forrest. She couldn't remember whether she actually had seen him. But didn't she see him every day? Of course she'd seen him that last morning. Even the postman remembered the coffee and the breakfast dishes.

Days passed. Long days, with spring rain. And people continued to question Beulah.

Finally there was a story in the newspapers about Gordon Brown's disappearance.

Man Missing Five Days

Police of eight states are searching today for Gordon Brown, 44, of 243 Elm St., Daleville, Long Island.

Brown has been gone since last Friday, when he did not report to his office for work. Neighbors say that he was a man of excellent habits, and several remember having seen him take his usual train at 8.10 that morning. He works for the Acme Furniture Co., 911 Bond Street, and has never missed a day during the ten years he has been with that company. Members of the firm say he was a model employee.

When last seen, Brown was wearing a blue serge suit, white shirt, blue-and-green-striped tie, and brown hat. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs about 155 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes.

His wife does not know of any reason why he should have left home.

It was only a one-column story, for Gordon was not an important person, even in his own little town of Daleville.

"I can't understand it," said people who knew him. "He was always so regular in his habits. Brown seemed to be a person you could count on. Not at all the type who disappears."

Men continued to question Beulah and the neighbors. And the search for Gordon Brown went on.

Three days later there was another item in the newspapers.

DROWNED MAN'S BODY FOUND

The body of Gordon Brown, 44, of 243 Elm St., Daleville, Long Island, for whom the police of eight states have been searching for eight days, was found in Lennon Creek, near his home, yesterday afternoon. Police say the body was nude and that Brown could have been swimming in the creek or could have been thrown in. His clothes were not found. There were no marks on the body, except those that could have been received during the time the body was in the creek. The case is being investigated and an autopsy will be performed.

Policemen swarmed into the house on Elm Street.

Beulah answered every question. She told, again, how Gordon Brown had left, as usual, that morning. And hadn't come home. There really wasn't any more to tell. They'd got along very well together. Ask any neighbor.

The police asked the neighbors.

"There never was a more quiet couple," said Mrs. Forrest. "They were always together. Mrs. Brown is a fine housekeeper. Never runs around with any one else. She had a fine dinner waiting for him that day he didn't come home. They were devoted to each other."

"She used to wave to him every day, just like a bride," said Mrs. Tibbets.

THE HOME FRONT

"Did you find a little boy who's holding on to a skirt?"

"Every day when he went to work. Even that last day."

The police examined the car. Found yellow clay on the wheels. There was even an explanation for that. Mrs. Forrest made it. She and her husband had seen him, with Mrs. Brown, drive up toward the clay road the night before. Oh, yes, she'd heard them come back, all right. She'd heard them talking together in their house, later. Of course she couldn't distinguish their words—just their voices. And she was sure she'd seen him go to work, as always, the next morning.

AND there it was! A happily married man who never drank or ran around, or went with bad company. A mystery, all right. Nude body found in a creek!

The post-mortem showed that death had been from drowning. Every one in Daleville decided—and said—it couldn't have been foul play. And the police had to agree.

For Murder needs three Ms. The Man, the Method, and the Motive. Here was the Man and the Method, but who would want to kill Gordon Brown? Hadn't there been a thorough investigation? He hadn't an enemy in the world. It couldn't be Murder when Motive was missing.

For days they searched the creek and the surroundings. And then a colored boy, passing along the creek's border, found, under a tree, Gordon Brown's clothing! The spring rains had caused dirt to cake over them, but they were quite recognizable.

With tears in her eyes, Beulah Brown identified them.

"Plain enough," the officer in charge of the case said. "He evidently decided to play hooky from work that morning—and with dire results. The day he disappeared was a lovely sunshiny day, we know. Well, he evidently looked out of the window, got tempted by the weather, and got off at the first stop. No one happened to notice him. That stop isn't too far a walk from the creek. Because he didn't have a bathing suit, he picked out a deserted spot—where we found the clothes. He went for a swim. Just what happened we'll never know. A cramp. Or his heart. Or maybe he got hit on the head with a piece of driftwood. But water in the lungs shows it was death by accidental drowning, all right." It couldn't have been anything else without a reason for it.

So no one was surprised at the final newspaper story.

BROWN CASE CLOSED

A coroner's jury today returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of Gordon Brown, 44, of 243 Elm St., Daleville, Long Island, whose body was found in Lennon Creek, after he had been reported missing by his wife a week before. Brown's clothes were found on the bank of the creek and the coroner's report of death by drowning brought the verdict that death was accidental. It is thought that Brown went in swimming and was probably knocked unconscious by a piece of driftwood or was overcome by heart trouble on his first swim of the season.

The case was closed. Accidental drowning.

BEULAH BROWN woke up and lay very still in bed. The funeral was over. Everything was over. She didn't have to get up until she wanted to! No breakfast to get. No husband to catch the eight-ten. No worrying about a thousand little things. Never to be humiliated or torn up inside or made so terribly unhappy. Nothing to be afraid of ever again!

She'd have to get a job, sooner or later. Of course. But even that would be fun. And she could meet people now, and talk to people. And even bring people out here to visit, whenever she wanted to! Why, she was free!

And there was the money from the insurance. So she could take a rest. She needed a rest. Everybody told her she did. After what she'd been through.

After what she'd been through! It had been terrible. Even now she didn't like to think about it. But she made herself think about it. About every dreadful detail. It was the only way. Maybe, this way, thinking it over, she could sort of get it out of her system and maybe never have to think about it at all, after a while.

That night! He was taking his "deep-dish" bath. And nodding, as if he were pretending to read.

"Come to bed!" Beulah called gaily. She was happy, because of the movie.

"Let me alone! I'll come when I get ready! Don't tell me what to do! Didn't I spend the evening doing what you

wanted? You're never grateful, no matter what I do!"

Usually Beulah took things, didn't answer. She never knew what made her answer then.

"You enjoyed the movie, too, didn't you?"

"What if I did? I went for your sake. I do everything for your sake, it seems to me."

Beulah went into the bathroom. She put her hand up to her cheek, nervously. She had to say it.

"You don't do things for my sake, Gordon. You—you never do things for my sake! I do what I can! I—I try to please you. You're never satisfied with anything I do. Not with anything at all."

HE sat up straight then. Put the book on the floor.

"What are you talking about?" he said. "Are you losing your mind?"

"I'm not," said Beulah. "But I can't stand it. This—this bickering and—and picking on me. Let me—get a divorce, Gordon! I—I want to be free."

"What has got into you? You know my views on divorce. I wouldn't give you a divorce if you stood on your head."

"But, Gordon—I can't go on—this way!"

"What's the matter with this way! Other women would be pretty grateful for a house like you've got and a husband who supported them."

"I—I know, Gordon. Maybe I'm wrong. But something has got to change. Gordon, can't I get a job, maybe, in town? I could save the money. It—it would give me—something—"

"You know I won't have my wife gallivanting around! A wife's place is in the home."

"If—if we had children—"

"You know I never wanted children. Don't start that again. All this talk about children—and a job. You're getting on! I don't think you know how you look. If you'd see yourself in the mirror—the way you really look. At your age who would give you a job, anyhow?"

"It's not that bad, Gordon. I—I could try!"

"It's funny you haven't left me if you feel that way."

"I've thought about leaving you. But I always hoped you'd be different. And this is my home."

"Sure. No one else would have you and you haven't got any place else to go."

She went close to the tub's edge—put out her hand.

"If—only you'd treat me nicer, Gordon. If only—"

He began to laugh—raised up in the tub.

"You!" he said. "You ought to be glad anybody would support you at all. No one else would be such a fool!"

He grabbed her with his wet hand, spun her around so that she could see herself in the mirror.

"Look at yourself!" he said. "Look!"

She never knew whether he tried to slap her because she drew away. Or what happened. But instinctively she reached out, pushed him away with all her might.

His head snapped back, hit the bathtub faucets as he slumped into the tub.

Her first instinct was to rush over to him, lift him out of the tub. He was only stunned, she knew.

And then, without actually thinking it out, she stood there, very still.

Gordon Brown's head slipped into the water. She'd have to get him out or he'd

"Isn't that sweet, dear? He wants *you* to have some!"

drown. She knew that. And she did nothing at all!

If—if she saved him, things would be the way they had always been. She couldn't go on. Now—here was a way out!

When she was sure he was dead she started to shake. Funny little trembles. She had to sit down. She closed her eyes. Hoped she wouldn't faint. She didn't faint.

In a little while she knew she had to do something.

She could say he was reading and fell asleep. Or that he hit his head, getting out of the tub, because he slipped. No, that wouldn't do! She'd read of a man who drowned five wives in a tub. But he'd been found out. That wouldn't do!

There'd have to be some other way.

He'd have to be out of the house! She couldn't stand the questions the police and every one would ask—couldn't go through with it unless he were.

She tried to think logically, and her thoughts ran around inside her head in little red whirring circles.

And then she tried to separate her thoughts into little, reasonable strands.

There would be water in his lungs. That meant death by drowning. She knew that. The hit on the head probably wouldn't matter.

She thought of the beach. That wouldn't do. All of the beaches that were near were guarded pretty carefully these days. But there had to be some place!

Then she thought of Lennon Creek. She tried to construct a story. Gordon going there.

That wasn't what she had to think of now. She had to get him out of the house. Right away!

She dragged the body out of the tub. Down the stairs. It took all of her strength, all of her nervous energy.

She had to stop every little while and lean up against something. And hold her hands, to keep from shaking. She felt her heart pumping. She couldn't faint—or die—now. This near—freedom.

She dragged the body out to the garage. Got it, finally, into the car. She was glad that the neighborhood was so sparsely settled, so quiet. No one passed.

She started out of the driveway. And then she remembered. The clothes! Of course. You don't go swimming without leaving clothing behind.

She went back into the house. Got Gordon's decent blue suit, the shirt he'd been wearing, his tie, his hat, his shorts, his socks, his shoes.

No one had passed. She put the thing into the car. Started the car again.

It was a long ride at night. She reached the creek finally. Drove as near to it as she dared. Dragged the body out of the car, stumbling and panting. Reached the water's edge at last. Threw the body in. Put the clothes under a tree. Got back into the car. Drove home.

When she was finally in bed, she lay there, trembling and dizzy and ill. And tried to think. And tried to keep from thinking.

What if some one had seen her? Well, it was all up then! But if no one had seen her—

The marks the wheels of the car made! But other cars drove down to the creek. A lot of other cars. If it would only rain before—before—

What should she do now? But that was easy. Do exactly what she'd do if—if Gordon were catching the eighten and coming home on his regular train. No more. No less. And then if—when he missed his train—

After a long time she fell asleep.

In the morning she got breakfast. Ate a little off the two breakfast plates. Just in case something—

Mrs. Tibbets. Mrs. Forrest. Funny, if you see some one do something every morning, you just take it for granted that they are keeping on doing it. Of course!

The postman. After all, she'd given him a lot of cups of coffee. He couldn't suspect anything! He didn't suspect anything. He said all of the right things—later on.

Waiting. That was the hardest part. And trying to say the right things. Waiting. Day after day. That would be hard, always.

THERE was one funny thing. She had to laugh at it, even now. That yellow clay!

The yellow clay was all over everything—on the bank of the creek. She never could have explained it—and how it got all over the wheels of the car. That is, she couldn't have explained it—if it hadn't been for the Forrests. If they'd picked up the Forrests and come straight home there'd have been no legitimate reason for having clay on the wheels of the car.

But they hadn't picked up the Forrests! Because Gordon wouldn't give the Forrests a lift, they had turned up the hill—and onto the clay road. And the Forrests had told—half a dozen times, to any one who asked them—how fresh yellow clay had got on the car's wheels.

If Gordon had given the Forrests a lift! But then, maybe if he had, everything would have been different.

She began to laugh again. At the yellow clay. At—at everything. But it was hysterical laughter, mixed with tears. And she couldn't stop laughing.

They'd been so happy. Hadn't every one said so? That's the main reason why the police had decided it couldn't be murder. For who would want to murder a fine man like Gordon? She had to laugh again.

She didn't know that that laughter, with tears so near it, and the trembling and curious fear at the end, would be with her all the days of her life.

THE END

RUSSIA'S CHILDREN
Continued from Page 23

and mittens. Rations went down to two slices of black bread and a glass of water per day, and more people died of starvation than of wounds. The bombardment continued close by. But still the children's lessons went on.

And it was much the same all over Russia. In Moscow the subway sheltered thousands of children each night. In Sevastopol a large nursery was sheltered beneath a huge cliff and children slept in rooms dug under the surface of the earth. As Stalingrad was razed, children hid in dugouts and cellars, living on uncooked grain and minute quantities of horse meat.

Millions of school children turned out to help harvest on collective farms. The older ones learned to use complicated machinery; younger ones fed chickens, collected fertilizer. Little girls of ten learned to shop, to mind babies, to clean house, to sew and cook while their oldsters worked in factories.

These were the children who escaped the Nazis. When the Russians began to drive the Germans back in 1942, the horrors suffered by those who hadn't escaped started coming to light. Thousands were killed by bombs or mines laid by the Germans as they retreated. Thousands died of disease, cold, and exhaustion. Thousands died of wounds for lack of proper medical care. Thousands died of plain starvation and other thousands were killed in cold blood. Children were even taken by the Germans for slave labor—17,000 of them from the Rostov area alone.

The children who managed to survive German occupation paid dearly for their lives. When Istra was recaptured, for example, little children were found living in packing boxes. The buildings had been pulverized and most of the adults had been killed. The children had kept alive on grasses and grains.

WHEREVER the Red Army has liberated the people, the story has been the same. When the Nazis retreat, they destroy water pipes, contaminate the water sources, leave the population starved and infected with German army-borne disease. They carry off medicines and surgical supplies; raze hospitals, maternity homes, nurseries, kindergartens, and children's clinics; burn schools and, in some cases, even set fire to children's schoolbooks and toys.

As each new area is liberated, relief workers follow the Army to round up children. Many are found suffering from wounds and frostbite. All are pale and emaciated. All are inoculated at once and those with disease are quarantined. Medical attention is given on the spot. As soon as possible they are removed to children's homes, hospitals or sanitariums. Officials report that, next to food, these refugees crave affection most. One teacher writes:

"They cling to your hands, climb on your knees, and silently beseech you for the tenderness the Huns have stolen from them."

As far as possible, Russia is putting children's activities back on a normal plane, so that the scars of war will not remain too deep. Newspapers carry regular notices of special children's shows and concerts. Even in Stalingrad, sports festivals have been held for children in the restored stadium.

But the problem ahead of caring for orphans and refugees is vast and serious. The will to sacrifice has already created a mass movement in adoption. A mother with four children will decide she can cut a little all around and raise a fifth. Six hundred workers' families in Tashkent recently adopted children. Families of a collective farm in Kazakh greeted a trainload of bedraggled youngsters from the Ukraine as if they were their own. In Moscow 5,000 children were adopted in a single drive, and in one apartment house fifteen housewives took in orphans and are doing all in their power to surround them with love and care. Soldiers who have lost their own families adopt boys and girls and write them letters from the front. The letters help them regain a sense of family stability and give them a promise for the future.

Adoptions are handled by the Commissariat of Education. No child over sixteen may be adopted. Both parents must be known to be dead. The children must be healthy. Those not yet recovered are kept in sanitariums and rest homes until well.

SO confident are the Russians that orphans will all have new parents that small children, as soon as they are old enough to understand, are told: "You have a daddy and a mama. They will come for you." But even were the war to end tomorrow, the Soviet would still face the problem of providing the food, medical supplies, and clothing needed, because the havoc has been on such a mighty scale that it will take years to repair it. It will be a long time before food, clothing, and other civilian needs will nearly equal consumer requirements for rehabilitation. The future of the children of Russia will hang in the balance for some time to come.

A reporter recently returned from Russia states that the deep gratitude the Soviet people feel for any bit of aid we can send their children is a bond that will cement American-Soviet relations more surely than any number of conferences and treaties. He tells of being on hand at a relief depot when a shipment of clothes from America's Russian War Relief was unpacked. He watched as a cold, emaciated eight-year-old boy in rags was dressed from the skin out in warm American-made clothing. The child looked unbelievingly at the new shoes, the heavy trousers, the knitted sports shirt. He smoothed the wool of a sturdy brown overcoat.

Then he felt in the pocket—and drew out a toy auto. It was the climax of his almost unbearable joy.

THE END

SNAFU

Last month Liberty launched a new feature—a monthly rationing calendar. This, the first issue in June, should carry the second edition of the calendar. But the mechanics of rationing are variable indeed. Though Liberty worked several months to develop the calendar, recent changes in OPA procedure have destroyed most of its usefulness. The elimination of expiration dates on food stamps has eliminated the rationing calendar—and so, regretfully, we bid a good idea good-by.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN SHE WAS A TOT of seven, Thyra Samter Winslow won a dollar by writing a piece for the Children's Page of the St. Louis Democrat, and she decided if there was that much money in authorship she'd stick to it. Sure enough, it seemed to be the right choice, for before many years had passed she was selling her stories to George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken for their sophisticated Smart Set. Though born in Arkansas, she loves New York, where she lives in a terraced apartment high above the city crowds. Here, besides writing, she does some swell cooking, as her two prizes taken in culinary art testify. She boasts a collection of nearly 400 cookbooks.

NO MORE IMPORTANT economic question could be asked and authoritatively answered than Are We Running Out of Oil? which Wallace E. Pratt presents elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Pratt is known throughout the world of oil as an authority on geology and seismology, and is rounding out thirty-four years in the field which has brought him fame. His exploratory work has taken him all over the Western Hemisphere, and his book, Oil in the Earth, is a standard work. It is not too much to say that no man has a more profound knowledge of the earth's crust and what lies under it.

WE HAVE TALKED about Gordon Malherbe Hillman in this column before, but we don't think we ever told you that his formal education began with a succession of agreeable young men tutors who did all his lessons for him, leaving his mind free to study baseball averages, the only form of arithmetic in which he was ever known to take an interest. Also, he was once a "promising young poet," but fiction claimed him.

THE EDITORS.

"Why don't you stop acting like a human being?"

WIND IN THE VALLEY

Continued from Page 17

Tom and she was as easy as if she'd known him forever. "Tell me, Tom. How's Joel gettin' along up at school?"

Tom's eyes twinkled. "He's about the most popular boy there, Mrs. Bean, and when he goes back this fall I'll bet he'll be one of the junior editors of the school magazine. Even Sandy thinks he's a pretty brilliant student."

Joel sat back, stunned. Tom was just talking, turning it all around to please Aunt Bet.

Tom glanced at him and said dryly, "Only the darned fool doesn't know it. He doesn't know it at all."

Aunt Bet nodded. "Never could see anything under his own nose. He may be brilliant, but sometimes I think he ain't quite bright."

Tom leaned back and laughed. "Oh, Joel! Old Joel! He isn't bright at all!"

They were laughing at him and that was all right, but he didn't understand what they meant. He didn't through dinner nor afterward, when Aunt Bet sent them on an errand to Meserve's store.

Joel was uneasy again, for he often worked at Meserve's summers and he hadn't told Tom that yet. He'd have to now and he was ashamed. "Look, Tom. I didn't tell you, but I work for Mr. Meserve some in vacation time."

Tom looked more than ever like a millionaire's son who'd never worked, who didn't know what money meant. "Why not?" Tom said. "I should think that was a pretty good thing to do."

Meserve's store had a sort of raised platform in front where grain sacks stood, and Mr. Meserve sometimes aired himself in a rocking chair. Mr. Meserve himself was small and spare and bald, with steel-rimmed glasses on his nose.

"Well, if it ain't Joel," said Mr. Meserve in his dry voice. "Brought your friend back from school, did ye? Looks like a good strong boy, too. Boy, how'd you like to go down cellar and bring up some boxes?"

Mr. Meserve shouldn't speak to Tom like that.

"Sure thing," Tom said. "How many?"

Mr. Meserve went down cellar and superintended them both while the store looked after itself. It often did, and Tom was grinning from ear to ear as he brought up boxes and cartons.

Mr. Meserve pushed his glasses up. "Reckon I could use you too, Tom, as well as Joel. You do right well. How about helpin' out some mornin's?"

Tom swung his legs and he looked rich and handsome and important. "Swell, Mr. Meserve. When do I start?"

It couldn't be real, Joel thought, but it was, and the screen door opened and a girl came in. She was a small girl with short bobbed black hair and a brown face that was so bright it would never lose its youth. It was a face that flashed and changed and yet forever held a look of life and happiness.

"Why, Joel Bean!" she cried. "I didn't know you were back!"

Something always seemed to leap up within him when he saw Marion, and it did now; something always made him speechless for a second.

"Well, he is," said Mr. Meserve, who understood such things, "and this's his high-toned friend, Tom Errol. Tom's goin' to work for me some, bein's I can't get nearly no one else, except women. I hate women."

Mr. Meserve surveyed Marion with some approval. "All women but Marion. Marion can come keep store for me any time she chooses. Marion Carstairs, meet Tom Errol."

Tom slid down from the counter and it was queer how well he and Marion went together. Joel saw it and it was as if he'd always known they would.

Mr. Meserve chuckled. "Seems only t'other day Marion was runnin' in here to get a stick of pepp'mint candy an' Joel taggin' along with his shirttail hangin' out."

Joel rubbed his shoe along the floor, for he was remembering. Marion and her father and mother had started coming up to the big white farmhouse summers when he'd been six years old. And Marion had never been like any one else. Dull, ordinary things came to life when you were with her: berrying, hunting birds' eggs, even walking down a dusty road.

"Cat got your tongue, Joel?"

She was laughing at him as she nearly always had when they'd been very young together.

She turned to Tom now. "I don't believe he's glad to see me. I don't believe he's glad at all."

Her eyes were twinkling and so were Tom's, as if they understood each other at once. "You've got to give him time, Miss Carstairs. You've got to give Joel time."

They were going to like each other and that was fine, and suddenly it all began pouring out of him. "Marion, let's do something together, you and I and Tom. It's sort of dull for Tom and—"

"Berrying. On Peaked Hill tomorrow. We always do that the first day you're home, Joel. Don't you know?"

They were out on the village street again, and maybe it wouldn't be so dull for Tom now Marion was here.

Tom flung his arm about Joel's shoulders. "You've been holding out on me, old Joel! Why didn't you tell me you lived in a wonderful house and had a swell girl and worked in that marvelous store?"

Tom was just talking.

It was strange, all the same, how Tom seemed to be at home in the house, how he seemed to belong there at once, even helping do the dishes after supper.

"Call this a kitchen?" Tom was saying. "Why, this is the best room in the house!"

"Often thought so myself," said Aunt Bet and chuckled.

She turned about briskly. "Tom, how're you going to like going away to another school?"

Tom hung up his dish towel and took great pains about it. "Well, that's the way it is, Mrs. Bean."

That was just like Tom, for he never made any fuss about anything.

Aunt Bet nodded. "Fourteen, aren't you, Tom? Well, wouldn't be surprised if you fitted into the new school better'n you expect. Joel says you've traveled a lot, Tom. How'd you like it?"

Now Tom would tell Aunt Bet all about the great gleaming places he'd seen, far-off places full of mystery that would make the kitchen and the house and all Ashland seem small and shriveled and unimportant.

"It was sort of tiresome, Mrs. Bean. What I'd like—what I'd really like—is to settle down in a house like this. Only mother and dad don't see it that way."

Tom looked lonely, as if what he wanted was a home and he'd never really had one.

Joel stared and he was all mixed up in his mind now, for Tom didn't seem to be himself, Tom seemed to be turning into some one else.

They were going into the front parlor and Tom sat down at the old square piano and put his slim fingers on the yellowed keys. Tom sang quite softly:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—"

Aunt Bet began to cry.

She sat there in the faded old rocking chair and raised her apron to the tears streaming down her ruddy face.

Tom's voice went on, soft and low:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

"My, my!" said Aunt Bet, still wiping her eyes. "I don't know when I've had such a nice time!"

"BUT you don't have to help weed the garden, Tom."

"But, Joel, I *like* weeding the garden!"

It was next afternoon and Aunt Bet was coming out of the house with her sunbonnet on and a basket under her arm. "Joel, you let Tom be. Maybe he likes to learn something new." She grew very severe indeed. "Tom's to think of this as his second home and

when he's here he's to do just what he pleases."

Tom's face screwed up and he looked awfully funny. And then didn't, because Marion was coming across the yard in blue shorts and bare brown legs and a striped jersey, swinging a bright milk pail in one hand.

"Look at them, Aunt Bet! Just lazy. They don't want to go berrying at all."

Tom squatted on his heels and grinned. "Oh, yes, I do. That is if Joel doesn't think it's beneath my dignity."

It was wonderful how Marion brightened everything. Even Aunt Bet began to chuckle. "Don't know's if I should let my boys go off with such a girl." She turned toward the house.

Here was the path that led across the pasture to Peaked Hill. Today it seemed sheer enchantment, and that must be because Tom and Marion saw it so.

Where they went, there was magic, and he'd never seen the hills stand out so sharp and clear nor the sky so blue.

"See the one with the rocky crown," Marion called. "That's Cardigan."

Tom stopped, and Cardigan wouldn't seem much of a mountain to him. "Swell. Let's climb it."

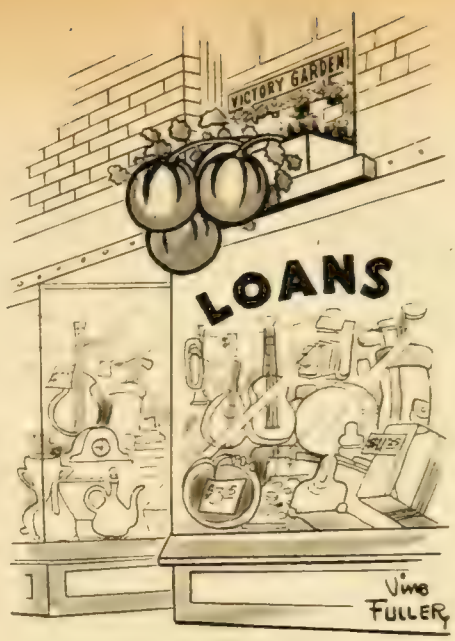
Marion shook her dark head. "Too far. We'll do it some other day. Joel and I always climb everything to see what's on the other side."

Tom grimaced. "And when you do, it's not worth it."

Marion swung her pail and she looked like a happy child whom trouble will never touch. "Oh, Cardigan is. Cardigan's a magic mountain, isn't it, Joel?"

He'd never thought of it that way before but it was true. Only, Cardigan was a magic mountain because he'd climbed it with Marion.

They came to a slope where the sun



swept strong and green bushes stood head-high. "Will you look at that?" Tom said in awe. "I thought blueberries came in boxes with cellophane on the top."

They were picking away like mad and it came to Joel that Tom and Marion were much alike. They enjoyed everything they did so much they even invested them with a sharp quality of excitement.

"Shh!" said Marion and held a finger to her lips.

"Joel's thinking again!"

He was thinking what fine friends he had, how quick and keen they were, how stupid he must seem to them.

Marion flung herself down on the thin dry grass. "I want to holler. Let's holler, Tom!"

Tom's eyes were alight at once. "All right. How do we do it?"

Marion lay flat on her back. "Just yell. It makes you feel good. Joel and I always yell when we're on a hill, only I can howl louder than he can. Come on, Tom!"

They all began making an immense amount of noise.

TWO hours later they were coming down and Joel had never been so happy in his life. Only, the strong heady magic of happiness would be gone in a minute because they were walking toward Marion's big white house, and when Tom saw it he wouldn't think so much of where Joel and Aunt Bet lived.

He'd meet Marion's father and mother, too, and they'd be more his own kind; they'd make Aunt Bet shrink by comparison.

Marion's mother was out in the flower garden, small and blonde in bright blue slacks.

"Mother, here's Joel. And this is Tom Errol."

Marion's mother would see how wonderful Tom was at once. Only she didn't seem to. "Hello, Joel. How do you do, Tom? I'd shake hands, only I'm too dirty." She looked at them vaguely as if she were hardly seeing them. "Why don't you go into the house and get some cold drinks?"

It was odd, because Mrs. Carstairs had never been cool and distant like that, and now they were walking up to

"Don't slip any gossip!"– says HI to HATT

You spill some wartime gossip, an' you make an awful slip
There's traitors all around us what's just waitin' for a tip!
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

the veranda, and Mr. Carstairs was slumped down there in a chair.

He always jumped up and was loud and jolly, but he didn't now. "Hi, Joel. Glad to see you, Errol. Just make yourselves at home, will you?"

It was quite queer and the house was queer and uneasy too, and some shadow even seemed to fall on Marion, for she was very quiet when she said good-by at the gate.

Something awkward seemed to have come upon them all, and he could see that Tom felt it as they walked down the road together.

"It's a grand house, isn't it, Tom?"

Tom's quick smile flashed. "Not nearly as nice as yours."

He hardly heard, for he was thinking how Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs should have appreciated Tom and how they hadn't. They'd been so cool they'd almost been rude.

"Look, Tom. Marion's father and mother aren't generally like that. They're jolly and make you at home. They—"

"Maybe they've got something on their minds," Tom said.

He hadn't thought of that, but he did now, and he was still thinking of it when he went to bed. He wondered about the Carstairs.

And then another thought blotted that all out. For he could so sharply see Tom and Marion on that sunny hillside, the two dark heads quite close together, Tom and Marion talking as though they were all alone.

And there it all was, suddenly. Tom and Marion were made for each other. They were alike, so much alike: good friends, golden friends, whom the grayness of the world could never touch.

He told himself he was glad—glad for these fine friends of his, glad they'd come together. Only he didn't feel that way really. He felt a little as if he were dead.

The wind came swinging soft down the valley and he turned on his side. The wind had always sung him to sleep if he'd just listen to it. But tonight it somehow couldn't.

THEY were sitting together in the front parlor that next night, he and Aunt Bet and Tom, and it was all easy and calm and comfortable.

(Continued on page 67)

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GRADE-A GIFTS: Corporal Emanuel Charles Brown of Flushing, New York, is serving overseas. To celebrate his nineteenth birthday his mother worked two shifts at the Red Cross, his brother, Sergeant Milton Brown, bought him a $100 war bond, and his father and sister each gave a pint of blood.

WOMEN IN ACTION: Of the 52,000,000 civilian war workers in our labor force, 16,000,000 are women. According to Edward S. Cowdrick, New York City Industrial Relations consultant, about two thirds of the women

will try to remain in industry when peace returns. He believes more women will be employed in peacetime industry than ever before, despite such obstacles as these: 1. Returning servicemen, entitled to get their jobs back, will crowd some of them out. 2. If jobs grow scarce, public opinion will work in favor of men with families to support. 3. As comparative newcomers, women will be the first to be laid off if lay-offs are necessary. However, Mr. Cowdrick contends that many women are doing such outstanding jobs, employers will want to hold onto them. . . . Another picture of women's postwar plans is seen in the answers to a questionnaire sent out to 50,000 women war workers by Denson-Frey & Affiliates, Inc. Results show 6 per cent want to remain in their jobs, 63 per cent want to return to prewar jobs, 19 per cent don't want jobs if it would mean keeping servicemen from getting work, and 12 per cent don't know what they want to do. My guess is, what those 12 per cent really want is to marry returning warriors, stay home and have babies.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: In the sporting goods department of a large New York store hangs a sign urging customers to "Avoid Accidents. Don't Swing Bats." . . . Manhattan's Governor Clinton Hotel posted signs poetically pleading: "Though some of us are very slim, a few of us are fat. Since space is small, we ask you all, please don't remove your hat." . . . Large lettering on a delivery truck boasts that it handles ice cubes "FOR HOUSE-PARTIES IN AIRTIGHT CONTAINERS."

GREAT GIRLS: Frances Wild of Aurora, New York, and Katherine Pfeng of Columbus, Ohio, are serving with the Red Cross Military Welfare Service. A 900-mile trip by jeep took them to lonely American outposts in southwest China. The girls—one blonde, the other a redhead—brought the men such homely American pleasures as fudge and community singing. . . . Mrs. Helen Connor of Atlanta, Georgia, is attending riveting school. Her son was killed in Tunisia, her husband in the Marshalls, her sister while ferrying a plane, and her three brothers in North Africa, Burma, and the Pacific area.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: Butcher Bill Gavosto in New York's Washington Market mixes a special unrationed mincemeat for dogs. It contains the day's trimmings of beef and lamb cuts, plus hearts, gizzards, brisket bones, wing tips, and chicken necks. A bone-shaving machine reduces bones to paste, which is added in amounts specified by a vet. . . . Clementine Paddleford tells of a man who stopped to buy both hamburger and pet food. On reaching home, he and his little woman enjoyed a few cocktails, then had dinner, commenting that the hamburger seemed even more tasty than usual. Next day they discovered they had eaten the dog food and left Rover the hamburger!

BAFFLED: "I agree with your plaint about crackpot cookbooks," writes Mrs. Alexander Groves of Webster City, Iowa. "Here's an instance showing how they don't furnish elementary directions needed by the beginner. Young Wilfred met his mother with this question: 'I got hungry for waffles while

you were out, but the cookbook said the eggs should be folded in. How can anybody fold eggs?'" Since my gripe, I have had the good fortune to meet up with Edith Barber's Cook Book, published by Putnam. It contains a chapter headed Fool-Proof Cookery.

Her recipe for waffles was clear and concise— "Mix and stir dry ingredients. Stir shortening into well-beaten eggs. Add milk. Stir in dry ingredients, all at one time, beating until smooth. Bake in hot waffle iron until no steam escapes between edges." When I looked up "shortening" in the index, as I'm sure Wilfred would do, there it was, and by referring to page 47, in Fool-Proof Cookery, I found it meant butter or other fats.

TWO-TIMERS: Backless street-length frocks with matching jackets are being shown by many smart stores for the business woman who must go to her office and from there to a dinner party. Minus its bolero, a cat's-tongue coral rayon shantung dress looks festive and feminine.

(*Continued from page 66*)

The screen door flung open with a crash and Marion was in the room and across the room.

"Aunt Bet! Oh, Aunt Bet!"

Marion flung herself down on the floor beside Aunt Bet's chair, buried her face in Aunt Bet's lap.

He'd never seen Marion cry before, not even when she fell out of the old apple tree and hurt her leg. He sat there stunned and he should get up and go away.

Marion cried so hard you could hear her all through the room, and Aunt Bet sat there, stroking her dark hair.

Marion raised her head. "Aunt Bet! Aunt Bet! Dad and mum are going to get divorced!"

Aunt Bet didn't even move. "Can't say I'm surprised." Her voice was so dry and calm that Marion stopped crying. "But, Aunt Bet—"

Tom was on his feet. Tom was beckoning to him to get up and go. Only he couldn't.

Aunt Bet's voice was going on, drier than ever. "Seems as if anybody with eyes in their head could have seen that comin' on for a long time. Your pa and ma aren't a bit alike, Marion; they don't go good together."

Marion sat back on her heels and her face was fire red: an unhappy face, a desperate face and still so young. "But, Aunt Bet! Dad and mum are nice people!"

"Course they're nice people, Marion. Only they're like a team of horses that

"I got fed up pushing it around."

don't match. And because they're nice people they've waited quite a time so they wouldn't spoil things for you. Now I guess they think you've grown up."

It was so quiet in the dim room that there wasn't a single sound and then Aunt Bet smiled faintly. "Marion, you and Joel are a lot alike. You never see people plain when they're close to you. You just think they're wonderful, and when they ain't quite that, because they can't be, you get awful hurt."

Tom was leaning against the bookcase, easy and calm, as if Marion hadn't been crying.

"That's so, Aunt Bet. Joel thinks I'm a little tin god. He thinks he's nobody. Matter of fact, people really like him better than they do me. And what he doesn't see at all is that he's the best friend I ever had." He smiled at Joel.

Marion's head flung up and her eyes flashed. "Why, Joel isn't like that! He isn't like that at all! Joel's the most wonderful boy I ever knew!"

He was on his feet now and he didn't know how he'd got there. For everything was quite queer.

"I wouldn't worry, Marion," Tom was saying, easy and slow. "I wouldn't worry a bit. My dad's really my stepfather, and he's quite a good guy."

Tom and Aunt Bet could do it. They could make Marion young again and not so desperate.

She stood there, a slim shadow. "Thanks, Aunt Bet. I'm sorry I made such an awful fuss. I—"

She turned toward the door and then she was gone.

The thoughts raced fast through Joel's head. "She shouldn't go off all alone like that. She shouldn't. Tom—"

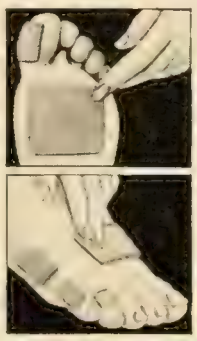
Tom grabbed him by the shoulders. "She doesn't want me, Joel. She wants you." Tom shoved him gently out the door.

He stood there for a second and he was still just Joel Bean. Only not quite just Joel Bean any more. He was the most wonderful boy Marion had ever known and Tom's best friend.

He still couldn't quite believe it and he could see Marion going down the path, a small lonely shadow in the night. And then he knew, in a sudden flash, that she would lead and he would follow—all his life.

He began to run.

THE END



New FOOT RELIEF!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For **FREE** Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K, Chicago.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX Soothing – Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

FULL OF FIDGETS, NERVES ARE TENSE, CAN'T SIT STILL A MINUTE

DR. MILES NERVINE

The hurry, worry, noise, confusion and excitement of modern living, put an extra strain on the nervous system. When nervousness makes you Jittery, Cranky, Wakeful, try

Dr. Miles Nervine

Dr. Miles Nervine is made in liquid or effervescent tablet form, both equally effective.

Get it at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed. Effervescent tablets 35c and 75c, liquid 25c and $1.00.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Ind.

TAKES A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE, FINDS CALM AND COMFORT IN IT.

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

USERS SAY

Physician's Wife: "I lost 15 pounds in 24 days."

Mrs. C. M., Ithaca, N. Y.: "My hips were 53 inches, now 43 inches. I feel like a new person. I like the taste also. My doctor says it was O. K."

Mrs. P. M., Fresno, Cal.: "I lost 18 pounds in 3 weeks."

Miss H., Wash., D. C.: "Had to tell the wonderful news! Reduced from 200 to 136 pounds in 3 months following your plan. It's great to be able to wear [illegible] clothes. My friends are amazed, and many of them are following the plan now."

MEN and women all over this country are [illegible] weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state [illegible] health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercise, HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of [illegible]. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. Eat [illegible] starchy foods. [illegible] By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily calorie intake, thus losing weight [illegible]. You need [illegible] support. CAL-PAR is not a [illegible] drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR at health food and drug stores.

- *NO EXERCISE!*
- *NO REDUCING DRUGS!*
- *ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!*

If [illegible] introductory can containing 18 DAYS' SUPPLY will be sent you direct, postpaid. This [illegible] CAL-PAR [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] Send [illegible] Fill out the coupon and mail today. We [illegible] Dr. [illegible] impossible.

CAL-PAR, Dept. H-H
685 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a [illegible] CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

RONRICO*

Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (L) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trade Marks

BE PREPARED FOR SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT
Hospital Expenses paid, up to $540.00
FOR ACCIDENT
Doctor Expense paid, up to $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to . . . $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident $1000.00
WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS
Childbirth Expense paid, up to $60.00

You know how easy it is to run into debt when sickness or accident hit. Under the Family Mutual Plan, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills, and in case of accident, doctor expenses, and you'll be reimbursed for loss of time from work. No matter where you live, your policy entitles you to any hospital in the United States or Canada. In the hospital you may have the care of your home doctor. Simply present your Family Mutual card at the time of admittance.

MAIL COUPON TODAY • No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. WILMINGTON, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-23
Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

ADDRESS UNKNOWN *(Columbia)* *Paul Lukas, Morris Carnovsky, K. T. Stevens*

ADDRESS UNKNOWN is a first-rate treatment of the famous 1938 novelette dealing with the Jewish situation in Nazi Germany. The first shot carries the shocking essence of the whole story—a mute envelope directed to a girl in Germany—with the sinister stamp, *Address Unknown.*

The girl is Griselle (K. T. Stevens), daughter of German-American Max Eisenstein (Morris Carnovsky). Her father's best friend and business partner is non-Jewish Martin Schulz (Paul Lukas). The two families have been linked by strong ties since early days in Germany. What happens to this rare friendship when Martin returns to pre-war Germany with his family and Griselle (who wants to try a stage career) is a grim commentary on Nazi ideology. Martin comes under Hitler's spell and takes an official post. Because he can no longer afford Jewish connections, he asks worried Max to stop writing. Max's only word from Germany after that is a cold letter telling him his daughter is dead.

Now Martin begins to undergo a weird, relentless punishment. How the juggernaut for which he has sacrificed his friends is finally turned against him makes a chilling tale with a below-zero twist at the end. Director Menzies has chosen a larger-than-life atmosphere to intensify the sinister effect—unusual photography and majestic, dreamlike settings. Carnovsky and Mady Christians (Martin's wife) stand out in a fine cast. Lukas, whose abrupt change from gemütlichkeit to heartlessness is not clearly explained, has no opportunity for his best acting till the end. But despite its air of artistic unreality, the picture is unusually gripping. Simpler treatment might have made it a real top-notcher.

AND THE ANGELS SING

(Paramount)
Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton

HERE'S one of the freshest, sprightliest bits of fluff-and-nonsense that's bounced up in a long time. As Pop Angel's daughters of Glenby Falls (which smacks more than faintly of Morgan's Creek), Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton, Diana Lynn, and Mimi Chandler form the cutest quartet extant, and look, sing, and act like real sisters—but, brother, what sisters!

None of 'em want to sing, but trust crazy Bobby (Betty Hutton) to get them a job they don't want with a no-good band leader (Fred MacMurray) who gets everything he goes after (and goes after everything). First it's demure Lamour (as a pinafore girl); then bumptious Betty (carrying enough voltage in that Bluebirds song alone to charge the entire Battery). The gals compare notes; all four avenging Angels land in Brooklyn. The yarn finally gets so tangled, nothing short of bigamy will straighten it out, and the whole plot goes overboard in a welter of laughs. Pessimists beware.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FOLLOW THE BOYS (Universal). George Raft, Vera Zorina. Drama with music.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY (Producers' Corp.-U. A.). Nelson Eddy, Charles Coburn. Musical.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warners). Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas. Drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

He built ships and broke hearts in a way all his own . . . a great guy in a great film filled with spectacular excitement!

MICHAEL O'SHEA
ANNE SHIRLEY
Man from Frisco
GENE LOCKHART
DAN DURYEA • STEPHANIE BACHELOR • RAY WALKER
TOMMY BOND
A Republic Picture

Jane Powell, starring in Charles R. Rogers production "Song of the Open Road" for United Artists

KEEP THAT TEEN AGE SPARKLE IN YOUR SMILE

IODENT

WILL SAFEGUARD IT

Choice of two textures—safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

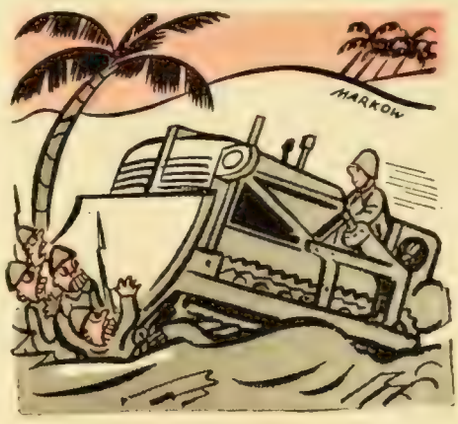
WHICH **IODENT** DO YOU CHOOSE?

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HERE'S a bellow—I can't call it a buzz—from an indignant Seabee. This veteran of the Navy's Construction Battalions has been twice overseas. From Camp Parks, California, while awaiting his next send-off, he wrote:

"Sarge, I'm not a griper, but there's been an awful lot printed about the Marines. Practically everybody must realize by now how tough those fellows are. What isn't so well known is how the Leathernecks' supplies get ashore



Flattening

when they land on an enemy-held island.

"Somebody ought to explain that all kinds of bases must be put in quickly—often under fire—for the Marines' support. These bases aren't provided by nature; they're built by Seabees. Tell the folks back home, won't you, Sarge?"

It's a pleasure, T. M., to salute the Seabees. And the Marines will give you credit, too, for pouring ashore right on the heels of their assault waves.

In record time our Seabees have set up piers, shoved construction machinery ashore, and bulldozed roads through the jungle to move in munitions and food. Seabees have also provided water supply for troops, laid steel runways across the soft sands, set up power-generating units, rushed repairs on bomb-cratered airfields to turn captured runways against the Japs. They've built new landing strips. And Seabees have shed their blood defending these bases.

They're a hard-bitten and versatile crew, these construction specialists who are also fully trained fighting men. Their average age is higher than that of the Marines, but this hasn't slowed the Seabees.

There's the story of one landing in which the Seabees were already ashore, with the situation in hand, when the Marines landed. The Seabee commander greeted the Marine skipper with:

"What kept you, Bud?"

Among outstanding Seabee adventures is that of Fireman 1/c Aurelio Tassone, who was clearing a road with a twenty-ton bulldozer when he learned of a freshly discovered Jap pillbox near by. Disregarding Jap fire, Tassone lowered his big plow and drove right on top of the pillbox. He spun around a few times and then, for good measure, piled a small mountain of earth over the smashed work. Later they took out twelve Japs—all very flat.

Have you heard about the compliment paid by the Marines on Bougainville? Seabees constructed a lot of new roads when we moved into that island, and over one a Marine Raider Battalion hung this sign:

"So when we reach the Isle of Japan,
With our caps at a jaunty tilt,
We will enter the city of Tokyo
On roads the Seabees built."

OLD SARGE.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In this issue of Liberty due credit for their great part in the "miraculous transformation" of ruined Roi-Namur is given to the Seabees by an eyewitness, Morris Markey. Read his Island Command, beginning on page 26.]

* * *

Sarge, we've been having a big wrangle over what rank Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle held when he raided Tokyo. I say he was a colonel. Do I collect on my bet or pay off?

Sgt. H. A. A., Camp Luna, N. M.

It pains me to tell a brother sarge to shell out, but the fact is that Doolittle held the temporary rank of lieutenant colonel when his bombers gave the Tokyo Japs their first big scare on April 18, 1942. I say *first*, because they've got a lot more coming. Five days after the raid Doolittle was promoted to brigadier general, so he never wore the eagles of a colonel.

Wife's a WAC

Would it be possible for my son, now doing clerical work in an A. A. F. unit in Italy, to qualify for aviation cadet training?

Mrs. J. B. M., Birmingham, Ala.

It would not be possible at this time. War Department Circular 93 of last March

Two years from now you will wonder!

Two years from now you will wonder how you ever got along without Tampax (for monthly sanitary protection). You really will! For Tampax is as different as day from night when compared with the older methods involving the use of external pads . . . First of all, Tampax is far more compact—an average month's supply actually may be slipped into your purse. It is made throughout of pure surgical cotton, which is extremely absorbent and so compressible that it comes to you in dainty little one-time-use applicators . . . Being *worn internally*, Tampax requires no belts or pins—and causes no odor! It can be changed (and disposed of) in the twinkling of an eye, which is a great advantage in a restroom, where privacy is at a premium . . . Get acquainted with this doctor-invented Tampax—so comfortable, so modern and so *different!* Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (*Regular, Super, Junior*). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during wartime. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

"ANTI-GRAY HAIR" VITAMINS

Plus Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins

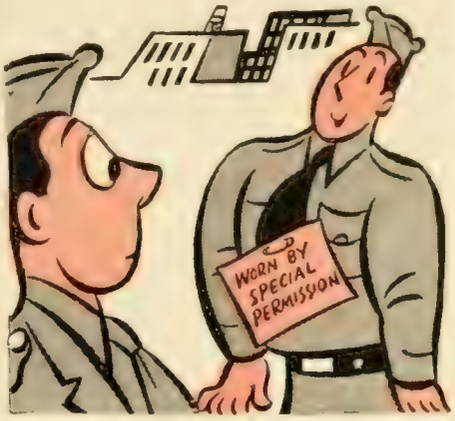
Science now offers a simple, easy natural way that may restore gray hair (due to vitamin lack) to its original color and beauty. Safe, actually healthful. No messy dyes. Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins are based on research of many years by world-famous scientists. While too new for 100% results to be evident, checking the gray spread and restoring natural color to temples, parting and gray streaks alone would make this money-back test well worth your while.

Different from others, Panates not only offers you the Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins you have read so much about lately, but also has the Wheat Germ Oil E supplement. Panates works internally. Color is literally fed through hair roots in nature's own way. Improve your diet and test for yourself on warranty of full satisfaction or money back. Send no money. Just write for either the $1.79 (30-day) supply, the $4.79 (90-day) supply, or simply ask for FREE booklet if you prefer. Postman will collect money for orders (no charge for free booklet) plus C.O.D. postage, when he delivers Panates. Remember, Panates is the double-action, two-way anti-gray hair vitamin formula. Send today. We've made it easy for you to take the first step in seeing what Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin and Wheat Germ Oil may do for you in your fight for hair beauty and happiness. PANATE COMPANY, Dept. 233-H, 310 So. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

3 halted transfers from Army Ground and Service Forces to the Air Forces. Applications of enlisted men in the Air Forces for training as pilots, bombardiers, and navigators were ordered disapproved, except in the case of aerial gunners returned from overseas after completing their quota of combat missions.

* * *

I'm going to take exception to the item in your department in which you told some innocent second lieutenant at Dyersburg, Tennessee, he could draw a



Black Tie

quarters allowance for his wife, though she is a Wave. You drew me into that because two of our officers—one wedded to a WAC and the other the pride and joy of a Wave—tried to convince me, the personnel officer, they were entitled to quarters allowances. I had to turn 'em down.

Lt. T. C. F., Camp Livingston, La.

My apologies to all hands. I stand corrected. Paragraph 28c, AR 35-4220 makes it clear that no officer is entitled to an increased subsistence or quarters allowance for a wife serving in the WAC, Army Nurse Corps, or any similar organization. The other armed services also have similar dough-saving provisions.

* * *

Sailors always love a joke, so I don't know what to make of this. My boy friend in the Navy writes that science is so wonderful they don't have brass bugles any more. He claims he saw some made of plastic or some such material. Is he kiddin'?

Sally, Providence, R. I.

He wasn't just sounding off, Sally. Due to the need of brass for more urgent war purposes, the Navy *is* accepting plastic bugles. Some of the buglers like 'em real well, too, because they're so much lighter than metal.

* * *

Sarge, my wife and I separated recently and I have just heard that she has joined the WAC. Could she enlist like that without my signing a release?

Ex-Pvt. P. B., Hartford, Conn.

One executes a mortgage release, but not a wife. A wife release, I mean. She's free to join the WAC, in so far as her domestic picture is concerned, if she has no dependents. A husband, I'd say, would fit in that category only if he were an invalid.

* * *

You stated recently that our Army has five four-star generals now on active duty: Eisenhower, MacArthur,

When YOU Die—

You Will Tell One of These Tales:

"I never took time to think and plan. Now that I'm dead, my family loses everything to raise burial funds. I wonder what they think of me now". Or—

"We loved each other so much. Now I am glad that I planned wisely to provide the Life Insurance that cost so little, yet leaves my dear family free of debt. Now I can rest in peace".

Good, sound Life Insurance costs so little. For only $1 a month, you can now get a Life Insurance Policy secured by Legal Reserves, that covers death from any cause. Pays DOUBLE benefits on Auto accidental death . . . pays TRIPLE benefits on Travel accidental death! Yes, TRIPLE BENEFITS UP TO $3051.00 for only $1 A MONTH as provided in policy. No Medical Examination. Age limits 10 to 65.

Let us mail you a POLICY for FREE INSPECTION—just so you can see for yourself the amazing benefits you can get for only $1 a month. No agent will call, you will not be obligated to anyone. Act while you can! Send no money. Your name and address on this coupon is enough. Better send it now.

CROWN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
203 No. Wabash Ave., Dept. 56, Chicago, Ill.

Please rush sample policy showing benefits. This does not obligate me in any way and no agent will call.

Name .....

Address .....

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

WASTE PAPER

IS ESSENTIAL WAR MATERIAL

Join the War against

WASTE!

SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES

Here's streamlined shaving . . . smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

Mail $2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

Women Who Suffer from SIMPLE ANEMIA

Here's One Of The Best Ways To Help Build Up Red Blood!

You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood iron—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy for home use to help build up red blood to give more strength—in such cases. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

Kills fleas

JUST APPLY TO ONE SPOT

25¢ AND 50¢

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: PIXACOL has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-4, Box 1298, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

USE ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr R [illegible] ASTHMADOR aids in relieving the paroxysms of asthma[illegible] breath[illegible]

Arnold, Marshall, and Craig. Now, we recognize the first four names, but are in some dispute about General Craig. Could you help us out?

N. G., C. P., and S. N., Bonne Terre, Mo.

General Malin Craig was chief of staff of the U. S. Army for four years, preceding General George C. Marshall in that office. At this writing he holds a confidential assignment in the War Department at Washington.

* * *

I used to notice soldiers wearing black ties. Now the ties are always khaki. How come—some new Army regulation? *J. D. J., Godwin, N. C.*

The old black tie was declared obsolete early in 1942, but permission was granted to wear those on hand for a limited time, expiring when surpluses were used up. See AR 600-40.

* * *

I read about Frank Sinatra being turned down for the Army because of a perforated eardrum. I have one, too, but I have been overseas eight months with the infantry. And I have been suffering from headache, but I can't even get transferred to a warmer climate. Does this Swoonatra rate exemption because he is a crooner and "indispensable" to women war workers' morale?

Pvt. E. C., Aleutians Area.

I know how you feel, E. C. But let's be fair to Fotogenic Frank. His friends say the Voice was willing but the Ear was weak. His rejection was strictly in line with a Selective Service order against further induction of perforated eardrum cases. There's been no order, however, about turning out fellows already in with that trouble.

I think you're entitled to a transfer, if the medics back up your story that the cold gives you earaches. But I want to warn you. I have before me a letter from another private with a perforated eardrum who got transferred from the infantry to limited service after five months of jungle warfare. Now, he says, he's on K. P. seven days a week in an El Paso hospital and he'd give anything to get back in a line outfit.

To this second man I'll answer: Yes, I think Sinatra could peel those spuds as well as you can. And maybe croon for the mess sergeant at the same time. But I don't write the draft rules.

* * *

I'm a little confused by newspaper stories referring to Seabees and Mosquito boats. In what way do they differ?

Mrs. J., Trudeau, N. Y.

Lady, you've put your finger on one of the big riddles of the Pacific war. Offhand, I'd say both are water-borne, but the Seabee performs best on land. And both get close shaves occasionally, but the Mosquito boat is less likely to overtip. But I'm no salt-water pundit. Could some of you Navy lads tell her the difference between these two Jap-stingers?

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1824, Detroit 4, Mich.

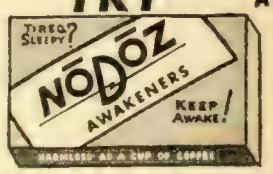
SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

TAKE A *Mental Shower*

NoDoz Awakeners keep you mentally alert. Refresh your mind mid-morning, afternoon, night, whenever sleep threatens. Quick-acting. One tablet effective 2 to 4 hours.

HARMLESS AS COFFEE • NON-HABIT FORMING

TRY 25¢ AT YOUR DRUGGISTS



Over fifty million sold since 1933

Send 10c for trial size NODOZ AWAKENERS DEPT. L-14 TRIBUNE TOWER OAKLAND 12, CALIF.

Offer Void After July 3, 1944

HEADACHE!

If you are one of the few who never have a headache, be grateful—you don't know how lucky you are. If you are one of the few who have frequent or very severe headaches, see your doctor.

If you, like most of us, have only an occasional headache, try DR. MILES

ANTI-PAIN PILLS

They can relieve promptly. Take Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills for **Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia, and Functional Monthly Pains.** Get DR. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS at your drug store. **Regular package 25c. Economy package $1.00.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes***, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © L. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3138-F, ELMIRA, N. Y.

You Can Buy

THE THINGS YOU WANT WHEN THE WAR IS WON....

IF YOU SAVE NOW IN

WAR BONDS

THE BAZOOKA IS BORN

Continued from Page 20

Ordnance trucks, and some were on their way overseas before the stain on the gunstocks was dry!

On Thursday at 3 A. M. Major Thomas and Bob Shreve had to hop into a car themselves and drive to the mill for stocks. The assembly line was down to a scant dozen or so. At the mill they found a few had been cut and drilled but weren't stained. So the two of them rolled up their sleeves, stained up several dozen, and loaded them into the car.

Ready to head back for the plant, they found one tire flat. The car had no spare, no tools. It was then 4 A. M. They couldn't find a garage open. So Major Thomas summoned police aid, and two burly patrolmen arrived in a patrol car to do the job.

As time rushed on, the ingenuity of the purchasing agent and thirty expediters was taxed to the limit. Shipments of slender conduit tubing which housed wiring for the firing mechanism were less than ordered. Phone calls revealed that they had purchased the entire supply east of the Mississippi.

Finally somebody found a salesman in New York who knew a man in Jersey City who had a warehouse in Newark which had some tubing that might fill the bill. At two o'clock in the morning that Friday the owner was roused from bed and talked into opening his warehouse. The tubing was loaded into taxicabs and sent to G. E. with gas pedals on the floor.

ON Saturday they ran short of springs. An expediter assigned to get more was driving his car toward Bristol, Massachusetts, at ninety miles an hour when a patrol car trapped him. It took considerable talking, but he ended up with a police escort into Bristol, got the springs, and headed back.

Salesmen making routine calls at the plant were caught in the swirl of activity. One such, walking down a corridor, was yanked into one department. His arms were loaded with gun barrels and he was instructed to rush them to a second section—fast. And that's the way the assembly line worked.

At shift changes, the off-going workers chalked up their output as a challenge to the new shift. Thursday the day group hit the peak for the seven-day period. They wrote their figure on the wall, adding: "Try and beat this!"

At Sunday noon—twenty-four hours away from the dead line—workers began chanting in unison as the Bazookas came down the assembly line:

"—— thousand one hundred and twenty-two. —— thousand one hundred and twenty-three. . . ."

G. E. executives kept their ears peeled to the count, their eyes on the clock, computing their chances of making the dead line. More workers were rushed into the job. Office men who had some shop ability were called from their quiet Sunday at home.

AT ten thirty-one that Monday morning in June, a cry went up and down the assembly line. The night shift had stayed over. Men yelled and whooped. A few women cried. A $35-a-week worker on the assembly line slapped a $25,000-a-year executive on the back with his sweating palm, and the slap was returned as heartily. People began to sing. The last of the Bazookas was on its way—wrapped up in an American flag.

And, though they did not know it then, the first Bazookas that had started down the lines seven days earlier were already in battle in North Africa and on the Russian front. The company had delivered a miracle—with eighty-nine minutes to spare.

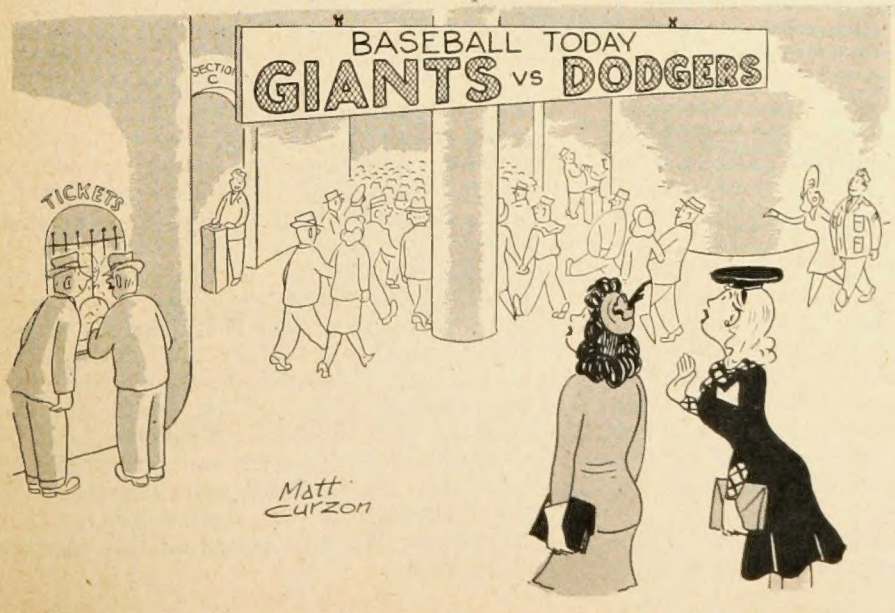
Today G. E. is still manufacturing the Bazooka—a more completely developed and advanced model. And it is turning out more in a single day than it did in those seven days back in 1942.

The boys overseas laughed when they first uncrated the Bazookas and the arrowlike ammunition. This stuff knock out a tank? They wouldn't believe it. Some of them were reminded of the Fourth-of-July skyrockets they used to play with.

But ask a soldier today what his favorite weapon is, what would be his choice if he were stranded on some lonely atoll, and he'll be quick with his answer: "The Bazooka, of course."

For, with a Bazooka over his shoulder and a vestful of the deadly explosive rockets, the American soldier is a match for practically anything the enemy can send his way—be it tank, armored car, or small landing craft.

THE END



"Oh, gosh—I saw that last year!"

HIS MILITARY Style GIFT

West Point Model
Radiant White Harness

Durable and handsome custom-made harness in radiant WHITE genuine leather. Also brown and black harnesses. Pet's name engraved on plate. V's for Victory in red, white, blue light-reflecting composition. Visible at night! Patented design for perfect fit and adjustable. Order C.O.D. $3.50 plus postage. (Or send $3.50, we pay postage.) 5½ ft. matching WHITE leash, $1.50. IMPORTANT: Take pet's BODY circumference at foreleg with string. Send string and pet's name.

CURTIS CREATIONS, Dept. A
Genesee-Hopper Bldg.
UTICA, N. Y.

MILITARY COLLARS
ALL WHITE, black or brown collars with red, white, blue jewels, $2.00. With name engraved on plate, $2.50.

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

DOES YOUR LAXATIVE Suit You?

It's easy to determine the exact amount of pleasant-tasting Innerclean Herbal Laxative you may need occasionally for pleasant yet *satisfying* thoroughness. Follow the simple directions on the package, for a single, natural-like movement without purging. No brewing, no fuss, no bother. Economical! A 50c package lasts months. Must satisfy 100% or money back. All druggists.

FREE
Generous trial supply.
Write Dept. 26B
INNERCLEAN CO.
Los Angeles 21, Calif.

INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

Handy Way
TO SUBSCRIBE

LIBERTY, Dept. 6-3
205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me Liberty for		Check which
1 year	$3.50	☐
2 years	6.00	☐

I enclose ..... $—— ☐

Send me a Bill ..... ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

JUNE 3, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

AMERICA CAN TAKE IT!

GUEST EDITORIAL BY
JAMES E. EDMONDS
Major General N.G.U.S. (Inactive)

MEMORIAL DAY comes again, and once more American casualty lists are mounting even as we pause to pay tribute to those who have fallen in the fight. Our enemies labor under the delusion that Americans can't take much of this—a few more thousands lost, a few more months of hard fighting, a few more billions spent, and we will sicken of the whole business and be ready to talk peace. A glance at America's fighting history would show them how futile are these hopes.

Nothing in this war to date has equaled what Americans and American troops took in other years. Our present war effort does not approach that of the 1860s in relative size of the Army, in relative cost, or in relative battle sacrifices. Nor is it likely to.

From 1861 to 1865 the Union folk spent and lost to save the Union six dollars out of every ten of the material wealth they owned before the war started. If our present armed forces are to equal in proportion to population those raised by the North and the South in the War Between the States, we will have to put more than 15,000,000 men into uniform in four years' time.

If, to preserve everything we believe in and stand for, our country is required to pay a price in lives proportionate to that paid to preserve the Union, two and a half million men will find soldiers' graves abroad. We have lost to date less than two per cent of that number.

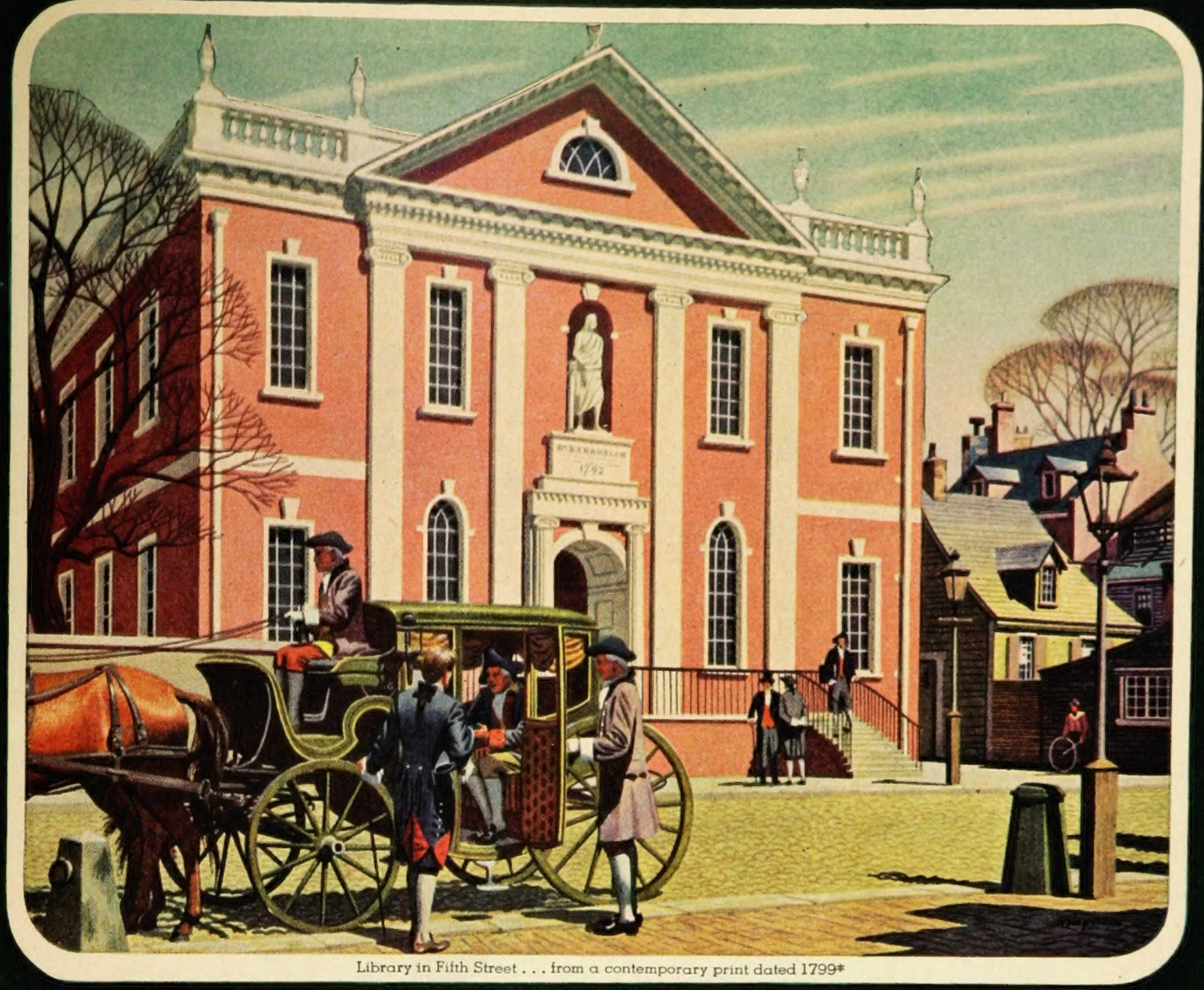
In June of 1864, 850 men from Maine assaulted Colquitt's salient around Petersburg, Virginia. Six hundred and five of them, caught in a hurricane of cross fire, fell dead or wounded in a brief half hour. Tough as Tarawa was, the Marines there fared better.

In three sultry September days of 1863, among the cornfields and scrub-oak thickets of Chickamauga, 120,000 young Americans shot, clubbed, and stabbed one another until nearly 40,000 of them were dead or wounded. In 1944 relatively equal losses on some European or Asiatic battlefield would have to run past 175,000 in three days.

The Union folk took bad news, ghastly losses, and "broken" generals from 1861 until well into 1863. In the very year of a Presidential election came the battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, with losses which, if suffered now in like proportion, would run to nearly a quarter million dead and wounded—not over a term of months but in less than a single week.

After Gettysburg the South took bad news almost unrelieved for twenty-one more terrible months. The people of the South spent, lost, and suffered the destruction of values more than equal to all they possessed in 1860. As we honor our war dead on this Memorial Day, our enemies would do well to ponder our history. Losses can't stop us, nor will war-weariness. We are dedicated to the destruction of Axis militarism. We will complete this task remorselessly.

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Library in Fifth Street . . . from a contemporary print dated 1799*

PHILADELPHIA
Rich in Tradition

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

"This was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries . . ."
Benjamin Franklin's tribute to the original Library Company of Philadelphia.

The arts of pleasant living flowered in the genial atmosphere which marked the growing wealth of Colonial Philadelphia. They brought an expansive leisure, an abundant way of life that has persisted through the centuries. This is the "heritage of hospitality" you enjoy today in a superb whisky . . . Philadelphia Blend. You might justly consider Philadelphia a "special occasion" whisky, yet you can afford to enjoy it . . . regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Change to Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields for all the satisfying pleasure a good cigarette can give you

There is no mystery why more and more smokers are changing to Chesterfields... for the answer is both simple and to the point... *Right Combination – World's Best Tobaccos*... there you have Chesterfield's 5-Key words for more smoking pleasure.

WATCH THE CHANGE TO CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.